

the blood of the innocent people ! They reign fire of war set a great conflagration, to such an extent that all the Balkan nations arose in enmity against each other, totally disregarding the inviolable rights of man. Even now they are not calmed down.

"Now consider clearly the woeful results of political prejudices! Consequently we must shun entirely these prejudices and pitch high the tent of the Oneness of the world of humanity and cement the hearts together. Perchance mankind may lighten its loads and start on the road of pacification. Were the Teachings of Baha'ollah universally spread in Europe, all these oppressions, blood-shed, cruelty, rapacity, hostility and aversion would have been removed. Then all the ~~administrative~~ people would become the sheep of God, and enter under the benevolent administration of the Heavenly Shepherd. The Rays of Reality would shine forth, dispelling the impenetrable darkness of race antipathy and antagonism.

"Therefore, strive ye with all your hearts and souls, so that ye may render service to the oneness of the world of humanity; thus eternal life may be obtained and the heads be crowned with the diadem of Everlasting Glory. - - - - -"

Another Tablet, to a believer in Vienna, is as follows:-

"O thou daughter of the Kingdom! The good news of the organization of the Bahai Assembly in Vienna, was received. Although this assembly is limited at this time to a small number of souls, yet it is a Divine Assembly, and therefore its circle will be enlarged day unto day like unto the Assembly of the Lord's Supper of His Holiness Christ, and its influence shall be felt in all parts of the world. Because the Assembly of the Lord's Supper of His Holiness Christ was confirmed by the Breaths of the Holy Spirit, consider what great results and benefits it produced! Likewise whenever and wherever an assemblage is organized for the promotion of the Teachings of His Holiness Baha'ollah, know thou of a certainty that the Confirmations of the Holy Spirit shall descend. For the Principles of Baha'ollah are the very spirit of this age, the light of this century, eternal life and everlasting glory! - - - - -"

Words of Truth are these, and vivifying! They confer spiritual insight and supernatural power! We all hope that these two large cities will become the strong forts of the Bahai Cause in Europe and another two links in the unbreakable chain of celestial brotherhood.

This morning, until about eleven o'clock, the Beloved dictated many Tablets. He was in good health and the magnetism of His Holy Personality projected in the space of our sphere, working and changing the old conditions and animating the dead bodies.

About noon, the pilgrims entered into His Divine Presence. He said: "From the moment I have been out of my bed, I have been thinking of you and wishing to see you. I am pleased you have come." Then he asked me to read to them a letter just received from Prof. Cheyne, of Oxford who is greatly interested in the Bahai Movement, and to which letter he had just dictated a detailed answer. When the letter was read, he said: "Pray that God may brighten his lamp day by day, cause His Kingdom to be established in the hearts, and the rays of the Sun of Truth may shine forth with greater brilliancy. Consider where is the prison of Acca and the University of Oxford! Through what power the Cause has become so well known in that stronghold of learning and erudition! Once Aga Reza was making confectionery in Adrianople, and had a small store. He had made a sort of Persian hon-hon. A Turk passed by the store, and his eyes were attracted by this kind of candy. 'What is this?' he asked. 'It is Nogl.' 'With what materials hast thou made this?' 'With sugar and cinnamon.' The Turk wondered for awhile, and said: 'Thou art telling a lie. There is no relationship between sugar and cinnamon.' Now we might just as well ask: 'What relation exists between Acca and Oxford?' This is no other save through the Power of God! Prof. Cheyne demonstrated to us the utmost kindness and invited us to lunch at his sweet home. He

is a great author, and has written many volumes. Praise be to God that the Divine Fragrances are being wafted in all parts. Just at this time I wrote a letter to the Islands of Hawaii (Honolulu). These are situated in the Pacific Ocean/ Few of the Persians have even heard their names, yet the Cause of God has conquered those remote parts. Taking away the first part of the word: Honolulu, and using only the last part --lulu-- it means scare-crow in Persian. But now it has become a strong bond of unity between the East and the West. The person to whom I wrote the letter has asked permission to go to Japan and spread the Cause. The Cause of God has within itself and innate force propelling it forward and onward. Another good news which we have received is from Minneapolis. The Bahai Assembly of that city has rendered a glorious service. They have forwarded to the President of the United States, the Cabinet Secretaries, Governors, Clergymen, women's clubs, school teachers, etc., the Glad-tidings of the Kingdom of Abha. Reflect how God inspires the servants to carry out His work! Who could ever dream that after the hard incarceration of Aqa, the spies, and the closing of the door of all correspondence, to the extent that we could not send out one letter, the voice of the Cause would be heard from Honolulu. The surveillance of the guards was so strict that whenever they brought us a few loaves of bread, they were in two pieces for fear that there might be hidden some written messages. At that time there was a government physician, he was the prison doctor and came to the Barrack to attend to the sickness of the prisoners. He was a Greek, and his name was Peter. Every day that he came to the Barrack he was followed by two soldiers, so that he might not in any way communicate with the prisoners. One day while he was on his tour of inspection, when he reached me he told me, in Greek, that he had a letter for Baha'ollah: 'I want to deliver into your hand this letter, but I do not know how, for these soldiers are watching me.' As they could not understand Greek, they did not comprehend what he said. In turn, I made him understand that he may leave his hat in the prison and go out with the guards. When he was a block away, he might run back to get it, while ordering the guards to wait until his return. He did as I told him, and we got the letter safely. By this one instance you can easily conceive how impossible it was to communicate with the outside world, and now in one day we receive more than one hundred letters from all parts of Europe and America."

In the afternoon, I went again to the house. He an an eye-glass in his hand, and apropos of it told us of a long telescope which his grandfather had received as a present from the Government of Russia, because he was the person chosen by the Shah to carry the three million and a half war indemnity. This telescope on clear days enabled one to see twelve miles away. But now we have a divine telescope in our hand that enables us to see the furthest ends of the earth and makes visible the invisible objects!

Port Said, Egypt, November 16, 1913.

Dear Friends:-

This is our last day in Port Said. Tomorrow we shall return to Kamleh. The news of the death of Aga Ali Akbar in Kamleh was received last night. The Master immediately sent Mirza Hadi and Mirza Hossein to console the family and carry to them the message of his love.

On the other hand, the steamer China, of the Austrian Lloyd, left tonight at 7 o'clock, carrying away Doctor and Mrs. Getsinger and the five Zoroastrian men with their women and children, for India, that far-off land of strange creeds. With them goes the confirmation of the Kingdom of Abha and the hosts of Spiritual Angels. Theirs is a glorious mission, and let us all pray fervently that they may be enabled to teach many souls and call the attention of many people to the Cause of God.

Mrs. Stannard has also arrived, from Cairo. Having disposed of all her belongings, she is now ready to start for India with greater ease and confidence. She has burned the bridges and will leave on the 20th of this month. United in purpose and aim, the three will become assisted to perform signal services in the Cause. England, America, Persia and India are going to shake the hand of friendship and Bahai fellowship. Although there are four gardens and four kinds of flowers, yet they are all fragrant and on a perfume their perfumes are mixed, there will be a new, sweet fragrance, spiritual, super-sensual.

Early in the morning, the Beloved called for the pilgrims. As he came in, all arose and he walked around looking in the face of each, eager, emanating love and devotion for him. He smiled; he was happy. These were his own spiritual children. Ah, me! How in one glance he conveys to each his silent love-thought and the Joy of Spirit which is the key-note of heaven! Then he sat down, his holy face wreathed with the flowers of happiness, and indescribable pleasure. "You are all welcome! What joyful, spiritual faces are yours! Come unto me!" he asked the three Zoroastrian children. Then they ran toward him. He made one of them sit on his right hand, another on his left, and the smallest on his lap. With his blessed hands he caressed their shining black hair and little brown faces. The father and mother were so moved by this scene that they wept tears of joy. "These are my darling little friends! Khosro, bring for them bon-bons!" After filling their pockets and while they were nestling as close to him as possible, he said to the grown-ups:-

"This is the last day that I am meeting you, but in reality this is the first day. Although physically it is the last day, yet spiritually it is the first day. In the divine world, there is no beginning and ending. From a material standpoint there may be the first and the last, but from the spiritual standpoint there is neither first nor last. We have had together such wonderful days. Praise be to God that we were all engaged in the mention of God. We had no other aim save God, and entertained no other longing except His servitude, Although outwardly we were living on the surface of the earth, yet inwardly our hearts were in heaven, our spirits were in the Kingdom of Abha. One could never imagine

more blessed days than these! Now we expect the results of these ideal experiences." Many eyes were weeping. One of the pilgrims expressed the hope that he will see Baha'o'llah in the Kingdom. "Ah, yes!" he said, softly and quietly. "I hope that we will all be gathered there. Our real gathering is there! Our divine Assembly is There! Our spiritual feast is There! Our eternal union is There! This meeting is only an introduction to the one prepared for us by the Blessed Perfection". With what infinite longing, what unfailling yearning he uttered these words! They made us all long to enter that realm of light as soon as possible. Again he spoke:- "This voyage of yours was extremely significant. Because first you were with me in Alexandria, then you departed to visit the Holy Tomb of Baha'o'llah, and now we are gathered in Port Said. In this Cause there are two kinds of travellers -- pilgrims and tourists. The pilgrims are those who after the visit to the Holy Tomb are surrounded with the glances of the mercy of the Almighty; their hearts become the caskets for the jewels of the Treasury of God, and their spirits stirred by the Breaths of the Holt Spirit; - but the tourists are those who just come to see the place, showing in all things a historic interest and probably after their departure they will write a booklet. Praise be to God that you are pilgrims. - - - - Praise be to God that you are pilgrims!" One of the believers of Port Said, Aga Youseff, had invited the pilgrims to lunch, so the Master said: "Well done! Well done! The believers of God must always invite each other, they must show toward each other the utmost hospitality and kindness. A Bahai Feast is not like the feast of other people. The receptions given by the friends are the store-houses of spirituality and fragrances. The Arabs have a saying: 'As soon as you have helped yourself to the food, depart!' This is a cow-like quality. They graze on the grass, drink from the fountain and once satisfied they leave their pasturage. But when the Bahais gather together, they commemorate the Name of God, they chant prayers, and encourage each other through spoken words in the love of God-- a feast of the soul. The Name of God is the feast of the spirit---."

"Oh! my beloved ones! I love you very much, because you are the believers of God. If I do not love you, then whom can I love? If I am not made happy through you, then who can make me happy? If I had time I would have gone with you as far as Bombay. But now I have received the news of the death of Aga Ali Akbar, from Ham-leh. I must return to console the members of his family. Aga Ali Akbar was a pure soul, a believer and assured. He was firm in the Covenant and his face shone with divine happiness. When he was in Yazd he was a rich man. No sooner was it known that he was a Bahai than all his property was confiscated and he was thrown into a dungeon. But they finally brought him out and bastinadoed him. Seeing that he was a strong man, they stripped him of all his clothing and inflicted whips on his bare back till blood started to flow. He never complained. He stood there as rock. This means faith. After some time, he came to Acca. He did not have one cent. He was a very contented man. I gave him five francs (One dollar). He went away, and for two years this was the capital of his business. Finally one day I asked him whether he had yet any money. He said: 'Oh, yes! The five francs have supported me for the last two years.' Then I joked with him that I will sue him in the court if he does not divide the interest with me."

When the pilgrims left the house, he had another long talk with Lua about her trip to India, giving her some instructions, and toward the last he said: "Now that thou art departing for India, I desire that thou mayst become like unto a rose-garden to perfume the nostrils of all the people. Be thou a joy-carrier, a harbinger of the spiritual springtime, a glad-bearer of the Kingdom of Abha. Be thou the embodiment of spirituality and independence. Trust in God and work day and night. People are divided into two kinds. The first kind are those who live in the underground of moral darkness and are satisfied with the dim light of the candle; others extricate themselves from the prison and soar toward the immensity of space. Strive thy utmost to free the people from darkness and cause their entrance into the Kingdom of thy Glorious Lord! In the middle of the nights pray and supplicate to God with such fervor and zeal that I may hear thy calls!" Then he went out on the veranda to walk, and after a few minutes he called Lua and me to him. He showed to us a lovely garden below. "Do you see this garden? Well, this belongs to a European who is in the service of the Egyptian Government. He receives five hundred dollars monthly salary. Do you see that lovely Kiosk built in the centre of the garden, and the shady, charming avenues? When in the evening he returns from his work, after changing his clothes he goes under the Kiosk and with his wife drinks tea, wine, etc. Then when night comes and the beams of the silver moon are spread over the calm, oriental atmosphere, they take their dinner, and after awhile together they dance and waltz until midnight through the green lanes and fragrant avenues of the garden. They are thoroughly absorbed in each other, and apparently enjoy each other's company. While the eternal stars are marching in their prescribed courses, this couple dance in poetic motion and gyrate to music of the heavenly spheres. Apparently some people may conceive that this is the height of happiness; but it is material and fleeting. It does not last. The only abiding happiness is spiritual and ideal. That is real, all others are phantasmal and non-essential. The joy of the Spirit confers Peace!" Then coming in the room he took in his hand the pen and paper, and himself wrote the following spiritual charter for Lua:-

"O thou maid-servant of God Lua! Depart for India with the intention of teaching the Cause of God and spreading the Frangrances of God. Go forth with a pure aim, attracted heart and a spirit rejoiced with the Glad-tidings of the Kingdom of Abha! Be thou so severed from all else save God that thou mayst eternally soar toward the heaven of Nearness. Be thou so detached from the material world that whosoever comes in contact with thee -- if he is extinguished he may become illumined, if he is silent he may unloose his tongue, if he is withered he may be refreshed and put forth leaves and blossoms, if he is blind he may receive sight, if he is dead he may be resuscitated. I hope that this trip will make thee wholly spiritual, and become entirely dismantled from the requirements of the physical world. - - - Upon thee be Baha!

(Signed) Abdul Baha Abbas."

I was glad to find Mrs. Stannard in the afternoon in the Master's house. Mrs. Getsinger was there too. "You two must love each other very much. Be very kind toward each other. Both of

you are my dear daughters. Should you realize how much I love you, you would soar with joy!"

Then for the last time the pilgrims came, and the Master introduced Mrs. Stannard to them. "She is a spiritual woman, a faithful worker for the Cause. She desires to meet the old Zoroastrian community. It seems that God has desired to unite the East and the West, because these western friends are coming to visit you. These (the Zoroastrians of India) are the plants of the Garden of God. I am accepting all these hardships for their sake. These are the sheep of God. Now the Divine Shepherd has come to gather them in one flock." Then they left His Presence. It was a moving, touching scene. The Master went and stood at the door. He embraced and kissed each one, as he passed out. Their eyes were full of tears. They fell at his feet and Oh, so reverently, kissed the hem of his garment. The Zoroastrian women also were weeping. A heart of stone would be melted at the beauty of the faith and the sincerity of these simple folks.

At 5:30, with Mrs. Stannard, I went to the steamer to say farewell to Doctor and Mrs. Getsinger and the Zoroastrian believers. They were all very happy, conscious of the sacred responsibility which is laid upon them by the Lord of mankind. When we left the steamer, they were all on the deck, waving their handkerchiefs and bidding us Goodbye! Farewell! dear Lue! Thou hast ever been a faithful servant of the Cause, and hast taught many souls and invited many people to the Kingdom of Abha! Mayst thou perform thy mission fully and nobly. We ever anticipate to hear the good news of thy triumphs and spiritual victories. Fare thee well! God is with thee!

In the evening, I was left to myself. I could do as I pleased, so I decided to go "slumming" in the native quarters of the town. The streets were dark, dirt and refuse abounded, pools of stagnant water nauseated the passer-by. Now and then a wierd music of cymbals, the monotonous voices of women rising shrilly and their hand-clapping, reached the ears. Then I suddenly came upon the native Bazaar. Women squatted on the sidewalk, selling bread and dates, the dirty coffee houses were filled with Arab coal carriers -- their faces as black as their daily burdens. I walked from one end of the Bazaar to the other end, but I did not see a clean spot. How different methought is this Oriental scene with all these Arabs, compared with the up-to-date restaurants on Broadway in New York, and the fashionable balls in the different capitals of the Western hemisphere. Notwithstanding all these hygienic and sanitary handicaps, the people seemed to be happy and contented. You could not find in the faces of all these people any sign of mental worries and nervous break-downs.

This is for the present our last night in Port Said. Only five more pilgrims are with us; two will return to Bagdad, one to Russia, another to Alexandrette, and the fifth to Haifa. Tomorrow at one-o'clock in the afternoon we will leave for Ramleh. To you and all the friends I send the Bahai Love of these Oriental brothers. They all love you and long to shake your hands.

Ramleh, Egypt, November 17, 1915.

Dear Friends:

"The believers of God must be alive with the sweet Fragrances of God. When you leave this land you must become the creational books, the eloquent epistles, and the ceaseless workers in the Vineyard of the Lord."

He uttered these words to our Bagdad pilgrims, who had sent Him a long petition containing many names for whom they had requested Tablets to be revealed. He took out the letter from His pocket, and read aloud the names.

"I am leaving this afternoon for Ramleh and will not have the time for writing letters to all these friends, but I will dictate one for all."

He did so while they were sitting in His Presence. A portion of the Tablet follows:

"O thou visitor of the Blessed Rose Garden!
Praise be to God! that thou hast obtained the Favor of circumambulating around the Abode of the Supreme Concourse; prayed at the Threshold of the Holy Tomb; and finally hastened to the country of Egypt and associated with this longing Servant. Now depart thou with the utmost joy and fragrance, and announce to the believers of God the Divine Favor and Bounty, and encourage and incite them to become firmer day by day, so that the Bestowals and Grace of the Almighty may become their associates and companions."

Then He spoke the following Words:

"His Holiness Mohammed lived 25 years, and all His Writings are put together in the form of the Books you have in your hands. Once an Arab went to Him and asked when he (?) the time to trim the palm trees. He answered: 'Do not ask of me questions about material things; you are better informed about your worldly affairs.' Never during the 25 years a pilgrim left the Presence of Mohammed while carrying to his friends or tribes a letter from Him, except after his arrival he would relate to the expectant ones that on such and such a day I heard His Holiness the Prophet say this or that; and this became the basis of all the traditional sayings of Mohammed.

On the other hand, consider how many letters are written by the Pen of the Covenant. Every month I must write a book."

Then He asked Ahmad Yazdi, who was present;

"How many letters have you received from me?"

"The Holy Tablets received from the Master by this unworthy servant are numerous. They must form two large volumes."

"Now, thou art one of the thousands of believers in the Orient."

Haji Mohammed said:

"Once I was in the Presence of BAHÁ'Ó'LLAH. He was reading some of the writings of the Master. After reading every line He would praise it and express the highest commendation, saying:

'We have never taught the Master, yet He writes with such deep penetration and inspiration; but We are daily teaching His brothers, and they are copying the Holy Tablets all the time, but they cannot write correctly one letter.'

At another time Sayad Ali was perusing the Tablets of the Beloved, and he was strangely moved, and said:

'I sense the perfume of the Writings of BAHÁ'Ó'LLAH from these Tablets.'

At last the Master was alone, and sent me to pack my satchel to be ready for the one o'clock train. At half past twelve I found Him walking unconcernedly in front of the house. I told Him if we leave at one o'clock we must be on our way to the station. He sent for the three pilgrims, who did not have any money to pay their traveling expenses back home, and in the hands of each He quietly slipped a few English pounds. Then He went up and, without eating His lunch, packed up hurriedly, and after a few minutes with Ahmad Yazdi, we were on our way to the station. Eight minutes before the departure of the train the Master realized that they had left at the house a package of newly arrived letters. He called Khosro to run like the wind and bring back the letters. No one ever thought he would return in time, but just as the train was going to pull out we sighted him running with the package of letters and a large bouquet of roses. Everyone thought he had accomplished quite a feat, and we all felt proud of him. To our great joy Ahmad Yazdi is going to accompany the Beloved, and we will have the pleasure of his delightful company. One of the pilgrims, who will leave tomorrow for Constantinople, is also with us.

After more than three months we are again traveling on the same train, bound for the same destination; but this time we have the Lord of mankind with us. Again we passed

by Ismailieh, changed train at Basha, and were in Sidi Gaber Station at 7:30 p. m. Many of the believers were there to welcome their Beloved. A carriage was hired and the Master was driven to the Hotel Victoria, taking the same room, No. 26.

While we were on the train, about sunset, I went to see the Master. He was standing in the corridor watching so intently the glorious sunset. For two minutes He looked without saying a word. Then, turning around, He saw me.

"Have you ever seen such a wonderful sunset in all America and Europe" He asked. "This is indeed a very divine sunset. The clouds look so much like the white waves of the sea at the time of a tempest. These are heavenly waves, the waves of the upper ocean."

I stood behind Him in silence, while the last glimmering rays of the sun glowing behind the fleecy clouds made them seem to look like some fiery red enchanted islands on the edge of the blue sky, floating in a dazzling sea of opalescent colors. They looked like little lakes set on fire.

Nature is the greatest artist, and in the most wonderful and simple way she paints the golden cities of El-Borado in the highlands of the firmament. Then, little by little the glowing west faded to a somber gray, beckoning dreams of soft musing. Slowly darkness spreads its wings and the winking stars appear one by one. Then the glittering vault of heaven becomes the imperial court of scintillating constellations. After awhile, fairer and brighter than all the satellites, the Queen of heaven graciously mounts her empyrian throne, and from that far off height sends rays of light to earth.

How must one feel truly happy that while one enjoys keenly these sublime portraits of nature, one is also beneath the gracious Bounty and Favor of the Beloved ABBUL BAHHA! What was He thinking of all those moments while beholding the irridescent sunset? I do not know, but I assure you they were no idle moments. Some day we may hear about them.

Ramleh, Egypt, November 18, 1913.

Dear Friends:-

We are again installed in Ramleh, not knowing where will be our next goal. I had a fine time in Port Said, didn't I? The Master felt much better, and to-day he sent a few cables to different parts of the Orient saying that his health is perfect. All this morning I was busy writing. In the afternoon, I called on our American sisters. Mrs. Hoagg has not been feeling well, but she is recovering. The Master was walking on the veranda, speaking with Ahmad Yazdi and his two sons-in law. Then he sat on a chair and drank his tea, after which he went to Alexandria, near the station bought grapes and canteloupes, and returned about seven o'clock. In the morning he called on the family of Aga Ali Akbar, and stayed there a long time, consoling them and bringing to them the lights of courage and assurances that he is living now in the Kingdom of Abha and is happy with his share of divine joy.

In this letter I will translate a few Tablets which I hope will interest our American and European brothers and sisters:-

"O ye kind friends! To-day in the world of existence the most honorable profession is the promotion of education. Thank ye God that in Hamadan in the school founded by the Bahais ye have become teachers and professors. Abdul Baha is expecting to hear good news from that school, i. e., that the young fruits of the divine garden are being developed and educated in the college of realities and significances and are graduated in physical and spiritual sciences, that they are opening the eloquent tongues and are discoursing intelligently in every branch of learning, so that in oratory they may become ideal magicians. I hope that Confirmation may be vouchsafed to the school of Taid and that the teachers and the scholars of the school in general may become the objects of the Kingdom of Abha! - - - - -"

The following is revealed to the women teachers:-

"O ye daughters of the Kingdom! In former centuries the daughters of Persia were totally deprived of the benefits of education. There were no schools, no colleges, no teachers, no professors and no kind instructors. Now in this great century the girls are also surrounded by the most eminent Bounty. Innumerable schools are opened in Persia for the education of the girls, but a thoroughly well-equipped system of instruction is yet lacking. The latter at this juncture is more essential to sane progress than the former, for it is the foundation of the advancement of the world of humanity. Now praise be to God that in Hamadan a Bahai School for girls is opened. You who are the teachers must lay a greater emphasis on moral education than merely academic instruction, so that the girls may be adorned with chastity and inviolability, refinement of morals and polite manners. Teach the girls sciences. Should you exercise in this manner, the Confirmations of the Kingdom of Abha shall wave on the apex of that school. I hope that you will become assisted. - - - - -"

A Tablet was revealed by the Beloved to my two cousins, Mirza Hadayatollah and Mirza Kamal, who have come to Teheran from Esphanan with the object of entering in the school of Tarbiat:-

"O ye two servants of the Blessed Perfection! The letter that

you have written to his honor Mirza Ahmad was pursued. As it was an indication of your health and happiness, the utmost happiness was produced. Praise be to God that you are assisted to enter the School of Tarbiat. In the estimation of Abdul Baha that School is very acceptable, and its founder in His Honor Adeeab, of the divine School. As this School is founded with a pure intention, it will grow day by day? I am likewise most pleased and satisfied with the Principal of the School, for in reality he shows the greatest effort in the introduction of new branches and curriculum. There is no doubt that he will take the greatest care of you and will be solicitous in the progress of your education. I shall pray in your behalf so that the Confirmations of God may reinforce you and that you may be so educated and instructed as to become the cause of the happiness of Mirza Ahmad."

In another Tablet, revealed to Sheikh Mohsen Nainey, one of the teachers of the School of Tarbiat, he says:-

"O thou confirmed personage! The letter that thou hast written to Aga Seyad Assadollah was read from first to last with infinite attention? The praise of the pupils and the excellent examination of the new plants of the Garden of God imparted inexpressible rejoicing. How blessed art thou, for God hath assisted thee in its service!

"In this radiant century according to the divine Text the greatest attainment of the world of humanity is the education and instruction of the newly-planted trees of the orchard of God. Praise be to God that thou art confirmed in this service. The School of Tarbiat is under the protection and guardianship of His Highness the One, therefore whosoever arises to serve it in any manner, he will be blessed. I have the greatest satisfaction from the faculty of that sacred school and continually do I supplicate and entreat at the Court of the Lord of Glory and from the Kingdom of Beauty I beg for them grace and Favor.

"As this school is made known everywhere as a Bahai institution, the believers must strive with heart and soul that day by day it may advance extraordinarily, make ideal advancement and the courses of material sciences may be added unto it. Perchance it may become an important influence in the upbuilding of the ruined Persia, and such graduates may come out of its door as may become the means of spreading the rays of the Sun of Reality. Bahai children are reinforced with the spiritual power. If this school is thoroughly organized and its courses well equipped, and its teachers wise and soul-sacrificing, know thou assuredly that such souls will be trained therein and such services they will be enabled to render to Persia as to spread in all parts of Persia the fame of the Ancient glory of Persia. - - -"

Of late the faculty of the school has sent out a circular letter containing many Tablets by Abdul Baha, and expressing the hope that the believers will co-operate with them to contribute some funds so that they may add a branch of science to its already present curriculum. I hope the American friends will show their generosity in this matter.

Ramleh, Egypt, November 19, 1913.

Dear Friends:-

This was a day of roses, red, white, yellow, pink; each kind re-
xolent with the soft fragrance of the eternal hope treasured in the heart
of man and symbolic of the spiritual era of youthfulness dawning upon us.
As I entered the room of the Beloved, my eyes beheld a large table very
near to him, adorned with many vases of freshly cut roses. He had just
been out of the bath, and was clothed in his white snowy robe and flowing,
smooth and delicate cream-colored overcoat. His face shone like unto the
sun and his gentle and courteous, searching eyes were tenderly gazing to-
ward the roses. He was holding a spiritual communion with them. I almost
felt he was speaking with these sweet children of nature and they were div-
ulging to him the secrets of their beauty, charm and delicacy. No one was
there to witness this poetic scene, this holy presentation of the divine
life! I held myself aloof and continued to watch this exhibition of floral
sympathy between the Beloved and the roses. After awhile he extended his
hand and took out of one bowl a red and a yellow one and put them on the
white shawl wound around his waist. Then he got up and saw me standing
on the side of the bed. "Did you see me watching the roses?" he asked,
smiling. I thought to myself his heart is the spiritual garden of the
Blessed Perfection, wherein the most splendid roses of idealism are grow-
ing in all seasons. The lives of the inhabitants of the world are per-
fumed through the imperishable roses which Abdul Baha is at all times cul-
ling from the bushes and sending them to those who are prepared to receive
them. He is the greatest and the most celestial Rose of the Supreme Con-
course, and the sincere and faithful Bahais are the petals. The petals must
hold firm to the heart of the rose, otherwise the contrary winds of passion
and desire will shake them off the stalk and once fallen on the ground they
sere and die. The Eternal Attributes of the Kingdom of Abha are the colors
and fragrances of this rose. They are not acquired, nay rather they are
immanent in it. The awakened souls inhale its holy fragrance, and thus
dilate their hearts, spiritualize their minds and harmonize their conflict-
ing ideas.

When I came out of his Holy Presence, my nostrils perfumed with
the fragrance of all the roses, I asked someone "Who has brought all these
flowers for the Beloved?" "A present from our American sisters in the hotel."
a voice answered. "Oh!" I thought; "This is a very lovely present." Then
my mind reverted to the far-off America and Europe, thinking of the many gar-
dens that he has planted for the past three years in those Western cities,
expecting that some day the fragrance of those roses will be permeated to
the furthest end of the earth. How are these gardens faring at this present
moment? Are the roses fresh and abloom? Are its meadows green and its trees
verdant? Are the people delighted with them? Are they growing and develop-
ing? With what sacrifice and untiring zeal have I seen him work, taking care
of the garden and trying to change the aridland into a flower-spot! It all
depends upon the wisdom and sagacity of the gardeners. May they be inspired
with knowledge and understanding! May they irrigate the flowers and the trees!
We expect to inhale every day the fragrances of those rose-gardens wafting to
us over seas and lands.

This morning the Beloved came to our house and stayed for a few min-
utes. He talked on different home topics with his two sons-in-law. Then
he left and went to the Hotel, there speaking all day with various individuals.
Now giving detailed directions to Khosro about cooking, relating to him the
story of Isfandeyar and calling him by that name three times, then going into

an exhaustive account of Greek history, Herodotus and Xenophon and their exaggerated stories with a Greek gentleman, and again answering with great forbearance the hazy and indefinite questions of two Mohammedan theologians. Thus it was about 12 o'clock when he went to bed, extremely tired.

The question of our trip to Haifa is again revived, but as both of us have learned through experience, time will show.

Our four American sisters, Mrs. von Lilienthal, Mrs. Beede, Mrs. Hoagg and Mrs. Wise, are leaving on the 22nd for Haifa according to the command of the Beloved. He told them he would join them later on. We are sorry to lose them, but they are very blessed to go to visit the Holy Tombs of Baha'o'llah and the Bab.

Ramleh, Egypt, November 20, 1913.

Dear Friends:-

"My spiritual and material Physician is His Holiness Baha'o'llah. His Graces and Bestowals are sufficient for me. Thanksgiving behoveth Him for that He hath up to this time protected me under all circumstances. The physicians of materia medica have no effect on me." This is a passage in a Tablet revealed to a Believer who expressed the wish that a certain Doctor might treat him. The Beloved is under the direct Protection of God, and no harm will come to him. He has come to heal the ailments of the moral world, and he has brought the true and decisive treatment. Doubts and skepticisms abound in and out of the churches, unbelief is fostered by the purblind materialistic communities, and he has the quick-healing remedy to do away with these social chronic diseases. He desires to extirpate the roots of these vices and corruptions and rehabilitate the decayed conditions of our modern society with its rank atheistic beliefs and disbeliefs. All those who have lost their abounding faith must turn their attention to this Centre of all-faith, and their hearts and minds will become filled with the God-given gift and their spirits will be fired with the Love of God. They will become conscious of the controlling, intelligent power, guiding the destiny of the Universe, and they will attain to the fountain of new joy and hope. Their extinguished lamps will be rekindled, their lost faith will be regained. Their dried wells will gush forth fresh, salubrious water. Their withered trees will be robed with verdure and bloom. Their fallen stars will rise again in the brilliant horizon of Universal Religion. They will become inspired with a diviner zeal, with a holier sanctification, a loftier purpose, a more sacred resolution, a greater love for humanity and a clearer vision of life and its complicated problems. This divine Physician alone knows the remedies, because long before he had diagnosed the symptoms of the world's maladies. Let us turn to him like earnest students and learn from him those lessons which will help us to help our brothers.

In a Tablet to a Bahai physician in Gazwin, Persia, he says:-

"O thou divine Physician! From the beginning of the world to this day there has been in this world two classes of physicians: The Divine physicians and the material physicians. It is recorded in the books and epistles that a number of sanctified souls have come as Divine Physicians, diagnosing spiritual diseases and treating them with the heavenly antidote. Those Physicians have studied the science of ideal medicine in the University of God. They are the spiritual diagnosticians of the chronic diseases of the world of humanity, nay rather the skilful Doctors of the hopeless and mortal cases of the body of mankind; thus they treat with prescience and unerring knowledge all manners of moral maladies.

"Likewise, there are material physicians who are laboring most valiantly and with the love of their fellow-men in their hearts they take care of the sick ones and treat with sympathy those who are ailing in body.

"Both of these two classes of physicians are the servants of the world of humanity, and from the activities of both kinds immense benefits are accrued to man. But as to thee: Thank thou God thou art the Physician of the heart and soul as well as the Doctor of the bodies and the physical side of man. Thou art treating those who are spiritually sick with the merciful med-

icines and thou art healing those who have physical diseases through divine power and Supreme Assistance. Thou art practicing in both schools, and in them hast attained to both virtues. This is a real Bounty. This is true Grace and Bestowal, for God hath confirmed thee in the service of both friends and strangers and hath made thee the manifestor of infinite favors. All the souls, whether known or unknown, who have passed through the City of Gazwin and I have met them, are extremely pleased with the grateful to thee. On this account Abdul Baha envies your services and desires to become as confirmed as thyself. Oh! How I wish to receive also a share and portion from this Service, but God specializes with His Bounty whomsoever He desires.

"Convey with the utmost yearning the wonderful Abha Greeting to the spiritual friends.

"Upon thee be Baha El Abha!

(Signed) ABDUL BAHABAS. "

This morning I received a number of letters from America. The news contained in the letter of Miss Louise Krug, of New York, made him especially happy. She says: "Mother and I are working earnestly and have been able to attract many new and wonderful souls to the Cause. Yesterday mother had her first Tuesday meeting. All the friends seemed very happy. The spirit was so peaceful and joyous." Other letters contained similar news from different cities, all of which was most welcomed by the Beloved. He said with great emotion: "You must praise God for all these favors. The whole world is set on and barriers are burned away through this Fire of the Loce of God, which is glowing in the hearts of men." Then he called in the room one of the friends and praised the quality and purity of her faith. "From my innermost heart and soul I am pleased with thee. Oh! I wish I had many, many believers like unto thee." All morning he was quietly resting, and did not go out. Ahmad Yazdi left for Cairo in the afternoon, and the Master sent with him a large bouquet of roses to Mirza Abul Fazi and told us to go to Sidi Gaber station to bid him farewell.

On our return to the hotel, the Master was sitting in the reception room. I read to him the contents of an article in the "Near East" Magazine about the conditions of Persia. He deplored the shortsightedness and ignorance of the leaders of that country, and illustrated it by a story at the Court of Sultan Abdul Aziz. This monarch as it had happened had mastered a knowledge of the Western music. One day all his Ministers were present, and an artist was playing on the Piano the Western Classics. The Sultan was walking and when the piece came to an end, he would explain to his courtiers surrounding him the name of the music. "Aye, Sire! It was most wonderful!" they would all say in unison, while bowing down to the ground. Finally one of them came forward and said: "Your Majesty! This is all sham. We know nothing about this music. We are all like donkeys. We make all these protestations just to gain your favor." The Sultan was very pleased with his truthfulness and promoted him to a higher position.

Ramleh, Egypt, November 21, 1913.

Dear Friends:-

"All lakes that are copiously fed must copiously overflow," I heard someone telling me. The cogency and pithiness of the remark startled me, and it set me to thinking whether this is not true in the case of the Bahais scattered throughout the world and elected by the Higher Power from amongst the various nations and religions for the unification and the solidarity of mankind. Having received abundant portion of the outpourings of the Kingdom of Baha, they must share them with the rest of their fellow-men. The lakes of their lives are overflowing with the Water of spiritual Knowledge; they must not dam them. They have been the recipients of so much Bounty; why should they not invite others to partake of the same. Their hearts have become the caskets for the Jewels of Celestial Wisdom, for what day or age are they hiding them! There must not be such a thing as passive Bahais, because through the Teachings of Baha'o'llah if they were poor they have become rich; if they were extinct they have become ignited; if they were ignorant they have become wise; if they were little lakes they have become great seas; if they were winters they have become springs. The horizon of their lives is dominated with truth and righteousness; why should they keep silent? They have the right Thing, and with a happy countenance they must disclose it to the eyes of the public in the right way. That which is essentially right does not need a champion in this age; it needs only a teacher, an unafraid expounder, one who holds high the torch to guide the steps of the wayward and the erring ones. The character of a Bahai must have been perfumed with the roses of sanctity and the Jasmine of moral sublimity. He must work persistently for the Truth, adore the Truth and know nothing but the Truth. He must put himself in harmony with the Cause of God and not against it; for the Cause of God is the irresistably sweeping current. We must swim with it and not against it. If we try to oppose the progress of the Cause of the Almighty, we precipitate our own downfall and bring upon our heads eternal shame and disgrace.

The only thing that the Beloved demands of us is to work for the Cause and teach the Principles of the Movement. No calamity must dishearten us; no catastrophe must discourage us; no insurmountable mountain must hold us back; no impassable pass must restrain us. We must become a tower of courage, a Niagara of energy, a Gibraltar of strength and a fathomless, whirling, waving ocean of activity, going on and on, and as we go solving all the problems, laughing in the face of difficulties and calmly setting them at naught and striving to reach the goal with shining faith and unwavering feet. Such has been the faith of the glorious martyrs of this Cause. They endured all the persecutions and tortures with an undreamed of calmness and resignation, the like of which is not known in the history of the world. Many of us may not have the inclination or opportunity to attain to the station of martyrdom, but we can at least live in the mental atmosphere of a cheerful, happy, undisturbed life. This is possible to a degree for all of us, provided it is not of the self-centered kind. If your life is really happy it must have a corresponding effect upon others.

When I went to the Hotel this morning, I saw the Master sitting near the window in the center corridor, looking at the little green garden below him. As soon as he saw me coming in, he bid me be seated and told Khosro to bring me a cup of tea. He was chanting quietly to himself, and on his face there was the calm relaxation of a restful night. After awhile he said: "Last night I slept five hours. I passed a cheerful night. One of the gre-

atest gifts in the world of humanity is Sleep. Those who have been and are afflicted with insomnia appreciate this fact. If you put all the Bounties of God in one scale and Sleep in another, the latter will outweigh the rest. A person who does not sleep all night and rolls in his bed from right to left knows what I mean. If a person lives in a prison and has only a loaf of bread, but sleeps, he is better off than a King who has at his disposal all the luxuries and lives in a palace but does not sleep. Once I called on a patient. He was suffering from insomnia beside his other troubles. He told me with a haggard and hollow-eyed expression of utter weariness; "I wish to God I could sleep one hour then open my eyes to feel its restoring effect, then die peacefully." God answered his prayer. He slept for one hour, after which he opened his eyes, looked around with an air of utter relief and then passed beyond the Borderland. How refreshing would it be if one could go to bed at 10 o'clock and then open his eyes to be 6 or 7 in the morning! When I arose last night it was 4 a. m. I could not believe that I had slept so much, then I went to the window and opened the shutters. By the position of the different stars I realized that it was the right time. Then I became very pleased, and that is why this morning I feel the joy of living and breathe the fresh air with a new delight. When I was young I was busy all day and often till midnight there were callers to be entertained. When the last of them left the house, I felt so drowsy that while I was going up the steps I was asleep. It was very strange that while walking I had all the sensation of sleeping. Before I reached my bed I was sound asleep and then I dropped on it just with my clothes on. Many a morning the family wanted to wake me up, but the Blessed Perfection would not let them, saying that he came in very late last night. Let him sleep. He will wake himself."

A long list of the new believers in Esphahan and its surrounding villages was presented to the Beloved by Mirza Jalal. He said: "The Hosts of the Kingdom of Abha are at all times gaining fresh victories. See how many new souls are accepting the Truth and are becoming mindful of the Mysteries of the Kingdom. This is the way the teachers of the Cause must make me happy. This is the time of working. As I am walking here I see clearly the Confirmation of the Kingdom of Baha'o'llah soaring above the heads of the friends like unto an imperial Bird of Paradise, and this invisible army are constantly assisting us and coming over us like unto the tumultuous waves of the sea." Afterwards he dictated long Tablets in Persian and Arabic, while chanting. His appealing words moved the hearts. "When I dictate a supplication my whole being is absorbed in the mercy and tenderness of God. I am deeply affected, and my heart is melted in the contemplation of Divine Beauty," he said.

Ramleh, Egypt, November 22, 1913.

Dear Friends:-

You could hear the plaintive spiritual voice of the Beloved. He was swayed by a holy wave of divine emotions. He was supplicating at the Threshold of God. How deeply he felt every word uttered out of the inner reservoir of his divine heart! The effect upon the writer was correspondingly great and indefinable, purifying and stimulating. The Soul of the Master is a Mystery, and that mystery may be revealed in the light of his communion with the source of All-good translated in the vibrant words of his supplications. I would preface this letter by such a supplication, flowed this morning from his blessed tongue:-

H E I S G O D :

"O Almighty! Instruct Thou these thankful birds in the rose-gardens of Guidance the tuneful melodies and the harmonious strains of the Psalms of David, and teach these royal, white eagles to soar toward the apex of Hope, thus they may prevent the ominous owls from any doleful attack and train the faithless ravens in the lessons of faithfulness.

"O God, open these delicate and tender buds through the Breeze of Providence and confer verdancy and freshness to this newly-grown meadow through the downpouring of the Cloud of Bestowal.

"O Beloved! Cause the attainment of these yearning nightingales to the rose-garden of the Heart-Ravisher of the regions and suffer these thirsty ones after the fountain of Eternal Youth to drink from the Spring of Tasneem. Let these self-sacrificing moths to fly around the night-illuminating candle.

"O Kind Beloved! These souls are Thy friends. They have given up everything for the sake of Thy Nearness. They have become homeless and shelterless for Thy sake. They are enamored with Thy Beauty, prisoners of Thy Abode and without patience and endurance in Thy separation. Consequently, confer upon them the Cup of Grace and cause them to quaff from the Goblet of Faithfulness; so that they become rejoiced, happy, self-sacrificing and shake the hands of Friendship.

"Verily Thou art the Giver, the Generous and the Kind!

"O Beloved of the world! Each one of them is longing for the meeting of Thy Face, thirsty for the water of Thy Stream, is living through Thy Fragrance and enthralled with Thy Nature! Make them the confidant of Mysteries in the Kingdom of Abha, and Invisible World and the Mount of Transfiguration, and grant them permission to enter in Thine Own Holy of Holies. Shower upon them even in this world every Bounty and encircle them with all Thy Favors. Verily Thou art Omnipotent and Thou art the Mighty!

(Signed) ABDUL BAHÁ ABBAS."

Another wonderful Tablet is revealed to the Persian believers. I am sure it will not be out of place in this letter, as it will be another strong tie of Unity between our Eastern and Western brothers and sisters:-

H E I S G O D !

"O God! O God! Praise be unto Thee for Thou hast unfurled the Flag of Thy Singleness, caused everyone to witness the signes of Thy Mercifulness and guided these souls to the Salubrious Water and the Spring of Tasneem in the Garden of Thy Divinity.

"O Lord! Glorification behooveth Thee for Thou hast illumined the sights, inspired the consciousnesses with the Holy Mysteries, caused the ears to hear the Ideals of the Kingdom and revealed the Word of Guidance in the hearts of the righteous ones. Verily, they have advanced toward Thee expanded breasts, attracted hearts, spirits submerged in the sea of Thy Grace and souls rejoiced by the verses of Thy Unity.

"O Lord! Strengthen their feet in this Path! Reinforce their hearts by the Mysteries of the Words! Confirm them by the Invisible Cohorts in the diffusion of Thy Fragrances! Protect them from every test. Guard them from the ordeals! Pave for them a direct and straight Path and goal of which is the Kingdom of Heaven!

"Verily Thou art the Clement! Verily Thou art Omniscient! and Verily Thou art the Merciful and the Compassionate!

"O ye kind friends of Abdul Baha! For some time like unto the breeze I have been crossing over the wilderness and a wanderer over mountain and desert. No morn did I rest, and no eve did I seek repose or tranquillity. I became the confidant of every meeting and found my way in every Society. In every gathering I cried out and imparted the Glad-Tidings of the Kingdom of Abha; so that the blind may receive the sight, the deaf be granted hearing, the humiliated become glorified, the misguided ones find the Guide, the weak become powerful, the deprived ones become the confidant of the Mysteries, the Westerners become the easterners and the hopeless ones hopeful.

"It is now three years that I have not sought one moment of rest. Praise be to God that through the Favors and Providence of the Blessed Perfection, the armies of Confirmation like unto the waves descended uninterruptedly, the cohorts of the Supreme Concurrence achieved triumph, the fame of the Cause reached all the ears, and the mention of the Religion of God spread throughout the vast congregations. The invisible hand and the ideal power scattered pure seeds in that farmland, the cloud of Mercy poured down the vernal shower and the Sun of Reality shone forth with unprecedented light and heat.

"Now with the utmost humility Abdul Baha has put his forehead on the ground and implores and entreats that through divine protection and assistance and the Heavenly Gardener that spiritual farm may soon grow and its manifest signs encompass all regions. - - - - -"

To-day our four dear American sisters left for Haifa. In the morning the Master, after revealing the above Tablets, called them into his own room and gave them a few instructions. In a general way he said:- "Now you have been with me quite many days. You have been the source of the happiness of my heart. You will go to the Holy Land and visit the Holy Tomb of the Bab and Baha'o'llah in my behalf. While you are traveling make everyone satisfied and pleased with you.

Let no one be offended in the slightest degree. Our real abode is in the Kingdom of Abha. God will be with you. You will be always under His Guardianship. Do not be afraid of anything. Trust in Him" They left the Hotel at 3 o'clock. Mirza Jalal, Mirza Hadi, Mirza Moneer and myself went with them to the steamer called "Tofygeyah" belonging to the Kehdivial Company. The Steamer sailed out of the port at about 5 o'clock. During our absence, the Master called at our house, stayed over an hour and superintended the cooking of a special kind of dish rice, meat and vegetables. Many of the Arab believers likewise called on him, and in the evening he was quite fatigued. All night it rained copiously, the wind blowing with great velocity.

I have just received a magazine published in London by the name "The Occult Review" (Address: William Rider and Son, Ltd., Cathedral House, Paternoster Row, London, E. C.) containing a very fine article on the Bahai Movement, by Beatrice Irwin. It is written with sensitive intelligence and knowledge, and many of the Bahais across the Atlantic will enjoy reading it. It is the November (1913) issue.

Ramleh, Egypt, November 23, 1913.

Dear Friends:-

Everyone likes to hear the stories as related by the Beloved. Don't you? He told us this morning in his inimitable way the story of the matrimonial woes of one of the Bahai teachers who is now dead. It will do us good if we listen to him for a few minutes. While he was relating it, he was laughing; in turn we laughed, and no doubt you will also laugh before you have read it through:-

"We had a great teacher in this Cause by the name of - - - - - . He lived a long life, and up to his last breath he served the Cause most faithfully. His most important service in the Cause was to carry the Tablets of Baha'o'llah to the believers of Persia and bring back to him their petitions. Thus he travelled back and forth between Persia and Acca, being for years the sole channel of correspondence between the Blessed Perfection and the friends. He was one of the most economical men in this age, and lived in the most rigorous frugality and extreme simplicity. When he was a young man, his friends were most anxious for him to get married, but he stubbornly refused their appeals. He was so afraid to take such a hazardous venture on the ground that he would have to meet some extra expenses. One day a wily match-maker went to him and asked him point blank: "Why don't you get married? You are now at an age that you must find for yourself a nice wife and settle down." "Oh! I am so afraid to get married, for it will surely entail upon me extra obligations and expenses." "Extra expenses? No, indeed! You are certainly on the wrong track. You have made a miscalculation somewhere. I assure you that you will have no extra expenses." "How is that? I really can't believe on faith what you say." "All right! Now that you are a sort of skeptic on this subject would you like me to demonstrate to you by arithmetic?" "I will consider it an honor if you can show me how this impossible thing is done." "Very well! Don't you have a house?" "Yes." "When you are married your wife will live in it, and you don't have to pay extra rent." "That's so." "Don't you have a furnished room?" "Yes." "It's then very easy; share it with her." "That's true." "Do you not have a bed?" "Yes." "Let her have half of it." "All right." "You will have, however, one small item of extra expense. Now you are buying daily one loaf of bread; then you buy two, and considering your ability and energy I have no doubt you can work for an extra loaf without taxing your physical strength." Well, this kind of reasoning led him into the trap, and he began to look around for a suitable wife. He had not to wait long before partial disillusionment came over him, as he had to buy a ring and a shawl for his fiancée, and afterwards the preparations preceding the marriage made him feel more than ever the futility of ever relying on the advice of a friend on such an all-important matter. His nerves were almost shattered under the staggering expenses, and he divined rightly that if he had to do all these things before marriage, what he should afterwards! Still he clutched hopefully to the first frugal picture presented to him by his friend, and trusted somehow it would come to pass. At last he was alone with his wife, and before enjoying the sweet pleasure of her companionship and ere hardly a few days had passed, she got the idea that he must buy all the kitchen utensils, dishes, cups, saucers, spoons, beds, carpets and other things considered by her as essentials of housekeeping. At first he grumbled and was churlish, but she argued him into it, and finding himself stripped of all moral

resistance, he went hesitantly into the Bazaar and bought everything she demanded. By this time he was angry with his friend, and upbraided himself in being such a foolish man as to have listened to him. Before she had time to think over his worries, she fell sick, and his mother-in-law was beside the bed of her beloved daughter. A Doctor had to be called in, the medicines had to be bought and the poor man was groaning under the heavy load of expenses. There was no use, and there was no one to sympathize with him. Finally she recovered from her illness, and after a year, lo! and behold, there were three in the family! He could not believe his senses. He rubbed his eyes, but nevertheless it was true. What could he do? Everybody in his house made merry; even the mother was bright and happy over the new-comer. He knotted his brows and went out to drown his sorrows alone, but curiously in his heart the bird of paternal joy was singing. Now he could not even trust himself. He did everything to minimize the expenses, but no one would have it. His house was full of people; his mother-in-law, and all her relatives were there to congratulate him, and fondle the 'angel baby', as they called it. He thought positively this will be the last indiscretion, but before another year rolled by, God made the number of the family four, and then five, six, seven, eight, nine, - - a troop of little humanity in the making. No sooner than he set his foot in the courtyard or in the evening returning from his business, than the children flocked around him, dinning into his ears their childish wishes with great noise and insistence. "Papa! I want a pair of shoes!" "Papa! I want a hat!" "Papa! I want a doll!" "Papa! I want candy!" "Papa! I want a pony!" Their demands were very numerous, but by that time he had learned how to be patient and long-suffering and how to humor each one of them. Often he would think of his friend and his argument of one loaf of bread, and how simple he was to accept it. Then he would say to himself half aloud: 'If any young man ever comes to me for conjugal advice, I will show him such an object-lesson as to never be forgotten in all his life!'

The rest of the day was spent by the Beloved in receiving and visiting the friends and speaking to them on many familiar subjects of the Cause.

Ramleh, Egypt, November 24, 1913.

Dear Friends:-

God has revealed to the Bahais a vision of the glory of man; we must not becloud it. He has shown to them the shining aurora of the future grandeur of humanity; we must rejoice in it. He has planted in the ground of their minds the pure seeds of the flowers of the commonwealth of all the people; we must tenderly take care of them. He has unfolded before their inner consciousnesses the unlimited possibilities of the full stature of the spiritual man; we must help its realization. He hath bejewelled the heavens of their hearts with the radiant stars of inspiration; we must add to their luster and brilliancy. He hath called them into being to be the builders of the Mighty Temple of the Lord; we must hasten its construction. The actions and thoughts of our lives must be as praises and glorification to the Lord. Our minds and souls must absorb His Love, be immersed in the ocean of His Affection, engaged in the spread of His Cause, heralding the dawn of His Sun and scattering the rays of His Light.

I was only a few minutes in the presence of the Beloved in the morning. He gave me some papers which he had corrected, and told me to give them to Mirza Moneer so that he might copy them. He stayed in the hotel all forenoon, reading and resting, and for lunch he had a bowl of broth and bread. He does not believe in many dishes; he does not want many things. Only one kind, and that in the utmost simplicity, pleases him more than anything.

At half past two o'clock in the afternoon he surprised us by entering in the house. "To-day I have come to drink tea with you," he said, as a chair was offered him. Khosro hurried in the kitchen to prepare the tea, and the Beloved told us to take a chair and sit down. He talked on a great many subjects, and I will try to reproduce herein only portions of the same. He said: "Before the regular stage-post was established in Persia, there were many swift-footed letter-carriers and messengers who carried the letters of important personages from city to city. They walked day and night, and when the message was very urgent they ran for hours till they reached their destinations. They had a curious way of sleeping. While they walked they put a little pillow on their right shoulders and inclined their heads toward it and thus for an hour or two they slept. Some people walk while they are asleep--sommambulists. The mother of Mirza Moneer when very young fell from the roof while asleep and was not awakened, neither was she harmed. - - - When we left Bagdad for Constantinople many of us rode on horses and as we travelled by night I told all the friends they must try to keep awake on the saddle, otherwise they would fall on the earth. Notwithstanding this, when night came asleep gripped them firmly and one by one they fell off their saddles, but praise be to God, no one was injured. One of the friends vowed that he would not sleep, and when on horseback had his fingers stuck under his eyes, yet he too slept and fell. How difficult and unbearable were the hard circumstances of those 60 stags! Our trip from Boston to California had not the difficulties of one day of those 60 days." Then he gave a graphic description of how he fulfilled his part of commissariat and how he overcame the prejudices of the peasants in buying from them provisions. At one of the cities on the way, Izzat Pasha brought to Baha'o'llah many provisions, and expressed his love and adoration of the Teachings. "This Izzat Pasha," the Beloved continued, "had a peculiar habit. Whosoever came to him and solicited an office, or a favor,

he would answer: "On my eyes, Effendi. I will do everything to serve you, and will not rest till your object is attained.!" The poor man was elated with the fair promise, but no sooner was he out of the presence of the Pasha than he would say: "This fool has believed in my promise." Afterward he became the Governor of Adrianople and continued to practice his habit of empty promises. Osman Pasha, who was at that time the Secretary of War at the Court of Aâdul Hamid, told his Majesty the deceiving habit of Izzat Pasha, in the course of a conversation. It so happened that the latter after a year or two went to the Sublime Porte to pay his homage to the Sultan. One day he was in the private chamber of the Sultan, and Osman Pasha was there too. When the time for prayer came, Osman brought the water-pitcher so that His Majesty might perform ablution. While he was washing his hands, he asked Izzat Pasha that: "I have heard thou art deceiving the people. When they come to thee soliciting something, thou givest them fair promises, but when they leave the room thou sayest aloud: ---What fools!--" Izzat Pasha then knelt down and while half-looking at Osman Pasha, said: "Your Majesty, I wonder what fool has troubled you with this gossip!" When Osman heard this, he left the room, and ran away, while the Sultan and Izzat started to laugh. - - - - -

"When we werē in Adrianople, there arrived from Albania a tall, heroic-sized peasant. His business consisted of selling bread in the streets. Curiously enough, wherever he went he was followed by a ferocious looking dog, who attacked him no sooner than he was off his guard. He carried with him a heavy club, with which he protected himself against the onslaughts of the dog. One day, he entered a bar, and drank heavily. His companions asked him: "What is the reason that this dog is so tenaciously following thee in season and out of season, and never leaves thee at peace for one moment?" As he was drunk, under the influence of liquor, he related to them how he killed the master of this dog several years ago and how it has followed his wake from town to town, city to city, ever seeking to heap vengeance on his head. "Often I have beaten this dog to the point ~~of~~ death, but it seems to me it has a hundred lives. It has made life really very miserable to me" - - he concluded his long rambling narration with a meaningless grin. On the morrow this report was given to the Police. They searched and found him. In Court he confessed his guilt after a long-drawn-out cross examination. The day they hanged him in the Public Square, the dog appeared on the scene and manifested the most peculiar signs of happiness, playing antics, pranks and rolling itself with great abandon on the ground. When the dog saw the body hanging lifeless on the pillory, with one help of joy it bounded out of the public square and none saw it afterward."

Before coming to our house, he went to Alexandria with Mirza Jalal. Toward evening, Mirza Mohsen and Forougi with his son and a servant arrived from Persia. The Master welcomed them with great joy. Mirza Mahmoud Forougi is one of the greatest orators of the Cause. He is powerful in physique and intellect. He has a long, black beard and his voice is superlatively rich and melodious. He has suffered much in the Cause, has been in prison many times, but his mind is luminous and his faith firmer than the mountain. He is a veteran of the Army of Abha and the Beloved loves him very much.

Ramleh, Egypt, November 25, 1913.

Dear Friends:-

"What is it we call great? What lifts and thrills
The soul of him who tells it o'er and o'er?
Is it not something that the brave heart began
Wherein success had seemed unlikeliest?"

It is this feeling of admiration and awe that controls every fiber of our being when we come in touch with those souls who have accepted ridicule and prison joyfully in the Path of Baha'o'llah. It is very nice to read about these soul-stirring events in your home, but it is different, Ah, me! so different, when you stand actually beside the man who lived two years in the darkest prison; barefooted and bareheaded was carried on a saddle-less horse from one city to another, has received the deadly bullets in his breast and has taken cheerfully the jeers of the enemies, and yet has come out of these severe trials like a Hercules of Spiritual Force! Such a man is Mirza Mahmoud Forougi. They tell me, and I well believe it, that he is the greatest orator of the Bahai Cause in the East. He has literally a tongue of fire-- a thing much needed to propagate the Cause. He is fearless and unafraid. He utters his convictions with such divine force and impetuosity that the worst enemies are disarmed, defeated, routed. He has carried on many open discussions with the Mohammedan clergy and you can well imagine how they were worsted and mortified at their own ignorance. In many places he had challenged them to form a meeting and he would talk with them about the Cause and establish its validity to their own satisfaction from the Koran and the traditions; but having learned the sad endings of others, they would not dare to accept. Such men are the foundation of this Movement. We in the West often deplore that the tests are very great, that such and such a person could not stand them, that we are surrounded by the howling winds of tests. I must and wonder how those tests would stand the critical analysis of comparison with the tests of the Oriental believers! Here is a man who tells me he suffered the most awful tortures for the Cause, but the bells of it-with laughter and joy, with many blessings heaped upon the heads of the executioners. He has endured these persecutions for a Cause and at a time "wherein success had seemed unlikeliest," and that is why we now love him, admire his courage and shall try to repeat his story "o'er and o'er." It is really a subject uncompassable, unsearchable, inscrutable! I try to comprehend its vast significance and visualize its lofty meaning, but I seem so weak and powerless! As long as this Cause has such embodiments of sacrifice in the world one has no fear of its future. Such souls are the fulcrums of the ideal progress of the Movement! They are the rare jewels of the Kingdom of Abha, the salt of the earth and the valorous standard-bearers of Reality. Now we are enjoying the benefits of their labors. They have really done the mighty work, the work of laying the foundation--not with mortar and bricks but with their blood, their lives. Their stations in the estimation of God are very great. They are the chosen ones. They have won the victory of the field. All we can do and that so poorly is to walk in their footsteps and be satisfied to receive the rays of their faith, assurance, firmness and steadfastness. I consciously feel myself so small in the presence of these men! I want to run away and hide my face with shame because I have done nothing when compared with the brilliant records of their noble and epic lives. When this morning I went to the Hotel, the first thing the Master asked me was about our new pilgrim, Mirza Mahmoud Forougi. "Love him very much. Do everything in thy power to make him comfortable. We will have three more pilgrims to-night and with the rest you go to the station and welcome them. One of them is Ebne Asdag, another is an Afnan and the third is an Israelitish Bahai." Then he sent me away and after awhile he sent for the pilgrims and kept them for a long time. They gave him

encouraging news about the advancement of the Cause and the entrance of new people into the Kingdom, and how there is a general breaking down of all ritualisms and dogmatic sects and that there is a new alignment of the moral forces for the spiritual regeneration of the dead religions and ecclesiasticism. Ho! men are being awakened, the hidden forces of purification are set loose, the angels of the New Era are illuminating the minds, the torch-bearers of a revitalized and simplified religion adaptable to all men and all conditions are running to and fro through the dark earth! In turn the Master also gave them a bird's eye view of the portentous upheaval which is now going on in the religious life of the West, especially America, how men and women are restless, seeking after God, trying to grasp the inner realities of life, the calmness of the spirit and the actual realization of Deity. Here in fact was a clearing-house of the world's longings for a higher life and how the two hemispheres are converging toward one ultimate Ideal. These two divergent poles of human thoughts are being met amicably in the Presence of Abdul Baha. He is holding high the lamp of Guidance, beckoning all men to gather around it and to be enlightened by it. The more one stays in the vicinity of the Beloved, the clearer becomes his mental apperception that he is the Solvent for all the problems of the world. He knows better than any living person the spiritual needs of humanity--East and West--and he is daily supplying these needs by word and deed!

At half past seven, all of us were at the station and joyfully welcomed our new pilgrims. Ebne Asdag is an old man--white beard---shorter than the Master. He is one of the "Hands of the Cause of God," and lives in Teheran. When we reached the Hotel Orient, with what wonderful charm and cohesion he spoke about the Cause! He is also a famous teacher who has suffered much. His father was one of the followers of the Bab. In his talk he said: "We must entirely annihilate our will and let the Will of our Beloved take possession of our hearts. He is the knowing while we know nothin. How gladly we must sacrifice our lives in his path. Personally I have no other wish, long for no other object. I have come a long way to see him. I have no questions to ask. I want just to look into his heavenly countenance. This is my food! This is my sustenance!" How sweet is the deep humility of these men! How spiritual are their lives! They love the Master. O, so much! They kneel before him and adore him and see in him the Light and the Truth and the Way which shall usher in the Day of Universal Peace!

Ramleh, Egypt, November 26, 1913.

Dear Friends:-

The Beloved has frightened me again. It was about 2 P.M. when he sent Mirza Jalal for me. I was in the midst of eating my lunch, but I left everything and went to the Hotel. He was walking in the corridor. When he saw me coming from afar he raised his voice: "Bravo! Welcome!" Immediately I felt something is in the air. "Come in. Let me see. Thou hast been with me for a long time, longer than many others, and soon I must send thee to America," I was dumfounded. "O my Lord!" at last I stammered: "Don't send me away from Thee. There are many sincere servants of the Cause in America who are heralding the Teachings. What can I do there?" "Oh yes! There are many services in America, and thou wilt do what I command thee." This is the third time the Master has given me this intimation. In my heart of hearts I long to be with him. No spot in the face of the earth has any attraction to my eyes, save where he is. To be in prison with him is better than the freedom of the most royal palace. What do I want to do in America or anywhere else, if I am not in his Presence? These last years of the Beloved's life are most pregnant and the most significant, and I yearn from the depth of my heart to be with Him to the very end--then I can go out into the world--travel throughout the states and consecrate my whole existence to the spread of the Movement and the service of the Kingdom. I have no other ambition, no other thought. May God assist me to be confirmed in this hope! Up to this time I have been living in a world of hopes; none of them have yet been fulfilled, but I am looking to the future. The Unattainable has always been ahead of me, and I suppose it will always be so. I am endeavoring to reach the Unreachable and fly as high as possible; but after all is said and done, how paltry our exertion, how cramped our vision, how diminutive the statures of our ideals, how inconsiderable our effort, how bedimmed the atmosphere of our knowledge! We are just like little cogs in the machinery of the Cause of God, each performing a little service but good to be thrown in the junk-heap if not receiving the motive power, electricity.

When I went to the Hotel this morning, the Master told me he wants to go to the Hotel d'Orient to call on Ebne Asdag and others. On the way, he talked about the father of this teacher. "His name was Mollah Salek Mogaddass. He was one of the learned men of Persia, and when he became a believer he devoted his knowledge and education to the propagation of the Movement. With an unprecedented zeal and holy enthusiasm he upheld the teachings of the Bab, and he was destined to play a most important part in the development of the Movement. Thus he became the object of the attack of the enemies. In Shiraz they ran a cord through his nose and paraded him through the streets and Bazaars. He followed the spiritual destiny of the Cause, and at last he was besieged by the royal army with the rest of the Bahais in the famous fortress of Tabarassi in Mazanderan. Those who are slightly familiar with that dramatic or tragic episode know the privations and sufferings they had to go through. Finally when they were released and put to death, he was one of a very few who was given freedom. Later on he came to Acca and visited the Blessed Perfection. The face of man is the mirror on which his ideals are reflected. As such he was a glorious personage. His humility and gentleness deceived many people, thinking that he is only a common man, but he was very wise, divine and deeply spiritual. His son is now an old man and a veteran of the Cause. I love him. That is why I go first to call on him."

When we reached the Hotel, the pilgrims were sitting around the table, drinking their tea. They all arose from their seats. The Master did not let them kneel before him; instead he took each in his arms and kissed them on

both cheeks. He was with them for nearly 15 minutes, asking questions about the different friends, but they were so overpowered that they answered in monosyllables. "While travelling throughout the Western climes" he said, "I often repeated the fact that to Persian believers are tried and tested. They are as firm as rocks. Every day they have been meted a new persecution and even they have been surrounded by the impending dangers of the cruel sword."

Then he left them and came to our house to meet Mirza Mahmoud Forougi, and then after a few minutes he returned to the Hotel. Before noon he sent for Forougi. He related many stories, which made the Beloved laugh heartily, and he came back all elated and happy. "Yes", he said, "I made the Master laugh very much. He gave me permission to speak and I did. Once before when I was in Acca the Master was very sad on account of the machinations of the enemies. On one day he had to go 13 times to the Court to answer their spurious accusations, so in the evening he was fatigued and sorrowful. I found my chance then, and began to speak and relate one story after another, and the Beloved laughed and laughed and the clouds were dispelled. Then in the morning the Greatest Holy Leaf sent me a large tray of candies because I was the instrument of making Abdul Baha happy. I am sorry now the Greatest Holy Leaf is not here, otherwise I would have received my reward."

For the last few days the Master was desirous of calling on Mr. and Mrs. Atwood. They have moved from the Hotel Plaisance, and have rented a house with a lovely garden around it for the winter. As they had not supplied the address, he asked Miss Hiscock to be our guide, and we had to walk quite awhile before we reached the house. Of course they were rejoiced to see the Beloved. They had not seen him for some time, and had been longing for the privilege. Mrs. Atwood has transformed one of the rooms into a little school for girls, and she has a few pupils. The Beloved visited the school, donated a sum of money toward its maintenance and was delighted with the results so far obtained. As you may know, Mr. Atwood is a crippled, old man, and cannot move anywhere except in a rolling chair. The Master loves him very much on account of the beauty of his faith and the simplicity of his life. While we were here, the latest copy of the CHRISTIAN COMMONWEALTH containing an article on Mr. Ralph Waldo Trine, was received, and his life was reviewed. The Master listened attentively. The quotation that especially interested him was the following: "Thoughts are forces; like creates like, and like attracts like. For one to govern his thinking, therefore, is to determine his life. The life inevitably and invariably follows the thought. It is simply a matter of the great elemental law of cause and effect."

As he was tired walking, he sent me back for the carriage, which I procured. Then he bade them farewell, and on the way he severely upbraided the driver because he was not kind to the horses. "Don't let them walk through the soft sands while there is a beaten road. You must be very kind and humane to the animals. They are created by God." Realizing that we were already in the middle of the sandy field and now hard it was on the horses to go through, he told me to alight, and thus he walked afoot, giving a practical lesson to the driver. He did not know how to account for it, because he said: "Never had he seen in his whole career a more thoughtful man to the animals. No other person would have alighted from the carriage to lighten the weight."

Having reached the path, we again rode in the carriage. As I found myself alone with the Beloved, I gave him the resume of the latest news received from America and Europe. An interesting letter from Henrietta Clark Wagner, Pasadena, Calif., another from Miss J. Revell, of Philadelphia, poems from Miss M. D. Green, of Washington, D. C., news from Germany, India, France, were given to him. He was pleased and happy. "We are all ready for work", writes a believer from California, "and ready to roll up our sleeves and pitch in! Have many plans for extending the work of the Assembly and spreading the Message this winter." He told me to translate the poems of Miss Green in Persian for the pilgrims, and send the original to the students in Beirut college, so that they may memorize and sing them in their meetings. Before we reached home, I mentioned the request of a number of believers for his presence in some part of the world. He grew silent, and after a minute said. "Oh! My thoughts do not belong to this world and its activities. My thought is diametrically opposed to their thoughts. They want me to be in their midst, but I long, Oh! I so long to be in the Kingdom of Abha! There, there I shall rest. I am waiting for the coming of that auspicious day. Then and now is the time for the believers to arise and perform these services. With greater power and concentration of purpose they must arise to spread the Message of the Kingdom. From the Kingdom of Abha I shall look down upon them and confirm and assist them. No catastrophe must shake their aim. Rest thou assured that I shall confirm them, protect and watch over them. I shall live in their hearts forever and ever."

Ramleh, Egypt, November 27, 1913.

Dear Friends:-

Lo! There is a revolution. I do not know how to start, where to begin, what to say! I am all wrought up and excited! Do you know what is going to happen day after to-morrow? In one hour the whole map of our existence is totally changed. We have a landslide, and for the moment consternation is seen in every face, and then calm resignation to the inevitable. Can you believe that the geographic aspects of our lives are going to take other shapes? That the ships of our thoughts shall sail on other seas, the birds of our imagination shall sing in other rose-gardens? I can't believe it yet. We have been calm and settled, and suddenly a tornado out of the blue sky falls on our heads, shakes us from our torpor and lethargy and leaves us in a state of wonder and amazement. I wish you were here to share our feelings and emotions. I am too agitated to think coherently and too slow to let you know what is in the air! Well, let me tell you. About 7 o'clock p. m. Mirza Jalal came to us and announced that the Beloved has commanded that everyone must leave for Haifa, and he will come himself later, with Khosro. There is a steamer leaving Alexandria day after to-morrow, and he wants everyone to leave on that steamer. I remained stock-still in my place. "What do you mean?" I asked. "Do you mean that we shall have to leave the Master all alone? Do you mean that we -- I mean Mirza Moneer, Mirza Mohmoud and . . . well -- myself -- have to go to Haifa with the pilgrims and not with the Beloved? Do you mean -- well, I don't understand what you mean by such an extraordinary announcement!" and forth I flew to the Hotel, to see the Master myself. He was calmly sitting in his room, reading a letter by electric light. He raised his head and looked into my face, and without a word on my part knew the object of my precipitate call, and started patiently -- like a loving father to a spoiled child -- to explain the wisdom of his sudden decision. "I will come to Haifa as soon as you leave, but I must come all alone. Rest thou assured that I shall be there soon, real soon."

I was with the Beloved in the morning only a few minutes. Then he asked for the pilgrims, and spoke with each according to his capacity and comprehension. In the afternoon he was walking in the rose-garden for a few hours. During the day I heard two thrilling Bahai stories from Forougi and our Jewish pilgrim in connection with their lives. I shall try to relate them in the immediate future. I am so sorry to leave the Master, but he will join us after a few days. Meanwhile I will have a whole lot of interesting things to write about as soon as we reach Haifa and Acca, thus preparing the background for the arrival of the King of Kings. In the course of a talk with Ebue Asdag, the Beloved said:- "Tell me how is the condition of Teaching? Do the believers Teach? This is that which the Blessed Perfection has required from everyone of the Bahais. This is the day of Teaching. Nothing else will profit us. Consider what the Disciples of His Holiness Christ did by throwing away comfort and rest and devoting all their time to the promotion of the Cause! Let the Believers carry the Glad-Tidings of the Kingdom of Abha to every corner of the earth."

Dear Friends:-

Apparently this is my last day in Ramleh. I specially desire to emphasize the word "apparently", because I simply cannot stand the separation from my Beloved. I must be with him. I will be with him. I have on the other hand packed all my belongings ready to start tomorrow. In our party there will be Ebne Asdag and Forougi, who are two treasurers of facts and information concerning the Cause, and the biography of each one will form the most tragic and thrilling story. Both are great speakers, and raconteurs, and with my attentive ears I may be able to share with you whatever I hear from them. In Haifa and Acca there are many old and experienced Bahais, and from their ample granaries I will get a few grains. The station of those men in the Cause is indeed very great. One cannot too much and too often praise their divine fortitude and unexampled submission to the Will of God. They are indeed the true servants of Baha'o'llah.

The mornings for the last few days were more or less devoted to the visit of our dear pilgrims. Each has brought with him a load of secret longings and wishes, though never to be uttered in His Presence. Notwithstanding this, they bring to him the good news that cheers the heart, and tell him of the self-sacrificing services rendered by others. They never refer to themselves. They do not know what self-adulation means!

When I went to the Hotel, he was engaged in talking with Ebne Asdag about conditions and the progress of the Cause in Teheran and the various branches of their activities and manifestations. Teheran to a certain degree is the center of the Cause in Persia. There the principal news of the Movement is focussed and sent to other parts. The believers are more numerous, more active and more energetic. Thus a peculiar importance is attached to that strategic position. The Beloved again referred to our departure, and asked whether we had packed everything. "The Friends must be pleased with whatever I decide for them, knowing full well that in this lies their eternal success and future happiness!" he said to the pilgrims who had requested permission to stay here and accompany him to Haifa. "This is not in accord with wisdom. My arrival must not be heralded by any outward signs. No one must know the time of my arrival or the name of the steamer," he answered their further entreaty.

When we returned home, the son of Forougi chanted for us a long and beautiful Tablet of the Beloved, from memory. He chanted the verses with a sweet voice and very effectively. The power of the words was so great and heart-moving that when I looked into the face of his old father, I saw tears were falling on his long black beard. I was astonished to see him weeping, and more than ever I stopped to ponder over the magic spell and eternal influence hidden in the words of Abdul Baha;-- even the heart of stone is pulverized into dust. At this time the Master passed by and Forougi, with his tear-stained eyes, jumped from his seat and followed him involuntarily to the garden.

A very touching and yet significant incident that happened during the day was when the son of Forougi had found an empty envelope in the kitchen with the name of "His Holiness Abdul Baha Abbas" written on it in English. As he has acquired a little knowledge of this language, he came to me with a sad face and while holding the envelope in his hand, said: "Why! This is a sacrilege! I have found this envelope in the kitchen. It must not be thrown away like this. It contains the sacred name of the Center of

the Covenant. This is too serious. They must either tear it to pieces or burn it in the fire, but not throw it under the feet." That was a good lesson, wasn't it?

Later on Ebne Asdag came and gave us a lovely talk about the blessings that are showered upon us through the machinations of the enemies. We must praise and love our enemies more than our friends, because through their antagonism and opposition we become interested in the Cause, of investigated its tenets and attained to this Most Glorious Station. We must kiss their hands if they strike us and drink their cups even if filled with poison. All these heavenly Teachings are spiritual principles are to awaken us from the deep slumber and create in us the Fire of the Love of God. If we are not quickened with this creative Force, there is no difference between us and those who are outside the Cause.

Then Forougi came from the garden in an estatic state, because ha had been with the Beloved for nearly four hours. He was in the eighth heaven of joy. He was singing and clapping his hands like a boy just out of school. He has a contagious spirit of buoyancy, vivaciousness and cheerfulness. He is very joyous and gay spiritually, a real sunshine. "I have been with my Beloved four hours! What a captivating Beloved he is; he has ravished my heart; he is the magnet of my soul, the talisman of my spirit his eyes are fairer than gazelles; his cheeks are more delicate than the petals of the rose; his locks are the chains around my feet! Oh! ye lovers, come and look at me! I am his willing prisoner! I would not exchange one moment of his Presence with all the wealth of the Indies. Oh! My adored one! My worshipped one! What can I say! With what tongue must I praise thee! I am mute and no adequate words fall from my lips. O, my Beloved! Take my life as a sacrifice in the path of thy friends!" These are only crude snatches from his wealth of songs, chanted with intense feeling, with tears in his eyes! It was so dramatic, so ardent, so sublimely passionate, so burning with the fire of his Love! I had never seen anything like it in all my life. It was something so unique, so spontaneous!

In the afternoon, Mirza Jalal came to our house, and in the course of conversation he said: "Before the Beloved was freed, early one morning I saw him getting out of the house. I followed him with an umbrella, because it was threatening rain. I went after him till he reached a small hovel, in the most deserted part of Acca. He entered: I approached: I strained my ears and listened. Now and then I could hear the plaintive, weak voice of a sick man thanking him for the offer of gifts. After awhile he emerged from out the darkness with a heavenly Light on his countenance. He was surprised to see me. "What do you do here?" he asked. "I have brought you an umbrella." "No!" he said, "I do not want it. I am going on around of visits to the sick, and the poor, and I would not like to call on them with an umbrella in my hand. For the last few days I have been too busy to call on my friends and carry to them physical and spiritual assistance, but now I must do it. Go back. I do not need anyone to come with me. I have the Blessed Perfection."

Ramleh, Egypt, November 29m 1913.

Dear Friends†

Before leaving the Hotel last night, I saw the tall Arab servant, whose name is Solomon and who confesses belief in the Beloved, although he knows practically nothing of the Cause. Having seen with his own eyes all these Westerners and Easterners come into the Presence of the Master, keeping such a respectful attitude and listening to his words of life, he has made up his mind that there is a superior, ultra-mundane power in Him. While I was passing through the corridor, he asked about my health. "Not good?" I answered. "The Master is going to send me away to-morrow with the rest; but I do not like to leave him. Look here! I am going to pledge myself that if I stay in Ramleh with the Master as long as he is here, I will give thee twenty big Piastres! (\$1.)" With a smile of triumph on his face, he confidently declared that I am not going away, and will stay beside the Master. So when this morning I went to the Hotel, it was with a half-assured, half-troubled heart.

The Beloved was feeling quite well, and a few letters from America and Canada made him very happy, and when Ebne Asdag entered the room, he asked me to translate for him the one from Montreal. He enjoyed it very much, and wished that it might be translated into Persian for the benefit of our Oriental brothers. "All the news is spiritual", the Beloved told him: "That is why I am rejoiced over it. Mrs. Maxwell is the essence of sanctity and love. She is a torch of spirituality. She is my daughter." As the letter will be translated in Persian, I should like herein to quote a few passages: "With a new heart burning with the Fire of the Covenant, with a new spirit of Confirmation, joy and fragrance from Thy Presence, we are writing to thank Thee with the utmost thankfulness of being! - - - The meetings have been bathed in the splendor of the Covenant, the friends are seeking and finding the Peerless Center, and the souls are becoming enkindled with the eternal Fire of the Covenant of God! - - - May we become so centered and focussed in Thee that the Fire of the Covenant may consume all else save Thy Beauty and Perfection! May we become wholly illumined and spiritual, severed from all else save Thy Love, and be of those whose lives are expended in Thy service who diffuse the Light, spread the Power and enkindle the Fire of the Covenant in the world of humanity - - - Thou hast said in the Diary of - - - the most sublime and heart-rending words which it could be our destiny to heart "I have finished my work. I await the last call." The souls of all mankind shall bow before the might and Majesty of Thine Utterances, their tragic significance, their supreme triumph. Oh! My Beloved - - the hush of this greatest human calamity, this divine victory, this mystery of sacrifice, is foreshadowed in Thy Words! May it fall with a mysterious power upon the souls of Thy servants, may it create them in Thy Image, in Thy Name, in the Form of Thy Beauty, in the world of Thy Perfection, that they may become the emanations of Thy Being and the Breaths of the Holy Spirit wafting upon the world. - - - -"

Then the Beloved came to the corridor and started to walk. Khosro arrived from the other house; Mirza Jalal was standing. He asked Khosro why his clothes are yet clean. He did not say anything. Then he walked toward Mirza Jalal and slapped hard twice on his face, commanding him to buy a suit of nice clothes for Khosro. "This is my own Khosro. He serves me!" he said, as he gently pulled his ears.

With the pilgrims he spoke about the internal situation of Persia and the difficulties that the progressive element of the country have to surmount

before they can get a Reform administration that may espouse the Cause of the people. They listened to him, and no doubt they learned many points. Ebne Asdag had brought with him two little bottles of the essence of the rose, to be offered at the feet of the Beloved. They were sent by Mirza Mehdi, of Teheran, the son of Haji Amma Kahnoum, who was the aunt of the wife of the Blessed Perfection. For the last fifty years the numerous members of this family have been strong and steadfast Bahais, and have ever been active servants of the Cause. These two little bottles in turn the Master gave to Mirza Mahmoud and to this servant. My bottle will be sent to one of the Western Assemblies, so that with this fragrant perfume they may inhale the scent of the flower of the Love of God. It is the outward symbol of the inner reality, a sign of spiritual friendship and a token of the immanent consciousness of the Beautiful.

When I left the Hotel, I saw that Mirza Jalal was coming from the opposite direction, and he gave me the long-expected glad news to the effect that Mirza Mahmoud, himself, Khoaro and Ahmad will not go with the pilgrims to-day. My joy knew no bounds, but on second thought I realized that Mirza Moneer is left out, and I was so sorry, knowing full well how attached he is to the Beloved.

Well, we returned home, and all of us sat on the veranda and the son of Forougi chanted for us from memory the whole Tablet of the Covenant. He is a keen, intelligent boy, and has learned a little English. I like him very much. His face is fairly afire with the radiance of the Kingdom, and he is the soul of courtesy and politeness.

Many cables from America are being received, containing greeting and congratulation, to which the Master is sending answers.

At two o'clock all the pilgrims came to the Hotel to meet the Beloved before their departure. He spoke to them only a few words, assuring them that he will soon follow. We all went with them to the steamer. One of the strange coincidences is that this is the steamer on which the Master made his first voyage from Haifa to Port Said. Its name is "Kossier", belonging to the Khedivial Line, an English Company. Kossier is the name of one of the cities in Egypt. Thus they had the joy of travelling on the same steamer, and I had the privilege of seeing it with my own eyes. It is not very large, but it formerly belonged to the Khedive and was his personal yacht. With my Kodak I took a few pictures, but I wonder whether they will turn out to be good, as it was a cloudy day. We bade them farewell while their handkerchiefs were waving on the upper deck. On our return, we found the Master sitting in the Salon talking with the Manager. We told him that they all send their humble devotion and love.

Ramleh, Egypt, November 30, 1913.

Dear Friends:-

When I went to the Hotel this morning, the Master was not up yet, so with Mirza Jalal we started to speak about the departure of the pilgrims yesterday, and how everything is again quiet. In this connection he related to me the story of the departure of the Beloved from Haifa on the "Kossier", after the declaration of the Constitution in Turkey and the granting of liberty. "All the members of the Holy Family were in Acca except my wife. The Master's house and mine are connected, so one day (it was Sunday) he sent for me and asked me whether I can perform a most important mission, provided no one must know anything about it. "You go now to the steamship agency and get for me one first class ticket, without giving my name." Without asking him any questions, I left his Presence and came into the street. I searched my pockets and found no money wherewith to buy the ticket, but knowing the Agent it was a simple matter to pay him to-morrow. When I arrived at the Agent's Office, I was shaking with apprehension. I asked him to give me a ticket for a first class passenger. Laughingly he told me he would not sell me. I told him "Please, do not joke. I am in a hurry." "Well, for whom do you want the ticket?" For an instant I did not know what to say. Then I gave him a name which I don't remember,; he handed me the ticket, and putting it into my pocket, I said: "Good Bye. To-morrow I will pay you for it", and hastened away. I came to the Master and gave him the ticket. Then he said, "You must now transfer my satchels from my room to your home without a single soul seeing them", which I did with the utmost circumspection. I returned again to receive further orders. He said: "Tell the driver to make ready my carriage. I will go to the Tomb of the Bab to meet the friends. From there will go direct to the steamer; you also by some roundabout way bring my baggage. Send word to Mirza Nouredin to be ready to accompany me, and send Khosro by the next steamer." When night time came, I hired a carriage and for the sake of precaution took two of the believers with me, Ostad Mohamad Ali and Abdor-Rasoul, on the condition that they must not ask any questions. Realizing that Mirza Nouredin was not ready to depart, I took with me Mirza Moneer. When we reached the steamer, I saw the Beloved walking on the deck. He was there ahead of it. There were many people on board. I told the Master what I had done, and how I had brought with me these two believers and Mirza Moneer, the latter to accompany him to Port Said. He called the other two, and they were surprised and wonderstruck, because I had not told them anything, neither did they see him on the deck. He asked for a steamer chair, but there were none to be had. One of the rowers, a big fellow, told me he would bring one, and after a few minutes he came back with one. In the Master's cabin there was an Englishman. We did ~~not~~ our utmost to find a cabin all to himself, but there was no use. The first class was full. The Beloved said: "Never mind." He could get along very well with an Englishman. While he was giving us his last instructions, the steamer's whistle blew and we all had to hurry out. In the darkness of the night, we could see the outline of the Kossier making for the sea, carrying away the Lord of Love out into the world after forty years of prison life. He was going to teach mankind how to love, how to live and how to embody the virtues of God. But at that time we could never dream of the triumphs achieved, of the victories won, of the great and tumultuous meetings arranged for him all over Europe and America.

"When we reached land, I asked the rower how he got the steamer chair for the Beloved. He said: "I searched and searched, but could not find any. Fin-

ally I went to the third class. I saw two old Arabs were sitting on steamer chairs. Somehow I made them quarrel with each other, and after a few minutes they arose to make the quarrel more strenuous and demonstrative with their fists. When I saw them so nobly engaged, I took one of the chairs and ran away with it! It was in the morning when the believers learned about the departure of the Master, and some of them recalled yesterday afternoon's meeting, when he shook hands with each and bade them a hearty Good bye, a thing he had never done before. He was rowed far away, and from there he was driven in a carriage to the house of Ahmed Yazdi. Then word was sent to every one that the Master had arrived, but no one could believe it."

The Master did not feel well-to-day. Having not slept last night, he was restless. He sat in his room all morning, quietly thinking. He told us not to go there and not to speak with him. Two believers arrived from Cairo and were permitted to see him only for a few minutes. In the afternoon he called for a poor Bahai and gave him several English Pounds to start in business. Then he came out of his room and walked slowly toward the rose garden. He told me to walk behind him, but at a distance. Khosro brought him tea while he was sitting facing a most colorful, fragrant rose garden all abloom. I stood like a sentinel away from him. After an hour he stood up and without saying a word left the garden. He came to our house and paid Mademoiselle Olga Petrocochino (the Landlady) our one month's rent for November. She is a nice woman and loves the Master, and has learned some of the literature. The rest of the day was spent in the same silent, contemplative way. I had never seen the Master so absorbed in thought. Frankly stating, it was not a happy day. We could neither eat nor think. How many armies of thoughts were waging war in his mind! He walked alone, silent, his brows wrinkled, his face cloudy, truly a man of sorrows. Our hearts were wrenched with distress and sadness. What can we do to alleviate his heavy load? Can you guess? Do you know?

In the evening a cablegram from Mrs. Stannard, sent on her arrival at Bombay, cheered us a little bit: "Arrived safely. Greetings!" thus the message ran.

Ramleh, Egypt, December 1, 1913.

Dear Friends:

At last the holy caravan is going to start on its holier pilgrimage; I mean the Beloved will leave tomorrow for Haifa. How glad I am that our long expectation will be realized after four or five days. We did not expect the Master would make up His mind to leave so soon after our pilgrims departed, but the believers of Acca and Haifa are clamoring, impatient, and long to look into the Face of "Him Who is desired by God."

This morning I was in the hotel unusually early, and before entering I could hear the ringing voice of the King of kings speaking to Mirza Jalal:

"I am better. Tomorrow we must depart for Haifa, the time has arrived. Now prepare the tea."

When He saw me He smiled through His wondrous eyes:

"You have also come. I slept last night quite well, and I am up so early to start on my work."

I begged Him to keep quiet a few days until He is entirely well, then He can work; but He would not listen to anyone, would He? Then He came down after drinking His tea on the veranda, and was walking from one end to the other below the mellow rays of sunshine. I had this book of Biary in my hand. He asked:

"What is this?" I said: "It is the account of the Master's daily sayings and doings." He took it out of my hand, and looked over it from page to page. "You have written a whole lot." Then He gave it back. "These days I do very little talking compared with those days of our American trip" but now we will go to the Holy Land and see what can be done." He said.

After awhile Abdol Hossein and his mother came to see the Master and He took them to the salon. In the afternoon many Bahai Arabs came to bid farewell to the Beloved. In the course of His conversation He told them:

"During my long stay here I could not see you as I would have liked. Now continue to have your meetings, so that the Fire of the Love of God may become ignited. Read the prayers and supplications, encourage each other through the World of Light. Be ye enkindled and attracted, firm and steadfast in the cause of God. I shall ever remember you and

think of you, and when I go to Haifa I shall supplicate for you at the Threshold of the Almighty."

Entering the room He called me in and handed me nine apples and one pomegranate:

"These were brought to me by Mirza Golam Hossein, and now I give them to you with this", and He slapped me hard on the right cheek.

The Arab believers outside heard it, and when I went out they were all congratulating me on this unique distinction. In turn, I gave them the apples just received from the Beloved.

Mirza Jalal went to the city to buy the tickets, and I accompanied Him to the rose garden, where He stayed for one hour. While He was there several poor men presented themselves, and were not prevented from the ocean of His generosity. He ordered the gardener - his name is Ibrahim Abad - to have ready for tomorrow four special rose bushes which He wants to take for the garden of Acca. Then He returned to the hotel, and after half an hour a lawyer came to see Him. He talked with him at length upon criminology, and how the communities must devise means to prevent lawlessness and evils:

"The more the rays of the sun of education are diffused, the less will be the darkness of crime and brutality. The hearts must receive the Bounties of the Holy Spirit; the legislators must become prompted by a sense of moral rectitude; the lawyers must be inspired by the Spirit of Righteousness; the judges must have the fear of God; and His representatives of the people voice vigorously the public opinion against dens of shame and moral squalor. First, they must clear their houses; then start to clean the houses of the people."

When the lawyer departed from the Presence of the Beloved, He told me to bring paper and ink to dictate a few Tablets for the believers of Persia. As they are in the form of supplications I will share them with you:

"Glory be unto Thee, O Thou Guide of the seekers to the Sought One, and the Magnet of the lovers to the Presence of the Beloved!

Praise be unto Thee! for Thou hast guided every thirsty one to the Fountain of Life, and every ailing one to the Merciful Physician. illumine the heart of this Thy servant with the Light of Assurance, make firm his feet in the Straight Path and Manifest Road, and suffer him to drink from the clear Spring and the Water of 'Tasneem.'

Verily, Thou art the element and the Merciful.

(signed) Abdul Baha Abbas."

"O Lord! Verily, Shafie is a babe drinking the Milk of Thy Providence, and a child at the Door of Thy Mercifulness! He is praising and thanking Thee for the Grace of Thy Guidance; is calling upon Thee with an eloquent tongue amongst Thy people; and is longing for Thy Most Great Bestowal and the Most Eminent Bounty!

O Lord! Destine for him these Favors through Thy Liberality and Generosity!

Verily, Thou art the Most High and the Glorious!

(signed) Abdul Baha Abbas. "

"O God! O God! Verily, these are the attracted ones to the Kingdom of Beauty and enkindled ones with the Fire of the Love of the Lord of Glory and Majesty!

O Lord! Straighten for them the Path, appoint for them the Guide which shall lead them to the Door of Thine Inexhaustible Mercy, facilitate for them their affairs and shower upon them Thy Heavenly Graces!

Verily, Thou art the Mighty and the Forgiving!

(signed) Abdul Baha Abbas. "

"O Thou Glorious Lord! O Thou Giver of Gifts and Bestower of Bounties, and the Goal toward which all the Guides are leading humanity!

Allow for Thy servant the privilege of taking a shelter under the Shade of the Sadrat ul Montaha, and make him steadfast in Thy Religion amongst mankind.

Verily, Thou art holding in Thy Grasp the Bestowals of Heaven, and earth! Thou art the Possessor of the solemn Names, and, verily, Thou art the Bounteous and the compassionate!

(signed) Abdul Baha Abbas. "

Ahmad Sohrab.

FROM MIRZA AHMAD SOHRAB

On board S. S. Baron Call,
Austrian Lloyd Co.,
December 4, 1913.

Dear Friends:-

Our steamer anchored off the shore of Jaffa at 3.30 A. M. in the midst of a rough sea. Having no harbor, all the ships drop anchor in broad sea, or as near to Jaffa as they dare to go, which is often quite far. Then the little and big boats - the former for passengers, the latter for cargoes - are rowed toward the ships by their strong, jabbering Arab rowers. On a rough day like this the waves play with these boats like empty walnut shells. They are carried up on the crest of the waves, and then dashed down mercilessly to the bottom. When after much skillful rowing their boats are brought near the ship, in order to take precedence over each other they raise such a hue and cry that the destruction of the tower of Babel is as nothing compared with it. They literally walk on each other's heads in order to climb up the sides of the steamer before it is anchored. They just take hold of your baggage roughly, and yourself also, and you are at their mercy unless you are a Cook tourist, whose boat and agent are ready to transfer you to the shore without these unbearable difficulties. The Prussian Jews and the poor Arabs who travel in the third class are often the prey of the Jaffa rowers who are famous for their trickeries and unjust extortion. For example, they keep the boat in the middle of the sea for hours in order to force these men to pay them a high price, often several English pounds.

Many European and Arab passengers landed, and as the steamer carried in its hull much merchandise the captain decided to leave to-morrow instead of to-night, which of course was not a pleasant piece of news when we heard it. In the morning it rained hard and added to the general discomfort. The Master did not leave his cabin, which was number nine of the first class, until late in the afternoon, when the rain stopped, the sea calmed and the sun shone brightly. By evening the sea was perfectly calm, and the passengers were walking on the deck in their joyful and nonchalant fashion.

We have a good Bahai in Jaffa by the name of Abdassamad Mohass, and two others. They were notified by Mirza Jalal in a letter that the Master is on the steamer, and so they came in that awful weather, bringing with them two baskets full of oranges. We were delighted to see them. But they stayed only for half an hour.

In the afternoon the Master sent for me and asked for a resume of the news contained in the letters received last night. Reports and letters received from Washington, New Bedford, Mass., New York, San Francisco, Oakland, Chicago, Minneapolis, Budapest, London and Stuttgart, were reviewed in rapid succession, all convincing proofs of the progress of the mighty spirit of the movement. A quotation from the letter from Mrs. Getsinger mailed from Aden may interest our friends who desire to know about her work in the new field. She writes: "Please present my love and devotion to the beloved Master and say that to-day we arrived in Aden. So

far the journey has been very fair, i. e. the weather, the sea very calm, the air very warm. I found one of the American ladies in the cabin to be a woman whom I had known when I was a little girl, she having lived in the same town where I was born and brought up. I have given the message to her and her companion, also to two men from India, one a Parsee and the other a Mohammedan. Both are greatly interested. Although they do not speak to each other, both of them speak with me, and both have invited us to visit their homes and talk to their friends in Bombay. The Mohammedan has been educated in England and is an advocate, very clean and very broad minded. The Parsee is also well educated, having traveled in Europe and America."

The Master was glad to hear the news, and now and then he would make a few appropriate remarks. When I read to him the circular letter sent out from Washington concerning the spirit of the Cause he said:

"Brave Mr. Hannan! Well done! At this moment this is the greatest announcement. The believers must not rest for one moment; day and night they must teach. I anticipate daily to receive such news from the believers in all parts of the world. This is the day of teaching. This is the day of work. This is the day of heralding the people to the kingdom of Abha. Those who are intoxicated with the wine of the love of God will not fall behind but ever go forward and teach, and teach, and teach!"

Yesterday the Master, in a talk with Saidol Molk, answered the objections of those people who say that our religion is enough, we need no new religion. As the subject is germane in America and not wide of the mark, I may be permitted to translate it below:

"In the coming of every prophet and messenger of God this objection was uttered to the people of negation. Even Pharaoh, as quoted in the Koran, says that Moses answered Aaron: 'Verily these are magicians who claim to change our religion through their magic and make us walk in their false path.' The Arabs said to Mohammed: 'Dost thou dare to change our faith and prevent us from the faith of our fathers?' Once the Blessed Perfection said that the people of Mazandaran told him: 'What is the matter with our beautiful religion that thou hast invented this strange faith of the brotherhood of man? How can we love those whom we hate?' From a biological standpoint, when a tree is planted, day by day it will grow and develop till it reaches the stage of fruitage. For some years, at stated times it produces leaves, blossoms and fruits; it will inevitably start on the retrograding path of decay and dissolution. In the world of genesis every phenomenon goes through this process of growth and decay, life and death, spring and winter, cold and heat. Now when a tree is decayed, its trunk rotted, its branches dried up, is it worthy of human intelligence to rest under it, to take shelter beneath it? For example, the Mosaic tree at one time was covered with green branches and leaves. For ages it yielded blossoms and fruits for the healing of the nations; but now that tree, having passed through the period of its productivity, its gardeners must devote their time to the irrigation and care of the new tree which is planted beside the river of life in the paradise of Abha.

When a tree is dried a new shoot springs from its original roots, so that in reality the Christian dispensation is from the same Mosaic root, etc. To-day the Bahai tree has sprung up from the roots of all the former prophetic trees. To serve this tree, to irrigate this tree, is to serve and irrigate all the other trees. To-day the call of the kingdom is raised. Having listened to it, can we deny its soothing effects? To-day the Sun of Reality is shining upon all the regions. Becoming warmed through its rays, is it possible to shut our eyes and say 'No'? No! To-day the breeze of providence is wafting, and the dead bodies of the world having become quickened through its life-imparting breath, can we negate its effect?"

All the people of the first and second class are unconsciously attracted to the Beloved. Even in his walking he is different from all the other human beings. At our table we have a Syrian professor who is very learned and a student of human character. He told me to-night: "I have never heard of the name of Abbas Effendi, neither have I ever seen him, yet yesterday when I looked at him for the first time I knew that he is a supreme man, endowed with keen spiritual powers."

Ahmad Sohrab.

FROM MIRZA AHMAD SOHRAB

Bahai Pilgrims Home, Mount Carmel,
Haifa, Syria, December 5, 1913.

Dear Friends:-

Oh, to live on the mountain of God, to view the matchless panorama of the sea and mountain, and to inhale the fresh air that Baha'o'llah breathed. Oh, to walk through the narrow passes of this sacred spot, to look at the house where the Beloved of the world is residing, and to commune with the spirit of prophecy. Oh, to watch the brilliant stars shining in their beauty, to gaze at the silvery moon in her queenly march, and to be inspired with the sacred majesty of the surroundings. Oh, to converse on spiritual subjects with the elect of the Blessed Perfection, to hear their enthralling stories of the life of the supreme manifestation, and to try to emulate their lives of miracles and sacrifice. Oh, to visit from far and near the holy tomb of the Bab nestled in the breast of Carmel, and to fall prostrate at this divine shrine, to kiss with deep humility this godlike threshold, and to pray fervently in behalf of the believers of God. Oh, my beloved brothers, my dear sisters, how can I write, how can I express the feelings and emotions that swell in my heart when for the first time I looked over this sublime, celestial mountain, how the dramatic and tragic lives of Baha'o'llah and Abdul Baha came back to my memory with glowing vividness and spiritual emphasis. It is on this mountain that the greatest prophetic lives of the modern world have been lived, and most stupendous epics have been written with the pen of diamond and the most majestic and world revolutionizing drama has been acted. Oh mountain of God, oh city of Acca, I salute you, I kneel before you and kiss the dust of your ground. Like unto a pilgrim of old, with hushed reverence and sacred silence I look at you and walk through your streets and lanes. Oh thou mountain of God, thou who art holding in thy precious bosom the holy remains of the herald of the kingdom of Abha, the Bab, the one who cried in the wilderness of Persia, preparing the hearts to receive "Him whom God would manifest," I salute thee. Oh thou city of Acca, behind whose walls lived the manifestation of God, whose people have been privileged to look in his countenance, and whose every foot of ground is blessed by him who enacted laws for nations and paved the high road of universal peace, I salute thee. Thou art indeed the most beloved city in the world, the one spot toward which all the eyes are turned, and the birthplace of the universal principles for the manifestations of the religions and the solidarity of the people of the earth. I love thee. Thou art the queen of all the cities of the world.

I was up this morning at five o'clock and was on deck as soon as I could pull myself out of the berth. The steamer was yet anchored. The city of Jaffa was just awaking out of her sleep, and the lights were being extinguished one by one. Above our heads the morning star was shining brightly, and shortly afterwards I could see the silhouettes of boats rowing toward the steamer to carry away the rich cargo of sugar and merchandise. For two or three hours the work of unloading went on at a feverish speed, and suddenly the word went around that the steamer would pull up her

anchor at nine o'clock. We were very happy, because the distance between Jaffa and Haifa is only five hours. While the Beloved was drinking tea I sat in his presence for a long time. He was silent and in a prayerful attitude.

When the steamer started on the last span of the voyage it came to my mind that in the past year, at this very moment, we sailed out of the harbor of New York. Thus it took exactly one year for the Beloved to reach the Holy Land. How many events and what spiritual and holy episodes have transpired.

Since the Master left Haifa about three years ago he has been traveling through many climes, and in every country he has upraised the flag of the religion of God, and promoted the principles of the faith of the Almighty. Everybody on the steamer loves him and inquires about him. An Arab who has known him for many years was telling me in a confidential mood, in a whisper: "Abbas Effendi lived amongst us for forty five years and we never appreciated him, but suddenly he leaves us and goes all alone to America, to Europe, and gives lectures and addresses; thousands of men and women flock eagerly to listen to him and appreciate his words and utterances, and respond to his teachings with alacrity."

The doctor of the ship, becoming greatly interested in the Cause, asked permission to meet the Beloved. He spoke with him on natural and divine civilization, and ended by saying:

"Divine civilization is peace, love and unity. The East has been the founder of divine civilization, but the West is the spreader of material civilization. The East has been the scatterer of seeds, the West the irrigator. Now the people of both hemispheres have forgotten the wonderful ideals of divine civilization. It is our hope that the horizons of the Orient and the Occident may become illumined with the lights of divine civilization."

During the five hours of our voyage the steamer sailed near the shore. There were hills, mountains, little villages and lovely places that could be seen through the marine glasses. By eleven o'clock the monastery of the monks could be seen on the summit of Mount Carmel. When one is standing on the lofty peak he can see both sides of the mountains with the ocean lapping the shores. Little by little Haifa becomes visible, and the sea being perfectly calm we are sure of a safe landing. Long before we landed I had Khosro at my side, who through glass explained and pointed out to me the various houses of the believers, the home of the Beloved, the Pilgrims' Home, and the blessed tomb of the Bab. The Master had sent, of course, explicit instructions that no one should come to the steamer to welcome him. Although there were nearly forty pilgrims, men and women, from all parts of Persia, and the believers living in Haifa bursting with the desire of an outward demonstration, yet they knew they must obey the Beloved's desire, and so there was not a single Bahai soul in evidence. Thanks to the knowledge of Mirza Jalal, we were landed quickly, but the Master staid on board to land at five o'clock, thus entirely precluding any sign of demonstration. As our boat was rowed ashore we saw another boat heading for the steamer carrying Mirza Hadi and Mirza Mohsen, with Basheer. Mirza Jalal told them the wish of the Master, that no one must go now to the steamer, and that all the

believers must gather at seven o'clock in the home of the Beloved, there to meet him. Incidentally two warships, German and French, were in the port, and it was just about five o'clock when their guns boomed forth, in unconscious honor of the arrival of the king of kings.

It was about 2.30 P. M. when we walked through the rose garden surrounding the house of the Beloved. A number of the believers hearing the news hastened to the house, the pilgrims coming down from the Pilgrims' Home, and there was a general air of expectancy pervading the atmosphere. The faces were radiant, expectant, eager. Our brother Mirza Mahmoud was the spokesman of the afternoon, a sort of herald paving the road for the coming of the king. About 6.30 the news was brought in that the Master, having arrived, would receive them in the main hall. They all rushed out, and as it seemed it was a false alarm they were scattered in little groups in the lovely rose garden in front of the house talking about the Master. Then the word came that the time had arrived, and how eagerly they filled the large, spacious hall, the floor of which was covered with magnificent Persian rugs. In the center of the hall there was a large table which was laden with fruits and delicacies. On the fringe of the hall there were a few chairs, but not enough for all to sit down, so they sat on the floor. Behind the curtains there were the members of the blessed holy family and the women pilgrims. The elders of the Cause, with their white beards, patriarchal looking, were sitting on one side. The sons-in-law of the Beloved were standing near the door through which the Master was supposed to enter. It was a moment of supreme triumph for all these people gathered here. As I looked in their holy, benign faces, there was not one dry eye. They were all weeping tears of joy, and momentarily expecting to look in the countenance of their lord. How these people keep the Cause close to their hearts, and how they love the one who is the Beloved of the whole world. I was standing in a far, inconspicuous corner, watching the shifting emotions sweeping over the divine congregation. Then the lord enters the hall. Every one is on his feet and then prostrating on the ground. The Master tells them not to do it, but who will listen when the foundations of his very being are shaken with spiritual emotions? It was really a most dramatic, wonderful picture to see more than one hundred men prostrating to the ground, their foreheads touching the floor. As I looked at all these men and realized their rugged sincerity, I felt my knees trembling, and in a second I was also kneeling and praying. Let us realize that these people are not offering this sort of homage to the Beloved because he gives them anything. Nay, rather each one is ready at this moment to sacrifice his very life in his path, which is a high - nay, rather the greatest and supreme homage. A chair was arranged for the Master, but he sat like the others on the floor and began to speak in his clear resonant voice. It was a very short speech, about his long voyage through the West, and his return, and the spiritual beauty of Mount Carmel. Then he asked Mirza Mahmoud Foroughi to chant a supplication, which he did in his great big voice, with wonderful color and rich diapason. After the meeting, fruits and candies were given around, and we retired with thanksgiving to the Pilgrims' Home near the top of Mount Carmel.

Ahmad Sohrab.

FROM MIRZA AHMAD SOHRAB
Dear Friends:-
The first glimpse of the sunrise on Mount Carmel is the most heavenly sight. You can easily imagine that I was up about 5 A. M. My joy was so great that I could not sleep. When I went to bed long after midnight I got into a mood of uncontrollable laughter, and at last I was afraid I would wake others, and in case they were awakened they might judge me a little out of my mind. The Bahai Pilgrims' Home, about which I shall write in a letter later, is built parallel with the holy tomb of the Bab so that you can walk over there in a second. The entrance of the Bahai Pilgrims' Home is facing eastward, so that were you to sit in the middle of the hall you would have a glorious view of the East. There is a little raised porch in front of the entrance, which I may term as "sunrise porch," where I was walking early this morning awaiting the majestic dawn of the orb of day. In the lap of the mountain there lies peacefully the industrious German colony, now interspersed with other nationalities, trim, well-kept cottages, some fine homes and pretentious buildings. A little further is the channel of the wonderful sea, calm and unruffled. Still a little further is the city of Acca, quiet and peaceful. Above is the mountain, rising like a diadem of gold. All around me is the spiritual ineffable something pervading the beautiful rolling valleys. I walk on the sunset porch, and I am thinking of you in this, my first morning of holy experience. Within a few minutes the gorgeous sun - or rather its emblazoning heralds are proclaimed in chariots of prismatic colors. The whole panorama is bewitching, mystifying, and in its intense reality there is an intense unreality, so satisfying to the heart of a dreamer who floats in a world of ideal, illusive and unattainable. Come with me, dear friends, and let us enjoy in silent communion this imperial rise of the sun. Let our thoughts be as refulgent and resplendent as the rays of this sun rising from behind the rosy eastern hills of the Holy Land.

From the sunrise porch I walked over to the tomb of the Bab. I did not enter the holy of holies, but walked through the rose garden and circumambulated around the building, which is built of pale yellowish rock. I returned and found in the hall of the Pilgrims' Home all the friends gathered and engaged in a social and spiritual conversation. I talked with this or that one, and I found the life of every one a rich mine of rare experiences, the details of which would make a book. One thing is certain and that is they are supremely happy and consider this the most wonderful day of their lives, because the Beloved of their hearts has come back, and last night they looked in his face. There is a very old man, with long white beard, who has lived for years in the Pilgrims' Home, and his name is Mullah Abou Taleh. He said to me: "I have no other wish now. I have been longing to behold the face of my lord, the Center of the Covenant. Now I have obtained my wish. I can die in peace. I have come to live on Mount Carmel the rest of my life, and I am awaiting my call from the kingdom of Abha. Oh, I shall depart happy."

After awhile the news was brought that the Master was driving in his carriage toward the holy tomb of the Bab, and immediately the pilgrims prepared themselves to receive and follow him to the sacred spot. We hurried to the road, where the Beloved walked majestically with divine spirituality and heavenly presence. Then we filed ourselves in order and bowed before him as he passed

us, now and then raising his hand in sign of recognition to this one and to that, and saying, "Marhaba! Marhaba!" He gave the word that the pilgrims might enter from one door, and he would enter from another door, all alone. Here, before entering the holy room, every one takes off his shoes. A large mat is spread in the open immediately before you enter the room. We left our shoes here, walked over the mat, and then into the wonderful room. We kissed the threshold. There are three large rooms, all of which are covered with rich, rare carpets. Under the floor of the center room is buried the remains of the Bab in a marble sarcophagus sent especially for this purpose from India. No one is allowed to enter this room except the custodian to light the lamps and fill the bowls with fresh flowers. Again each person in turn kissed the threshold of the center room, and then Mirza Mahmoud Foroughi started to chant the visiting tablet in a moving, tremulous voice, while all of us were standing in prayerful attitude. Those who could hear him distinctly repeated the words after him. The whole place is a dynamic storeroom of spiritual vibrations, radiant and soul-enlightening. When he finished chanting, again each person kissed the threshold and walked backward, while facing the room, and came out. In front of the building, facing the sea, there is a large reception room, the floor of which is carpeted with one single, large multi-colored rug. Here the Master received the pilgrims. They wanted to throw themselves at his feet, but he forbade them emphatically. Overlooking the broad sea, he said:

"Behold! What a charming view! What a delectable panorama!"

Then he spoke a few other words, and commanded all the believers to go to Acca to-morrow to the holy tomb of Baha'o'llah. He arose from his chair, and like so many moths flying around the candle we followed him. First we passed by the house of the guardian of the tomb, who lives here with his family. Then he walked over to the Pilgrims' Home. He bade every one be seated. Silence reigned throughout. Then he rose and asked us to rise with him. He faced the city of Acca, and a little beyond its walls the palace of Rahajee, and offered in silence a supplication. During these sacred moments the room was so still you could hear the people breathing. Leaving the home, he walked around the grounds all alone, and returned to a room in the house of the guardian of the tomb, there to commune silently. At noon Khosro brought his lunch, and after a little rest he drove to the tomb of Afnan, which is somewhere on Carmel. Then he drove down to his own home.

All the pilgrims were sent for toward dusk. In the reception room, which is downstairs, Mirza Mahmoud read a poem, written for the occasion, congratulating the Bahais on the safe arrival of the Beloved, and reciting his miraculous works in America and Europe. He was heartily applauded.

While coffee was being served, we were summoned to the upper reception room. When everybody had entered the Master entered the room. At that very moment three members of Haifa's civil authorities were announced, and the Beloved received them with genuine courtesy. They had come to felicitate him on his return. With much feeling and earnestness he spoke about his historical addresses in the Jewish synagogues of America, and how essential it is for Eastern people to free themselves from the yoke of these religious prejudices.

Ahmad Sohrab.

Home of Baha'o'llah, Acca, Syria,
December 9, 1913.

Dear Friends:

To live in the house that the Blessed Perfection occupied for many years, to sleep in the room which was hallowed by His Majestic Presence, to be surrounded by the sanctified atmosphere breathed by "Him around Whom all Names revolve," is at present my portion and my unexpected happiness.

It was about one o'clock when I heard the Beloved has sent for me from Acca. I was at the Hotel Carmel, paying a visit to our American sisters. One of the believers, knowing where I am, brought the word, and immediately I was on my feet. I hastened to the Pilgrims Home, took with me a package of letters and petitions, and made my way to the station. Ebne Asdag was also summoned, and so together we purchased our tickets and at 2:45 the train pulled out of the station. Ebne Asdag is a most pleasant speaker, and with his assistance one can find all the lost links to make a connection of incidents of the early history of the Cause. If he stays here long I shall surely take down his narrative for the benefit of future generations.

When we arrived at the house they told us the Master had gone on foot to visit the Holy Tomb of the Blessed Perfection, and on His return will visit some of the prominent officials who have called on Him since His arrival in Acca. The room of BAHAO'LLAH is made ready for the Master, and He is living and sleeping there. The room wherein the secretary of the Blessed Perfection used to live is now the parlor for the reception of the outsiders. The room in which the Tablets and Writings were stored is prepared for the pilgrims and believers; and a room from the window of which I see the veranda of the room of BAHAO'LLAH is my share.

Let me tell you that what we now call the house of BAHAO'LLAH was, in the beginning, two houses. At first the Blessed Perfection lived in one of them; after some years the other, fronting on the sea, was added to the first; and, as they were built side by side, the partition was taken away. Thus, from the older house, BAHAO'LLAH moved into the newer one, which has a most sublime, uninterrupted view of the sea, and takes the room the veranda of which I see from my window. It is said that often in the mornings, and almost always in the afternoons, the Blessed Perfection used to walk in the veranda; the believers and pilgrims, knowing the custom, would come and walk in the neighborhood, and if He desired to see any of them He would beckon to them with His blessed Hands. It is now the room in the older house that the Master is living in. Both houses are large, and although their architecture is not modern, yet they are the

best houses in Acca as regards their position, outward appearance and inside accommodations.

Mbne Asdag and myself were sitting in the reception room, when we heard the voice of the Master coming up the steps. He entered the room, His face shining, and His eyes bright with the Light of Heaven. There were other believers who came in. He welcomed us heartily and with genuine pleasure, as though He had never seen us before. Then He spoke:

"As long as a person is not separated from the sacred surroundings of the Threshold of BAHÁ'U'LLAH He does not realize the magnitude of His loss, neither can He conceive the grandeur of this Bounty. He is like the man who has lived always beside the bank of the river and does not know what thirst is. But when he is lost in the midst of a parched desert with the hot sun blazing over his head, he will be glad to give up the dearest possession in his life for a drop of water; then he will realize what a heavenly gift is water, and how the source of his life has slipped out of his hand.

No matter how unhappy and sorrowful a person may be, when he arrives at the Divine Threshold of the Tomb of the Blessed Perfection he forgets all. Another world and its calm influence are unfolded to him, and he remembers naught else save the Beauty of the Beloved.

When I arrived at the city of Los Angeles, a point most remote from Acca, I said to myself: 'O thou Kaaba of my heart! How far, how far away thou art from me!' I said: 'O God! Will there come another day that I may put my head again at that Holy court and worship Thee in spirit and in Truth!'

Now, Praise be to God! that I have come and obtained the wish of my heart. How good it is. I went there all alone. I kissed the Blessed Threshold, and put my head at that court of Heaven, and rested, Oh! I rested as I had not rested for a long, long time!

The ground surrounding the Holy Threshold is very green and beautiful. A few days yet and the wild flowers shall bloom, carpeting the field with variegated delicate colors. The hyacinths will appear first, and in its train there will be an endless variety of flowers. In America and Europe there are wonderful parks and gardens, but they are all the handiwork of man, the outcome of the artistic spirit of the inhabitants; but here nature reigns supreme, wild and primitive, as God created it. The fields, the gardens, the prairies will become laden with hundred petaled anemones, fragrant and beautiful. Every person can gather

them - rich and poor - and adorn his home."

Then He called Khosro to bring the big nosegay which He had gathered on His way home. He ordered him to give it to Bone Asdag:

"See how beautiful and redolent with perfume they are. I have picked them myself."

"Since my arrival," He recommenced after a few moments, "I have been meeting people and speaking with them at all times. My last days in Ramleh were not pleasant. I did not feel well, neither could I speak; but now, because there is a demand, God is supplying me with the needed force and energy. Just now I must go out and call on a family whose head died a few days ago. He was an old friend. I must be going to console them."

Then, before leaving, He dictated a cable:

"Arrived safely Holy Land," to be wired to Washington, Chicago, New York, Montreal and San Francisco.

After an hour He was back. Already a number of the citizens of Acca and officials were waiting for Him. When He entered the room they all arose from their seats and kissed His hand. They are not Bahais, but they love Him. Amongst these were a Sheikh, learned in the religious lore of the East; so the Master addressed him in particular on the Knowledge of God; how humanity is incapable of grasping the Essence of Divinity, and how an inferior degree is out of touch with a superior degree; and how we are entirely dependent on the Manifestation of God for our knowledge of the Eternal Verities.

Having satisfied the Sheikh, He then spoke about America and the American people, their vast continent; their monumental cities; their well built harbors; their educational institutions; their giant factories; their progressive civilization; their great museums; their brilliant ideals; their large parks; their illimitable resources; their skyscrapers; their colossal railroads; their subways and elevated; their Breamlands and Luna Parks; till, I think, they believed they were listening - not to a fairy story; far from it - but to the story of a race of giants, superhuman beings walking on the face of the earth to conquer everything with their mysterious, irresistible will, bidding the elements to obey their wish. They looked at each other in amazement, wishing to believe all these tales, but, no doubt, remembering the small town of Acca with its narrow streets and cramped houses and stunted ideas, they preferred to remain silent.

Finally, one of them could not contain himself

Finally, one of them could contain himself no longer:

"How did you conquer such a people?" he asked earnestly?

And the Master came back with His dynamic answer:

"GOD CONQUERED THEM! "

They left the house, but others came, and the Master spoke with them about other things. The sea of His utterances was waving, and these men, high in positions and honor, listened to Him, charmed with the magic of His narrative, and captivated with the sweet music of His voice.

Ahmad Sohrab.

Home of BAHÁ'Ó'LLÁH,
Acca, Syria, December 11, 1913.

Dear Friends:

Rain, hail, thunder and storm! This was the order of the day. When I came down I was surprised to see a heavy fall of hail, because in this place the weather is so generally temperate. Last night the Master telegraphed to Haifa, giving permission to half of the pilgrims to come to Acca, thus they will have to encounter another rough day, but they are going to do it with pleasure. Sure enough, the morning train brought a number, and they proceeded accordingly for Bahajee.

Likewise a number of Zoroastrians have come from a village called "Adasseyah", where they are farming over a large tract of land belonging to the Master. With their wives and children they are about thirty-two. The Beloved grants to them all the produce of the land, and also something extra, so that they may be happy and comfortable. In His talk with them this morning He gave them a few advices on agriculture and what kind of vegetables they must plant, and by what means they can reach the market. He promised them a visit in the not-far-distant future, over which they rejoiced greatly; and then told me to join the other pilgrims in Bahajee, and He will come alone also.

A very funny thing happened the other day which bears relating. When Mirza Jalal took the cablegrams to the Acca Telegraph Office, the manager, after much search through his books, could not find San Francisco. "In which country is this city to be found out?" he asked. Mirza Jalal, thinking to play a joke on him, answered "Persia." The manager, not knowing any better, went on searching. At last he gave it up. "I cannot find this", he said. "Tell me, where is Montreal?" "In India." After ten minutes he was in despair. "These cities are not in my books", he said gravely. Then Mirza Jalal explained to him the joke, and found for him the cities and rates, and berated him for his lack of knowledge. "And you are supposed to be the manager of a Government Telegraph office!". He promised to go home and look up for a few days his geography, and make a list of the cities of America with their telegraph rates, for the sake of Abbas Effendi.

From nine to twelve the Master was out paying calls and visiting a long list of His friends. When He returned He was very tired and sat down on the sofa. Several young Bahais were present. He opened His eyes, looked at them tenderly, and said:

"My work is done. The tree of my life has yielded its fruits. I have set a fire in the world! Your duty is to add to its flame! My sons, it is now your turn. The members of my constitution are well nigh disintegrated. You are young, and your blood is pure, your intelligence is keen. You can bear the difficulties of this life.

I like to remain silent for some time, and listen to the incoming news of those who try to spread the Fragrances of God. How far shall they succeed? How will they promote the Word of God? How will they raise the melodies and sing the songs of "Ya Baha El Abha?" Assuredly, the Blessed Perfection is with such souls. They shall see with their own eyes the confirmations of BAHÁ'Ó'LLÁH, just as I saw them when addressing large gatherings in churches and temples. I saw them hovering around like the Birds of Paradise."

At two o'clock the carriage was ready, and the Master called me again to go with Him and an old believer who was one of the traveling companions of BAHÁ'Ó'LLÁH from Bagdad. All the Zoroastrian, Jewish and Mohammedan pilgrims were waiting for the arrival of the Master.

Again the Master kissed the door, took off His shoes, and chanted aloud the Visiting Tablet. It is here, more than anywhere else, that one is moved and thrilled by the spiritual quality of the voice of the Master. It is the outpouring of His inmost Spirit, and the deep variations of the tragic music of His life. When He had finished reciting He sat silent for a long time. Then He kissed the floor, and motioned to the pilgrims to follow Him in the other room to drink tea. He told them:

"Thank ye God that ye have attained to this Most Great Bounty, that in these glorious days ye are visiting the Blessed Tomb with me."

One could see in their eyes that they are appreciating. These people love the Master for His own sake. They do not care so much for any other proof. Himself is the greatest of all proofs! Proof of the sun is its existence.

Then He told me to take the pilgrims to the city, send the Zoroastrians to Haifa, and keep the rest for the night, and tell Khosro to prepare dinner for them. After drinking tea we all left, and the Master stayed. It was about seven o'clock when He came. After supper He came down and spoke on the spiritual recognition of the Manifestation of God, and the interpretation of certain prophecies. As there were not enough beds in the house of the Master, the believers of Acca were eager to entertain them, and so there was a fine competition, each person trying to accommodate as many as possible.

In the evening someone asked Ebne Asdag whether he has any sons. "Yes, I have three. They came to this world, and finding it not a fit place to live in, they departed for the other."

When Mashghin Galam, the celebrated Bahai calligraphist, in whose handwriting is all the Greatest Names, was very sick, often he would fall into a condition of unconsciousness. Coming back, a believer who nursed him during his last hours would ask him: "Janabe Mirza! Where were you?" "Oh, I just took a round trip to the Other Quarter to find whether my place is cozy and warm, and have returned to bid you farewell. I am sorry I did not go there earlier!" When he was very sick his attendant would read to him the Beloved's Addresses in America. He would weep and weep, calling on his Lord to come to him. Mirza! Please wait a few days longer! We have heard that He is coming soon!" But the poor man passed away a few months before the Master's arrival. He was a nonagenarian.

Once a young Bahai, who loved to play jokes, went to the clinic of a newly arrived Doctor in his city. At the appointed hour the Doctor came. There were many patients. He looked at each, took their pulses, and prescribed medicine. Three times he passed by this young man, took his pulse, looked into his eyes, examined his tongue and did not say anything. Finally the young man said: "Doctor, you have treated everyone, why don't you treat me? What sickness have I?" The Doctor laughed, and put his finger on his forehead. Then both of them became good friends, and the young man taught the Doctor about the Revelation.

"I knew you had a deeper purpose than playing a joke on me," the Doctor told him, once a believer.

Ahmad Sohrab.

Home of BAHÁ'Ó'LLÁH,
Acca, Syria, December 12, 1913.

Dear Friends:

This morning, while the Beloved was speaking with the strangers in the other room, I was holding a heavenly conversation with some old Baháís, who were relating to me strange tales and heart throbbing stories of martyrdom:

"Before taking Molla Ali Jan to the arena of sacrifice from prison, he took his executioner aside and told him that he knows a treasure hidden somewhere and would like to tell him the locality so that he may go there and unearth it. The cupidity of the man was of course excited, and he was most anxious to know the place. Mollah Ali Jan postponed it from day to day, till the hour arrived and they took him to the arena followed and surrounded by hundreds of spectators. He then whispered to the executioner: 'I am now going to tell you the hiding place of the treasure, provided you may just scratch my throat with your sword so that blood may flow.' When this was done, Mollah Ali Jan filled his two hands with his own blood, and raising his voice so that everybody might hear, he said: 'O people! With this blood I testify that this Truth is on the part of God!' Then, turning his face to the executioner, he said: 'This was the treasure that I have promised thee. Now do thy work, I am ready!'"

"Some years ago a wave of religious fanaticism struck the city of Yazd. More than two hundred Baháís were martyred. The mob ransacked the houses, pillaged the properties, and killed women with most dreadful torture.

They took a young girl and wrapped her between two counterpanes, and whipped her so many lashes that the two sides of the counterpane were joined.

While they were searching through the houses, they heard the cry of a suckling babe. The father, mother and other children were killed, and the baby was left in the cradle. It was hungry; they took it to the Mullah. The Mullah said: 'Oh! the child is hungry, it is crying for milk. Bring it to me, I will give it milk.' The samovar was in the room, boiling with hot water. He takes the child to it. Even the demoniac spectators were horrified when the idea dawned upon them what he was going to do. He opened the spigot and the steaming hot water poured down. Then he brought the innocent mouth of the babe near it; the babe thinking it is milk . . . "

In these and similar ways your Persian brothers and sisters have spread and taught the Cause of BAHÁ'Ó'LLÁH. They have demonstrated in a concrete manner that they are dominated by the higher influence of the spiritual sacrifice. Now in America and Europe these things do not and will not happen, but they are called upon to serve the Cause in other ways; to live and proclaim the Principles of BAHÁ'Ó'LLÁH.

Diary Dec. 12, 1913.

The Beloved prays for them daily at the Holy Threshold of the Blessed Perfection, so that they may arise with an inspired faith, a lofty courage, a serene conviction, to teach their fellowmen, and bring them under the Canopy of the Oneness of the world of humanity:

"I have been crying at the top of my voice," He said, "all these years. Now I prefer to choose silence and listen to the melodies of the nightingales of the Paradise of Abha, and the strains of the birds of the Kingdom."

This morning the Master went alone, and on His return He asked our pilgrims to return to Haifa, so that the other half may come:

"Praise be to God! that you were confirmed to come here, so that we may worship together at the Holy Threshold. For the last four years I have been deprived of this Water of Life. Now that I have returned I must drink deep from its well, so that my soul be satisfied. After a few days I will come to Haifa."

Ninety-five per cent of the inhabitants of Acca are rejoiced over the return of the Beloved. One of them said: "Abbas Effendi has brought to us the material and spiritual blessings."

Another person, on hearing of the Master's Presence in Acca, exclaimed:

"May God bless thee for this glad news! May God bless thee for this glad news!"

Both Moslems and Christians, as well as the Jews, are expressing joy over this great event.

"Acca is illumined by your Presence!" said a minister of the Gospel.

Even the children are happier. They talk amongst themselves while they are playing, about the return of Abbas Effendi and His love for them. One of these children confided a great secret to his playmates:

"He loves only the children; He does not like grown up people!"

In the afternoon He went again to the Blessed Tomb. He sent the carriage to wait for Him outside the gate, and so He walked through the narrow streets, some of them thousands of years old. A few of the old believers were walking after Him. How exactly similar to those days when Christ was treading on these grounds, followed by His disciples!

Before reaching the rest-house, someone had given the news to the pilgrims that the Master is coming. Immediately they all poured out and walked for several thousand yards to welcome Him. When the Master saw them coming He

alighted from the carriage and spoke with them. It was a wonderful picture to see all these men, young and old, following their Master over this blessed verdant field, while the glorious sun was shining on them, and all intent upon one object: to worship at the Threshold of the Supreme Manifestation.

When they were inside the Beloved motioned to Mirza Mahmoud Foroughi to chant the Visiting Tablet. Again he chanted that wonderful Tablet, in which are enumerated the sufferings and hardships of BAHÁ'U'LLÁH. When it was finished, the Master motioned to them to sit down, and He chanted the Tablet Himself with penetrative voice, filling the Court with delicate vibrations of Spirit.

On His return all the friends gathered in the room, and Foroughi gave a rousing, stirring speech, mentioning the seventeen traditions about Acca and prophecies concerning the coming of the Lord of Hosts on Mount Zion, and the issuing forth of the Law. It is always a treat to hear him recite poems. He becomes entirely unconscious of his surroundings.

"If thou drinkest one drop from this sea thou shalt hear many mysteries and see many invisible things! Then He gave me a cup of His Wine and I saw many worlds of Light. I beheld a rose garden like unto the face of my Beloved. When He entered in my heart it was as though the sun had arisen."

When he sings one becomes so excited that he would like to get up and have a dance: he does it.

Ahmad Sohrab.

Home of BAHÁ'Ó'LLAH,

Acca, Syria, December 15, 1913.

Dear Friends:

It has been a fixed custom for years that the "Companions" and the "Pilgrims" would gather every night in the reception room of the Master and await His coming. Unless there was an engagement He would come, give them a long or a short talk, or just sit silent for a few moments, and then go away. This was their daily spiritual food, reinforcing them to carry the heavy load of exile, banishment, ridicule and persecutions. This established custom was interrupted when the Master went out into the world to call mankind to the Kingdom of Abha. At first it went very hard on them. They could not stand this loss. They had accepted all these untold sufferings so that they might live near Him, and now He has left them. But when the wonderful connected story of His divine triumphs in Europe and America reached these parts they were partially consoled; and waited every week for news from those far, unheard of cities where their General was carrying an active spiritual warfare. So, as soon as He was back this custom was re-established all by itself. Consequently, when the other night all of them were assembled in the room He entered unexpectedly and spoke to them as follows:

"How I longed for the reappearance of these divine nights! While away I often asked myself: 'Will there come a time when like those golden spiritual days I may sit in Acca and associate and converse with my beloved friends and companions in exile and prison?' Praise be to God! this object is attained. My last wish was to visit the Holy Threshold of the Blessed Perfection, and to meet the friends, and this is realized. Once away from the Blessed Land, the most charming spot does not attract a person!

There is a place in America called Green Acre. As I was invited to go there, I went. It is customary that, during the months of summer, people of different creeds and religions gather there, and the leaders of various movements and thoughts deliver lectures and addresses. Thus they have combined most effectively education and recreation. The significance and usefulness of this unique place lie in the fact that they offer a free and unrestricted platform to the citizens of every nation and the adherents of every religion. Thus every subject is discussed with that full liberty of conscience which is alone enjoyed in the United States.

The founder of these conferences wherein every nationality and religion is worthily represented is Miss Farmer. To her is due all praise and commendation for having thus initiated this wonderful plan, which must be carried out to its logical conclusion, a universal platform for all mankind irrespective of race, religion or nationality.

As the name Green Acre is similar to the town of Acca, when I arrived there I was made very happy. I spent one week in that green and delightful Acca. They had a large meeting every evening, in which gathered many people, and there I spoke to them on spiritual subjects. I met there many cultured and educated people. It a most beautiful country place. Its water is pure, its air is salubrious and its atmosphere is spiritual. Here they have many pine woods. There are a number of these old trees clustered together, under which people gather to hear lectures. Mirza Abul Fazi, when in Green Acre, used to give his addresses under some of these pines, and so they are known as the "Persian Pines." I went there one afternoon. Many people had gathered, and I spoke on these Teachings. . . .

All over America people know about this Cause, and they are daily attracted to it. In far off cities and hamlets the names of which are unfamiliar and unknown to you, there are some who believe in this Revelation. When we reached one of the most remote cities of the United States, Los Angeles, there we found many Bahais, all attracted and enkindled with the Fire of the Love of God. Lo! they are your brothers and sisters, closer to you than your own kith and kin. They are impelled by the same common ideas, Brotherhood and Peace. The Love of BAHÄ'O'LLÄH has united their hearts with yours.

In Los Angeles there is the blessed tomb of Mr. Chase. He died a few days before our arrival. He wrote me letters and wired me several telegrams requesting me to go to California. Likewise, the believers of God stormed me with letters and telegrams, so I had to yield to their passionate entreaties and go. A day after my arrival in Los Angeles I visited his tomb. There were many believers of God with me. I offered a supplication and chanted a Visiting Tablet. Then we scattered flowers on his tomb and kissed its ground. I have also arranged to build a stone over his grave. In reality he is buried in a lovely spot. The cemetery is like a rose garden; all the American cemeteries are like gardens and parks. The tombs are detached from each other, surrounded with flowers. Then I sent for his wife and son, and consoled them by explaining to them the lofty station of Mr. Chase in the Kingdom of Abha. He was a blessed personage. In reality he was pure and devoid of any wish save that of the promotion of the Cause. He was sincere and the servant of the Blessed Perfection. . . .

When I returned to San Francisco there were many insistent demands from the believers of Seattle, Portland, etc. begging me to go there. Truly I say they were begging and pleading and I had not the heart to refuse them; however, I could not go any further.

The entreaties of the Oriental friends, and the intense longing to visit the Holy Threshold had taken possession of me. Many of them came. They were all wonderful Bahais, attracted and set aglow. I may mention to you the name of Mr. George Latimer, who is a young, enthusiastic Bahai. When I was in Dublin he traveled from Portland, Oregon, to see me. He was with me during my stay in San Francisco. Now he is a teacher of the Cause and is traveling with Mr. Remy. He begged me to go to his city, but I could not do it. One could never believe that in such places the Cause of the Blessed Perfection would so rapidly spread. The penetration of the Cause of God, and the Potency of the Word of God are the cause of great astonishment to those who are not aware!"

After a few moments of silence He left the room, and you could see the faces of the tried believers were brightened by this news of the conquest of the Cause for which they have undergone all manner of contumelies and derisions. What else do they wish in this world? Nothing!

This was a beautiful, sunny day and the carriage was ready at the door to drive the Master to the Holy Tomb. Again He took me with Him. On the way He looked at the shore and said:

"Look at those white, dancing, laughing waves. Hast thou ever seen the like of them anywhere? They are indeed very beautiful."

After the declaration of the Constitution in Turkey the inhabitants have bored several large holes in the impregnable wall surrounding the city, and are building houses outside in the plain. There are already many modern homes, and others in the course of construction, especially a large building for the school. The

The Master, noting these signs of progress, said:

"Were there a construction company with enough capital, they could build a thousand houses in one year, pave the roads and avenues systematically, and then sell the houses by the installment plan to the people. Such a company would undoubtedly be greatly benefitted, and at the same time benefit the community."

Half-way He alighted from the carriage and walked toward the Blessed Tomb. I was walking behind Him. Having reached a fence, He put His holy hand upon a stump and stood there thinking for several minutes. Then He walked through an immense olive grove which is next to the Rest House.

The ground was black with olives, and the Master asked the gardener: "Why don't you gather them?"

The Master entered the Court, and as this was a day for the women pilgrims, I loitered around until He came out. As it was going to rain, He asked Isfandeyar to drive quickly, so that before the sun is set in the West he may return and bring back the women, who are going to be the guests of the Holy Family tonight. When we arrived home Haji Mirza Haydar Ali and Mirza Mohsen had come from Haifa.

As the Master loves the former very much He bade him sit beside him:

"Talk to me! Since my arrival I have not yet had time to entertain you."

"I have nothing to say. I am filled with the wonders of the voyage of our Lord. It took him forty months to bring His voyage to an end!"

"Yes," the Beloved said, "I was forty years in prison, and for every year I had to travel one month."

Ahmad Sohrab.

FROM MIRZA AHMAD SOHRAB

Home of Baha'o'llah,

Acca, Syria, December 14, 1913.

Dear Friends:-

Out of the mysterious East there hath arisen a great light to scatter the legions of darkness and illumine the horizon of the world. Out of the inaccessible mountains of the Orient there hath issued forth a limpid stream which is gaining velocity and volume as it rushes on to irrigate the parched ground of humanity. From the mighty sea of reality there hath branched a great river, around the banks of which gardens and orchards are springing up. From the heaven of divine majesty torrents of rain are descending to cause the growth of the hyacinth of idealism and anemones of spiritual susceptibilities. From the heart of humanity fervent prayers are ascending to the throne of the Lord of glory to usher in the era of brotherhood and universal amity. Out of the half uttered cries of the people a feeling of confraternity and interdependence is evolving to smother forever racial and religious prejudices. Baha'o'llah underwent unbearable calamities and hardships for half a century to instruct mankind that love is better than hate, peace more excellent than war, conciliation is preferable rather than discord, amity is better than animosity, union is more potent than division, the love of the world is a higher attainment than the love of one's country. We say these are old teachings. True enough, but how few of us practise them, and how many of us embody them in our lives. It is only in this century that eternal realities of these moral precepts are being driven home on account of the appearance of a universal consciousness. In the past, the light has been burning in the heart of a few souls, but now, because the Sun of Reality is shining, many people in many countries have realized this great fundamental principle. The Bahais are in the vanguard of this ever increasing army of humanitarians, and they must always keep pace with this growing sentiment and meet their struggling brothers half way, in order to lend them a helping hand.

One of the most interesting and withal significant sights of Acca is when our Beloved walks through its narrow lanes and streets. Clad in his long, flowing robe, with his soft, dark yellow aba and white turban, and white beard, and compelling figure and soul-searching eyes, and towering forehead, he walks as an imperial sun playing hide and seek. They stop their play and salute Effendi. There are many boys coming out of school. They see Effendi from afar. They wait with a deep reverence, and as he passes on their hands are on their lips and heads. There are a number of men sitting in the restaurant or cafe. One of them sees Effendi coming and communicates to the rest. Immediately they are on their feet to pay their homage. The shop keepers are busy wrangling with their customers in their crude, small stores. Oh, they see Effendi and silence is cast over them. They all pay him their respect. The soldiers standing in front of the barrack and the government buildings are on their feet with their muskets to offer him their thanksgiving. The wild Arabs driving their camels in the streets,

the modern young men with their European clothes, the learned Sheiks with their silk garments, the poor men with their multi-colored patched robes, the veiled women with their babes in their arms, all bow down before Effendi, salute him, kiss his hands, and honor him as their superior master. You ask them, "Why do you do this?" It is their love for him which prompts them. Not even the governor of the city is held in such respect and honor by the people. Now and then the Beloved stops in his march as he sees a poor man approach him. He knows him and inquires about his health. To each and all he says: "How are you? How is your health? Are you well? Are you happy? May God assist and protect you." And then their faces are wreathed in smiles and laurels of happiness appear on their brows. Thus the King of spirit and the light of the world walks through this earth, breathing order out of chaos, and leveling all racial inconsistencies.

All the pilgrims who had come from Haifa are permitted to depart, making room for others who are longing to come just to look in the face of their lord. "I have traveled for thousands of miles, not to hear the Master expound any philosophical or scientific questions, nor have I loaded my mind with questions, nor have I brought with me a package of petitions. I have come just to look in his face and hear him say: "Marhaba! Khosh amedeed!" This is the reward of both worlds in my estimation."

From morning till noon the Beloved was now in and now out, always busy-looking. While he was absent, two Catholic priests called to see him. They waited for half an hour, but departed before his return. Their presence in the house set one of the friends to telling me how some of the missionaries are converting these "heathen." "There is a poor man in the Bazaar of Acca who sells little wares for his sustenance. One day as I passed by I heard him arguing with a man. He was telling him: 'No, I cannot do it. It is too little. You must either raise it or I will not accept.' Finally he was left alone. I went to him and asked him: 'What were you talking about?' He said: 'Oh, this man wants me to become a Christian for two najeedis (\$1.75). Now, my friend, I am a poor man. I cannot afford to become a Christian for two najeedis. I told him if he gives me five najeedis I will be glad to accept his proposition, but less than that it is not worth while to change my religion.'"

Toward the evening I was in my room. Bahram, the keeper of the house, came with the news that the Master has been in the reception room for the last ten minutes. I hastened, and when I entered I heard the word, "Germany," so he was talking to them about the friends in that country.

"In reality the German Bahais are the embodiment of attraction and enthusiasm. They are Bahais by deeds and actions. The days I spent in Stuttgart I shall never forget. Each one of these friends is like a bright candle and a luminous star. Mr. and Mrs. Consul Schwarz are two wonderful Bahais, full of love and kindness. When I was in Stuttgart they invited me to take an automobile ride to their country place, Morgenheim. The place is the outer symbol of the proverbial paradise. There are such wonderful tall trees, and on their branches are perched many nightingales,

ever singing the songs of joy and bliss. It is most charming, and a delightful place. A magnificent hotel with all the modern conveniences is built there. There are many baths for various kinds of ailments and the country is green and verdant. We stayed there one night, and the next morning returned to Stuttgart. The distance is probably more than a hundred miles, but they were so loving and kind that the fatigue of the journey did not affect us at all. Mrs. Schwarz is one of the kindest and most hospitable women. She is a believer, and assured, firm and steadfast in the faith. Mr. and Mrs. W. Herrigal are likewise confirmed in spreading the glad tidings of the kingdom of Abha. They are busy day and night in the service of the Cause, and the door of their home is open to all. Miss Alma Knobloch is another teacher of the movement. She is now in Leipzig engaged in the service of the kingdom. She has a sister in America, Fanny Knobloch, who not only teaches the Cause, but works and supports her sister in Germany so that she may devote her time entirely to the fragrances of the rose garden of peace. In short, I was most pleased with the believers of Germany, and uninterruptedly did I supplicate for their confirmation. They are my sons and daughters and your brothers and sisters."

For supper he was invited to the home of Saleh Mohammed, a prominent citizen of Acca, where the Motosarref and other officials will also be present. And so he left us to attend that feast. One of the friends carried a light before him. The streets of Acca are very dark at night, although one of the innovations of modern regime is to occasionally hang an oil lamp at long intervals. The lanes are infested with dogs, and when the night comes around they fill the air with their howls and barks.

Ahmad Sohrab.

Home of Baha'o'llah,
Acca, Syria, December 15, 1913.

Dear Friends:

The Garden of Rizwan, a mile outside of Acca, is a historical and interesting place. It came into the possession of BAHÁ'O'LLAH about eight years after His incarceration in this city. It originally belonged to a woman and was bought from her by the Master. Two streams of water flow through it. I do not think the Garden proper is larger than an acre, but the eyes of the whole Bahai world are upon it. Abul Gasem has been, and is yet, the gardener from the very beginning.

Once BAHÁ'O'LLAH told him:

"God created the heavens and the earth, but He hath chosen for Himself the Garden of Rizwan and this He hath given you."

Consequently, Abul Gasem and Rizwan are inseparable. You cannot think of them separately. When the Garden of Rizwan was turned over to him it had no flowers and trees. The soil consisted of a kind of soft black mud called in Persian "Lajen", which kills the root of every species of plant life. But his perseverance, ingenuity and industry overcame this difficulty. Inch by inch he dug out the mud, and filled its place with sand and fertilization. In his own words: "often I was in the mud and water up to my neck." This herculean task was accomplished with no other instruments but a few spades and shovels. Consequently the old prophecy that the desert shall blossom like unto a rose became literally true. Today the Rizwan is one of the garden spots of the earth and Abul Gasem is proud of it, and all the Bahais rejoice with him.

His heart is a garden of flowers, he speaks in the language of flowers, he is a flower himself. Would you like to listen to him just for a minute or two?

"Because the Beloved has returned to Acca the whole world has become a rose garden, spreading its fragrances all around. I am radiantly happy because the imperishable Rose of my heart has come back. It has filled Europe and America with its delicate odor, and all the nostrils are perfumed. This is the Thornless Rose, planted in the Rizwan of Perfection by the Hand of the Beauty of ABHA. He is the Gardener of this Rose, and He has taken care of It and watered It until It has reached to this state of Comeliness and Grace. The eyes are lightened by beholding It. Just to look again at this Rose has been the secret longing of my heart.

During the lifetime of the BLESSED PERFECTION, one day the Master was going to Tyre; he wanted to take me with Him, so He sent me to Bahajee to fulfill some errand. When I reached there the BLESSED PERFECTION sent for me.

Where are you going? He asked.

The Master is going to take me to Tyre, I answered.

Very well,; always listen to the Master. However the Master speaks, I speak: and however I speak, the Master speaks.

At another time someone called one of the sons of the BLESSED PERFECTION by the name 'Master'. He sent for him and rebuked him severely:

*We have not many 'MASTERS' here. Everyone has his own name. There is only one 'MASTER', and He is the GREATEST BRANCH, the Mystery of God!'

Whenever the Master came from Acca to Bahajee BAHAI'O'LLAH would see Him from His window, and then call aloud to all his sons and Secretaries:

*The Master is coming! The Master is coming!'

Everyone must hurry downstairs and out in the field to welcome Him.

One day I went to the BLESSED PERFECTION and begged Him to come to the Rizwan.

*Abul Gasem', He said, 'We are very busy.'

I answered: 'Your work is never finished, so it is better to honor the Rizwan and have a rest.'

'We have received many petitions, and these must be answered.'

*Will there be an end to these petition?'

The BLESSED PERFECTION laughed, and came to the Rizwan that very afternoon.

At another time I killed 19 partridges and prepared them for roasting. Then I took them to the Bahajee. I sent them to the kitchen with the message: 'to roast them well, for tomorrow I am going to entertain the most honored Guest in the world.' They sent back word that they could not do it without the permission of the BLESSED PERFECTION. Someone went to Him and told Him, so He sent for me,

'Abul Gasem, I hear thou art going to entertain a most honorable guest. Who is he?

'He is the BLESSED PERFECTION!'

'Well, I did not know it; however, your invitation is accepted.'

Then He ordered that the birds be roasted and other dishes prepared. The next day He was in the Rizwan, and stayed for seven days."

There is a room in the Rizwan in which BAHÁ'U'LLAH lived whenever He went there. All the furniture, especially the chair upon which He sat, are objects of veneration.

The first night that I arrived in Acca Abul Gasem came to me and said:

"Please do something that the Master may come to the Rizwan. The trees and flowers may also have a share. They are longing to meet Him. I would love to give a great feast when He comes, but I cannot do it now. During the days of the BLESSED PERFECTION I used to give many feasts, but now the time has changed."

The industry of Abul Gasem is so great that out of one onion of a certain kind of flower he made 2000, and one pomegranate tree is the mother of 500 trees. In the Rizwan there are about eight peacocks, and other animals. Abul Gasem has had a pet scheme for years but he has not been able to realize it. It is this: he likes to build a long hall in the entrance of the Rizwan, so that when the pilgrims come from all parts of the world, as they are doing nowadays, there may be a fitting place for feasts and entertainments.

"When I heard," he said, "that the Master is coming to Acca, I worked for days to have everything in order; have cleaned the rooms, dusted the windows and cleared the roads. Now I am waiting for Him to shower His blessings upon my endeavors."

Today we have heard from Haifa that more pilgrims, Mohammedans, Jews and Zoroastrians, have arrived from Persia, and the Pilgrims' Home is filled with these Bahá'is of various nationalities and religions. Another delegation of Zoroastrians arrived from "Adaseyah", and were in the Presence of the Beloved for several minutes. In the morning He was out for two hours, and in the evening He entertained many strangers.

We are probably going to ~~stay~~ in Acca for another week, when we return to Haifa.

"I am feeling very much better. God willing, when we return to Haifa we will engage in work, answering the letters of the believers. The letters are piled up," the Master said.

Our Mirza Mahmoud arrived in the afternoon, and will be my room-mate the rest of our stay in Acca. Mirza Nouredin, the brother of Mirza Moneer, will arrive tomorrow. I hear that our four American sisters have also permission to come tomorrow, thus we are anticipating their arrival.

These heavenly days of Acca are golden and never-to-be-forgotten. They are so many leaves out of the Book of Life.

Ahmad Sohrab.

Home of Baha'o'llah,
Acca, Syria, December 16, 1915.

Dear Friends:

When the sea is lashed by the blowing of the winds from the four corners of the earth, its surging waves ascend to the vault of heaven, and the voices of many waters reach the ears. It over-rides all manmade barriers and dashes to a thousand splinters the Titanics. Its storms and hurricanes harass all the mariners of experience, and its impetuous tornadoes bring to the verge of despair all veteran captains.

God has intended that the life of every human being be like unto a sea. Some of these seas are beaten into the fury of a storm through the blowing of the winds of lust, passion, greed and frivolity, and thus you observe on their surfaces derelict ships of hopelessness, and their shores strewn with the wrecks of despair. One is truly aghast by looking at the wreckage of so many lives. Everybody pities them, but very few are willing to risk their lives to save them.

On the other hand, there are seas which become tempestuous through the blowing of the winds of Providence - Love, Faith, Knowledge and Wisdom. The ships sailing on these divine seas are never wrecked but reach their harbors safely. The mountainous waves of these spiritual oceans do not destroy, but confer life. Those voyagers who trust their lives in the hands of the Captains of the ships traveling on these seas shall have no cause to regret, but will gain their destination in due time.

BAHA'O'LLAH has wished that every Bahai may become a captain of the Ark of Salvation, and with the chart of salvation and the compass of keen susceptibilities sail over those seas and save all those souls whose lives are wrecked with the contrary winds of negligence and indifference. They must ever be busy and not idle, alert and not lazy, diligent and not negligent, active and not indolent. Hourly they must proclaim the coming of the Kingdom of Abha, the appearance of the sun of Unity, the surging of the waves of the sea of Brotherhood, the dawn of the ages of the Purity of thought and the shining of the effulgences of the orb of the realities of life.

From this Home of the BLESSED PERFECTION for many a year enlisted and drilled the Army of Light, and then transferred the Supreme Command into the hands of ABDUL BAHA, and Departed for the Kingdom of Eternity. On the eve of His Departure one could hardly point out one soldier of Light in any parts of the west, but now through the uniting and untiring activities of the present Commander there are many thousands who are already enlisted in this invincible Army, and the recruiting officers are busy, and must get busier every day in every part of the Occident.

Many years rolled by and our Commander-in-Chief, after carrying every stronghold of opposition, and attracting to the Standard of BAHÁ'Ó'LLÁH the public opinion of the civilized world, has returned to the Home of His Father. Almost of the same age, and His beard and locks as white as the whiteness of snow, He lives in the same Room that His Glorious Father lived. Again from this vantage ground He directs the ever increasing hosts of Light. The various regiments of this indomitable army are maneuvering in different parts of the world, and His eyes are upon all of them. Daily He expects to receive the news of new soldiers enlisted, new forces gathered around the Flag of Truth, new regiments formed, new energies unfolded, new darings revealed and new victories won. Are we not going to make His heart happy during these last days of His life? Are we not yet capable of performing some great services? Are we not yet seasoned enough to achieve our signal triumphs? Will we ever press to our hearts the petty plans and insignificant devices of small minds? Are we not really able to free ourselves from the fetters of self deception, and truly characterize our conduct with the attributes of the Beloved? Are we not endowed with the qualities of awakening the souls from their deep slumber, and causing them to soar with the luminous wings of the Bahai Ideals toward the apex of Divine Perfections? Are we after all so callous and deaf as not to hear the ravishing music streaming down from the heavenly orchestra? Are we so sluggish as to turn our backs to the golden opportunity offered to us by the Hand of God? Has the effect of spiritual apathy so stunned us that we cannot make the slightest move toward the right direction? Is our ambition so atrophied that we cannot raise it above the standardized level marked by the narrowness of stunted minds?

If so, then let our lives be perished, and our names effaced from the calendar of the Bahai world. Let us hide our faces, covered with shame and disgrace. Let us forbid ourselves from association with this spiritual congregation. Let us not soil the refulgent Revelation of BAHÁ'Ó'LLÁH with the clay and water of our own foolish ideas. Let us not bring inharmony where harmony was intended; discord where unity is the divine clarion; envy where love is the dominant note; quarrels where peace is the prime object.

It is hoped that each one of us will do his very utmost to win the good pleasure of ABDUL BAHÁ. His good pleasure is won through living in accord with the Commandments of BAHÁ'Ó'LLÁH; to be cleansed from all selfish aims; to become the embodiment of heavenly characteristics; to serve the Cause of Divine Civilization; to diffuse the Fragrances of the Paradise of Abhá; to announce the Glad Tidings of the Kingdom of God; and to be the means of the illumination of the world of humanity.

Today the Beloved received many people from morning till noon, letting loose the flood of His Utterances in every direction, and rising to the shining heights of Majestic Inspiration when He addressed a Mohammedan Sheikh who dared to show signs of prejudice because there were a few Christians in the room:

"My friends! How long, how long these prejudices? How long this dogmatic superiority? How long this fanatical attitude? How long these superannuated ideas? How long this ignorance? How long this alienation? How long this seclusiveness? How long these stilted conceptions? How long, how long these dark clouds of separation?

Oh! My friends! Rend asunder these flimsy coverings and let the One Sun of Unity shine upon you! Forget these imaginations and hold fast to the Strong Rope of Fellowship! Banish these worthless rituals and envelop yourselves with the warm rays of Universal Ideals! Abandon these phantasmal nightmares and let your hearts become the rose gardens of Spiritual Brotherhood! You are all the children of One God; you are the sheep of One Shepherd; the servants of One Lord; the pearls of One Sea; the fruits of One Tree! Why this enmity? Why this strangeness?"

Our American sisters arrived from Haifa about noon. After dinner and tea they went with the Holy Family to visit the Blessed Tomb of the BLESSED PERFECTION. Although it rained all day they did not mind it at all. They are the guests of the Family for tonight, and will return tomorrow to Haifa and await further return of the Master.

In the evening the Master came down and for more than an hour He spoke, first with the believers, and then with the strangers. He described to them the wonderful banquets given to Him in Washington and New York, and how the faces and the hearts were radiant on those occasions. Then He spoke about the sacredness of the Holy Land, the rarity of its atmosphere, the beauty of its memories, and the wholesomeness of its water. The very fact that God gave this land as a heritage to Abraham and his descendants shows that it is a sacred ground. Moses, all the minor and major Prophets, and His Holiness Christ appeared from this land, and filled the world with the Lights of Heaven:

"While I was traveling in the West, often I prayed in the middle of the nights: 'O God! Confer upon me the joy of again visiting the Holy Land! And He granted my supplications!'"

Ahmad Sohrab.

FROM MIRZA AHMAD SOHRAB
the hope that the community would forgive him for the
loss of his cash and. Home of Baha'o'llah,
and took his revolver and of Acca, Syria, December 17, 1913.

Dear Friends:-
The more I live in this holy home the greater becomes the feeling of my unworthiness, and the deeper my recognition of divine graces. Now we are too near the source of all the bestowals to realize in all their bearings the meanings of these events, but what will be the emotions of the pilgrims of the future generations who shall come from all parts of the globe to visit these luminous spots with their sacred remains. We are living daily in a movement while its history is being shaped by the Center of the Covenant, and he is laying the foundation of a universal religion adaptable to the needs and requirements of all people. The Master has lived among a people who not only do not care to bother their minds with these universal ideals, but they go to sleep if one starts to explain them to them. They are as far from these world conceptions as the dead man is from life, yet the Master knows exactly how to entertain them, and how to conceal his real thoughts from them, thus not throwing jewels before swine, neither filling old bottles with new wines. This I may illustrate by the following incident I heard to-day. A year or so ago there was held a meeting of the prominent citizens of Acca, and one of the Persian Bahais (the one who related it to me) was present. It so happened that one of these men, having lived in Europe for many years, had mastered the intricacies of the English language. Therefore our Bahai friend, having just received a package of newspapers containing long articles on the principles of the movement, and extracts from the addresses of the Beloved, handed it to him. The man, reading the headings, "Oriental Prophet," "Persian Wise Man," becomes interested, and continues in his perusal. For three hours he reads. Then he raises his head and says: "Gentlemen, I must confess that I am astonished. Abbas Effendi has lived amongst us for forty years, and we did not appreciate him. See how he has turned Europe and America with his grand ideas, and how professors, ministers, politicians and reformers are literally sitting at his feet to learn from him the ripest results of his inspired intellect. How blind we were all these forty years to his true station, and yet he walked among us, talked with us, supported our poor, stimulated our thoughts, extended by words and deeds the boundaries of our hearts, refreshed our spirits by the geniality of his presence, and consoled our despondent lives. Oh, how blind we were!" Hence you observe that the effect of the Beloved's voyage to the West has had the most unexpected outcome in the most peculiar manner. This is, of course, just the beginning, the glimmering lights of this glorious dawn, the rising of this divine sun from the West. The reports of those wondrous meetings are permeating slowly throughout all the strata of the eastern societies. Every pilgrim who leaves the presence of the Beloved takes back his own version of the story. The newspapers are doing their part in teaching; the heralds of the Cause are contributing their share of propaganda. The friends are fired with a new resolution, and are co-operating with their western brothers and sisters in this spiritual crusade.

I heard three other little stories which I hope will bore no one if I incorporate them herein. One of the inhabitants of Acca, owing to some sad financial reverses, contemplated suicide. After sunset he went to his room, shut the door, sat down behind his

desk, and wrote a long letter of explanation, in which he expressed the hope that the community would forgive him when they came to learn of his rash act. Having finished his letter, he sealed it and took his revolver out of a drawer. He was trying to fill it with powder and cartridge when he heard a tap on the door. His heart stopped beating and caused him to cease his preparations. Then, having heard a louder knock, he hid the revolver and hastened to open the door. Lo and behold, it was the Master! He came in, and without letting him know that he had suspected anything went on talking, and strange to say consoling him. Little by little the man saw the pendulum of his suicidal thoughts swinging the other way, and found himself in a more cheerful mood. After an hour the Master left the room, and without telling him anything laid on the table a small purse. At first the man did not see it, and after a while he fell back into his former despondent mood. Restlessly he went out to walk around so that he might come to a final conclusion, when his eyes fell on the purse. He grasped it eagerly, and opening it found enough English pounds to pay off his debts and start life anew.

There was another man in Haifa who had a large family. Having been out of work for some time, he was at his wits end how to support them. He sold and pawned everything of value in order to keep the wolf away from the door. Then he started to borrow money from his friends. At last he came to the point where he had nothing to sell, no more friends from whom to borrow money, and no work whereby to earn money to feed his people. One day, just before sunset, he turned his face toward heaven and begged God to come to his succor. That night all of them slept without any dinner; they had not even bread. Early in the morning somebody knocked at the door. It was Basheer, sent by Abbas Effendi. When the man came to the Master he inquired about his health, and was told that yesterday before sunset he came to his mind. After some more talk, the Beloved gave him enough money to cover all his debts, get his property from the pawnbroker, and find work for him.

A foreigner desired to meet the Master. He was a learned man and of course he had many questions to ask. It so happened that at the time he could not find an interpreter. Finally after much search he found an Arab. Apparently he wished to have his own interpreter. When he entered the presence of the Beloved he started to speak, and, to his astonishment, the Master answered all of his questions one by one without the need of his asking one question. He was perfectly satisfied and went away with much wonder in his heart, because he had not breathed any of his questions to a single soul.

All day and night the Master was speaking with the believers and strangers. In the afternoon he called us to his own room, and I read to him a package of letters. They are now accumulating.

"My visit to the holy threshold of the Blessed Perfection bestowed upon me good health. Now I am ready for work."

In the morning, in his room, he spoke at length to our American sisters, and he chanted for them the visiting tablet.

Ahmad Sohrab.

...all the believers...
...was anxious to...
...condition of his...
...with pilgrims...
...sleeping rooms...
FROM MIRZA AHMAD SOHRAB
Bahai Pilgrims' Home, Mount Carmel,
Haifa, Syria, December 19, 1913.

Dear Friends:-
Of course you did not expect that I should stay in Acca all the time, and that I should have the pleasure of writing to you every day from the "Home of Baha'o'llah," a privilege that is rare but not permanent, divine but not human, celestial but not material. The home of the Blessed Perfection is heaven on earth, the atmosphere is spiritual, its blessings are manifold, its lights are manifest, its sacredness is felt, its beauty is supernatural, its mute vibrations are eloquent, and its innate earth is priceless. Its view of the sea is matchless, and the panorama of Mount Carmel in the far off is sublime. The wonderful days are ever memorable, and the beauty of the holiness of my experience will never be forgotten. I shall ever treasure them in the casket of my heart, and make them a stepping stone for further advancement of spiritual life and uplifting mental and intellectual experience. God has been most gracious and bounteous, and in order to thank him befittingly for his graces and bounties we must incorporate them into our constitutions, and make them live in us with greater emphasis and accentuation, otherwise we shall be considered like dried trees, irresponsible of the magic touch of spring and the wafting of the gentle breezes. The purpose of creation has been and is that every one of us may become as fruit bearing trees, otherwise we shall be fit only for the fire to burn. Hence those who have had the privilege of living in the blessed home leave it most reluctantly, but their hearts are inspired with the spirit, their minds are illuminated with a light, and their feet are steadfast in the Cause, because they have had at least a dim realization of the irresistible vitality of this movement, having gained a cleared conception of what it means to be a Bahai. What a weighty possibility this is! Thus for the present the scene is changed from possibility to this; thus for the present the scene is changed from the Lord of hosts in the white city of God to the Bahai Pilgrims' Home on Mount Carmel.

When I awoke this morning the thought that was presented to my mind was not that of departure from Acca, but when I went into the other house and spoke to the pilgrims, and listened to what they had to say, a change came over me. When everybody was present the Master came down, and after giving a short talk, which will be given toward the end of this letter, he said that the pilgrims, after eating their lunch, should go to the garden of Rizwan, there visit the room of Baha'o'llah, see the avenue through which he called and chanted the tablets and supplications; then Abdul Baha shall serve them tea and the pomegranates grown in the Rizwan; from the garden they shall proceed directly to the station and depart for Haifa, and he would come himself to-morrow. Mirza Mahmoud, Mirza Hayder Ali, Mirza Nouredin, and this humble servant were also included in the party.

I did not go to the Rizwan because I had some writing to do, but I was present at the station half an hour before the set time for the departure of the train. By and by all the pilgrims were gathered, and there were fourteen happy souls that faced the home on Mount Carmel. After an hour we filed out of the train and were walking again through the muddy streets and climbing the steps of the mountain. In one place there were about eighty or ninety steps to ascend, a difficult task for the old men. When we reached

the house all the believers hailed us with open arms and warm greeting. Each person was anxious to know when the Beloved would come, and how was the condition of his health. At present the pilgrims' home is filled with pilgrims. There are more than thirty of them, and only four sleeping rooms. Of course, there are one or two beds in each room, but not enough for all these people. The floors of the rooms are covered with mats and rugs, and thus they sleep on the floor. There are no mattresses or coverlets. In the room where I sleep there is not even the place for the dropping of a pin, but we sing and chant prayers and supplications till long after midnight. These people have no other idea, entertain no other hope, think of nothing else save the Cause and its propagation. I had joined with them in the singing of the Bahai song when an incident related to me by the Master came to my mind, when he said one time in Bagdad seven or thirteen believers lived in one room and notwithstanding were joyful. When I heard this story I little dreamed that this historical even could be exactly duplicated, and that I should be a happy participant in it. The happiness of these young Bahais is truly infectious. They are satisfied with so little, and I am cultivating their habits and idealistic aspirations. They do certainly practise plain living and high thinking. They set themselves in accord to the will of God. Of themselves they have no will, and welcome even misfortunes with serene brows and calm countenance.

As last night the Beloved was talking for more than two hours about his American trip, this morning he referred to it.

"Last night some of these people asked me about my experiences in America, and I spoke to them in detail.

"In reality the present religions are very unjust and unfair towards us, for from the day of the appearance of His Holiness Christ up to the present day there has appeared not a single person who could come out boldly in the synagogues of the Jews and proclaim unequivocally that Christ was the son of God, and the spirit of God, and that Mohammed was the prophet of God.

"When we were in New York we met a distinguished gentleman from India. The day that we delivered an address in a church he happened to be present and listened to the proofs establishing the validity of the mission of Mohammed. He was beside himself with joy and could not believe that such a thing was possible in the West. Not only this, but people without any prejudice heard the address, the minister afterwards expressing his gratitude, and the audience their approval and pleasure.

"During this voyage, although we were in a state of utter weakness, yet the confirmations of the Blessed Perfection were waving like unto the sea. Whenever we entered or started to speak, we observed that the doors of inspiration were opened from all directions, and the rays of the Sun of Reality were shining upon us. Before entering a church, a synagogue, or a meeting, I turned my face towards the kingdom of Abha, and for a few minutes supplicated for divine aid and succor. Then, when I entered, I beheld the confirmations of the Blessed Beauty waving over that meeting and urging me to speak. Then I spoke."

Thus the Beloved brings to these thirsty ones the fresh water of spiritual life, wisdom and knowledge. They listen to him with joy and happiness, and carry away with them his words. Many of them write accounts of their experiences, especially the Jewish Bahais who are alive to the exigencies of this day and eager to spread the fragrance of the paradise of God.

Ahmad Sohrab.

Bahai Pilgrims' Home, Mount Carmel,
Haifa, Syria, Dec. 20, 1913.

Dear Friends:

A perfect day of sunshine, cloudless sky and ambrosial air. From one hour before sunrise to the time when it set behind the western horizon, tinting the heavens with rose and pink, I had a glorious, grand time, doing simply nothing. My own "sunrise porch" is attracting the attention of other pilgrims, because they find me every morning feasting my eyes and soul. "What are you doing there?" they ask me, as they step out. "I am contemplating the divine beauty of this sublime panorama," I answer them. Indeed, all the great travelers who have seen a great deal of the world, when they come to Mount Carmel are inspired with its scenic grandeur and its natural panorama. Mountain and sea, plains and meadows, sunrise and sunset, wild flowers, hills and dales, are closely interlaced together, each adding to the charm and attraction of the other, and heightening the artistic effect of the whole in a marvelous and magical manner.

I drink my tea on the "sunrise porch", and then drink the nectar of the imperial scenery stretched all around me. I pray there, and then chant the Communes. The spirit of holiness pervades every part of this sacred mountain, and on every turn one is constantly reminded of the lives of those Godlike men who have brought the Gospel of Light to a world lost in the darkness of unbelief and bigotry. Thus, if one is truly thoughtful he cannot help but fashion his life after the rough-hewn and sturdy lives of these patriarchs of old, and enrich the store house of his existence by adapting in a modern spirit their self sacrificing examples and sterling principles. As they have been the guides of humanity, they have availed themselves of every plan to humanize it and energize it with the higher ideals of the Kingdom. If the pure rivers of their teachings were not muddled with human ideas, they would have even today allayed the thirst of those who are searching after Truth.

Thus we see the majority of the people are swimming in the sea of superstitions and catching eagerly at the counterfeit life saving boats to keep them afloat longer in the stream of false religious events flowing from priestcraft sources. Their journey is not conducted on the terra firma of spiritual verities, and often you see them so thoroughly at sea as to find them wandering into the wildest latitudes, with no other pilot than traditions. They are delighted to have credulity pulling at their oars, the variable and fluctuating breezes of imitations filling their sails, and their rudder in the hands of various ecclesiastical authorities distinguished for nothing but their religious prejudices and hatred for each other, and who would be without distinction of any kind if they were divested of their prejudices.

This may be counted one of the reasons why we are repeatedly admonished in this Revelation to hold fast to Reality, and be ever open minded to hail the Light no matter from what horizon It dawns; to love the Rose no matter in which soil It has grown; to admire the Beautiful no matter in what form It appears; to be always thirsty even if we are living beside the River of Life; and be always hungry although we are sitting around the Heavenly Table.

Today a large number of the pilgrims went to the Monastery, where it is said BAHA'O'LLAH stayed three nights. The room in which He lived is known to only a very few believers. Therefore I am waiting a better chance. Meanwhile, all morning I was lounging in the sun and listening to the thrilling story of Ebne Asdag about his father, and his own services on the Cause. I have asked him to write them down, so that I may take hold of them in a tangible form.

In the afternoon Mirza Mohsen brought the good news that the Master will arrive in the evening, and will welcome all the believers in His home. While Mirza Mohsen was here he recalled the time, 35 or 40 years ago, when none of the hundred houses of today existed.

"In those days only one steamer a month stopped in Haifa. There was hardly any business or transaction going on. After some years and the appearance of the signs of activities, the schedule was extended to one every two weeks; but what a contrast with our present conditions that often seven vessels are anchored in the harbor, and four or five steamers stop weekly to load and unload merchandise. In those days when a steamer stopped in Haifa once in every fifteen days, the pilgrims' arrival and departure were so arranged that they might leave at the end of two weeks. At one time one of the teachers of the Cause, when the hour of his departure arrived, and the steamer was going to sail away, not to return but after fifteen days, sent word to the BLESSED PERFECTION that fifteen days' visit was not enough for him, that he was yet thirsty and longed for permission to stay longer. BAHA'O'LLAH accepted his request, and thus he knew that for two weeks he would not have to disturb his thoughts. When his time came to an end, the steamer loomed large on the horizon, he went straight to ABDUL BAHÁ and begged Him to go to the BLESSED PERFECTION and supplicate in his behalf another permission to stay till the next steamer. The Master did so, and the consent was granted. Of course this particular teacher was exultant over the privilege, and probably was evolving other plans in his mind when, three days before the arrival of the steamer, BAHÁ'O'LLAH sent for him:

'Now,' He said, 'you have no other excuse. You have asked Me and the Master twice for the postponement of your trip, and permission has been granted you. Now there is no one else to intercede for you. You must leave with the coming steamer.'

The teacher was, of course, all submission, but had one story to illustrate his case:

'In the time of Haroun-er-Rashid there was a man who claimed to be a Prophet and that God sent to him many revelations. The authorities got hold of him and brought him before the Khalif. Looking at his ragged appearance the Khalif realized that his pretensions to revelations were more through hunger and starvation rather than verity; so he ordered his men to take him to the royal kitchen and spread before him a sumptuous repast and provide him toothsome viands. A month or two elapsed over this incident, and one day the Khalif remembered the Prophet. He sent for him, and when he appeared in the audience chamber he observed that the man was well dressed and had grown to be very good looking.

'Well,' the Khalif said, 'tell me, hast thou received any revelations from on High these days?'

'Yes, my Lord!' he answered.

The Khalif became astonished and for a minute his conscience smote him that perhaps he has cruelly treated a real Prophet. Gaining, however, his bearing, he asked:

'What has been the nature of thy recent revelations?'

'My lord, God through His Mercy revealed this injunction to me: Do not move from the household of the Khalif, for it is cozy and a snug place for a tired old man like thee.'

BAHA'O'LLAH laughed over the story, but insisted upon the departure of our dear teacher, and he had to depart no matter how reluctantly."

In the evening all the believers and the pilgrims gathered in front of the door of the house of the Beloved. They were deployed into two long columns on the two sides of the garden, and as He alighted from the carriage and walked between the two regiments of the soldiers of the Kingdom, they bowed to Him, and He greeted them with His heavenly word:

"Marhaba! Marhaba!"

In the reception room He spoke to them a few minutes, telling them the cause of His rather long stay in Acca, and describing the charm and the beauty of the plain around the Tomb of the BLESSED PERFECTION.

Ahmad Sohrab.

Bahai Pilgrims' Home, Mount Carmel,
Haifa, Syria, December 21, 1915.

Dear Friends:

When the Beloved was in Acca a very important meeting was held in His house, the echos of which reached my ears today; and as He was busy from morning till evening receiving important functionaries, and I did not see Him except in the afternoon for a few minutes, I will devote the next few pages to the description of that meeting.

Sheikh Assad is the Acca-Haifa Representative of the Turkish Parliament. He is lively, intelligent man, and a firm friend of the Master. On his return from Constantinople, and passing thro' Alexandria, He called on the Beloved with the Representative from ~~Bahar~~. It seems that after the arrival of the Master in Acca, one night Sheikh Assad gathered together many civil and official men of the city and called on Him to welcome His arrival.

At first an orator of note delivered an eloquent address of welcome, eulogizing the Master's virtues and greatness. When he had finished the talk, Sheikh Assad rose from his seat and gave a stirring talk, the purport of which may be summed up as follows:

"If the followers of religions interpret the contents of the Heavenly Books in accord with science and reason, they will find them filled with predictions concerning the appearance of His Holiness BAHA'O'LLAH and His Holiness ABDUL BAHA. But because the theologians of every religion have interpreted these Holy Writs in the light of their imperfect reasoning, they have missed the true meanings, and thus have caused a source of difference and prejudices. Consequently, in order to prove to you the greatness of the Station of Abbas Effendi I shall not quote to you the Verses of the Divine Books, but shall satisfy you with presenting for your careful consideration one single fact, logical and reasonable. It is this:

It is one of the cardinal principles of the Faith of the Islamic world that His Holiness Mohammed was the Prophet of God. He conferred moral education and trained the wild tribes of Arabia. The Arabian civilization in Spain and Bagdad became so brilliant in its traces that Europe was a great borrower, and the Mohammedan conquerors and sovereigns carried their conquests to the heart of Europe. Notwithstanding all these visible signs of power and might, you do not find in history even an isolated case that such and such a person mentioned the name of Mohammed with honor and respect; how much more to prove that He was a Prophet. Yet His Holiness Abbas Effendi for the last three years and a half, while traveling all over Europe and America and delivering lectures in churches, synagogues, meetings, conventions, etc., has unequivocally established the validity of the Prophethood of Mohammed, and has upheld the Cause of Islam. This simple, yet irresistible, argument proves to you how great is the

knowledge, the courage, and the Power of Abbas Effendi.

God, through His Bounty, had given this Peerless and Matchless Bestowal to the people of Acca, but we did not realize His spiritual worth nor did we recognize Him. We had to wait until He went away from us, filling the world with His thoughts, thus the swift winged press bringing to us the echoes of His achievements. Now it is indisputably proven to us that the Presence of this Blessed Being was for no other but our tranquility and comfort. Having returned to us after this long journey, we beg of God to assist us in the performance of that which is pleasing to Him, and that we may amend the past by diligently working for the future.

After a few preliminary remarks, the Master said:

"During the Dispensation of Mohammed there lived two poets in Mecca. One composed a great eulogy praising Mohammed; the other wrote a satire. When the two poems were presented to Him He highly praised both, and commended the endeavors of each. Those who heard Him were rather astonished, and did not know what to make of it. They said:

'This man has extolled you, the other has condemned you. How is it that you commend both?'

Mohammed answered: 'Both of these men have reflected their own feelings, and disclosed their inner states.'

Similarly, the praise that you have mentioned in your talk is the reflection of your own hearts."

While I was listening to the recital of the above talks Ebne Asdag was present, and he also remembered a story of one of his former visits to Acca:

"One day," he said, "we followed the Master to the Holy Tomb of BAHÁ'U'LLAH. When He had finished chanting the Visiting Tablet, someone knocked at the opposite door. The Beloved went in, and after a few minutes emerged, a few, gentle smiles playing on His face. When we went out He asked me:

"Did you know what I was smiling for? There was a person inside who called me. When I entered, he said:

'Two years ago I came to you and exclaimed that you are the Chief of all the Infidels. Now I want to tell you that you are NOT an Arch-Infidel.'

Then the Master laughed and said:

"In either case he has not understood, he is just revealing the state of his own consciousness. We must be kind to such people."

Haifa and Acca are full of stories were I to know how to get hold of them.

Ahmad Schrab.

Bahai Pilgrims' Home, Mount Carmel,
Haifa, Syria, December 22, 1915.

Dear Friends:

Have you ever walked on the Mountain of God, with trillions of stars looking down and shining over you, the gentle breezes whispering into your ears, the silent thoughts of many ages past communing with you, the Divine Idea of the Place enveloping you, the sacred reflections pushing you on and on? Night! Ah me! It is not night with all these stars illumining your path. Alone? You are not alone while you are surrounded by all the Invisible hosts of the angels of friendship. Lonely? No, indeed. A few thousand feet from where thou art the Beloved of thy heart is living. Then continue thy walk through rocky roads and narrow byways, and let thy spirit be immersed in the estatic sea of the spiritual atmosphere of this Holy Spot. God has chosen this mountain for His own for this latter day Revelation, so that He may crown its past history with the present Diadem for all the future generations.

It is about midnight and I have just returned from a long ramble over the mountain. All the pilgrims and the believers are asleep, and I am communing in spirit with those far western friends. Out of the darkness of this night there has dawned a glorious Luminary of Love and affection, encircling all the hearts with the golden chain of eternal friendship. The hearts break forth into the songs of gladness, the joy of Peace overflowing, and the gardens of Ideal Conciliation adorned. The Power of the Spirit of ABDUL BAHA is uniting us in a twinkle of an eye, even if we are thousands of miles apart. We live and move and have our lives through His Will. In the time of darkness and sorrow He is the Staff of our comfort. When the silent enemies put their wits together in order to misrepresent our motives we cry to Him for succor and aid. When the biting tongue of criticism circulates false reports against us we pray to Him for light. When the seeming friends do their utmost to poison the minds against us by allusions and insinuations we supplicate Him to forgive them. Jealousy and envy force some people to do most ungrateful things to those they called their friends, and they will not let any grass grow under their feet until they aim their poisonous arrows toward the object of their envy. They probably do not realize that those arrows dart back to themselves without inflicting the slightest harm to the object at which they were aimed. They destroy the foundation of their own reputation with the axe of envy, and they kill their own veracity with the axe of jealousy.

Those who have made up their minds to work for the Cause will not become disheartened by such events, nor the bickerings of the enemies will decrease one iota of their resolution. The moon will not stop silvering the landscape because the dogs are barking; the lamp will not become extinguished because the blind man cannot see it; the nightingale will not become silent because the raven is crowing; the sun

shall not declare " I will arise no longer from the East because the black stone does not reflect my rays;" the rose will not refrain from diffusing its fragrance because there is no one to inhale its perfume; and the rain will not cease its down-pour because out of the salty ground nothing shall grow. Weak indeed is one's faith if he turns his back upon the Truth because so and so from his hiding place has criticised him, or fabricated false reports about him. It is better for such sneakish people to conceive in the light of day their waspish and underhanded tricks and double dealing will not avail them; for the unerring judgment of the wise will see through their rather gossamer excuses. Straightforwardness, faithfulness, sincerity and open handedness will add to their character, suffering them to be loved by all and hated by none. The secret motives of everyone will become manifest and the popular hero of today may be dragged down from his high pedestal tomorrow; except those servants who have no will of their own and who are ever longing to attain to the station of humility, nothingness, evanescence and complete severance.

From early morning till 6 o'clock the Master was busy receiving Gasmagam, Mofti, and other high dignitaries of Haifa, and in turn paying back their visits. About seven o'clock all the pilgrims were in His home. As there were more than 80 men, He sent word downstairs that they be divided into two parties. The large room was filled with the first contingent.

He said:

"From morning till now I have been continually speaking. Sometimes speaking on certain occasions and for some people becomes obligatory, and then if one chooses silence he becomes responsible before God. This was one of those days. It was incumbent upon me to speak with these men in detail in order to neutralize and set at naught the effect of false reports and fabrications which have preceded us. These people have been harboring the idea that we are the enemies of all the Prophets, especially Mohammed. Now it is made clear to them that we uphold the pure Teachings of Mohammed."

Then with an inspired eloquence He told them about the religious procession in Denver, and its contrast with the early simplicity of Christ's life. When He tells the people of this dramatic story they are moved into tears. This was most enjoyed by all the believers.

Then the next party came in, and again the room was filled:

"O God! Increase their numbers!" He said, as He looked over all the upturned faces reflecting His joy.

"I have been feeling very well, I am now sleeping regularly."

Then He told them again, with much detail, His conversation with the Persian princes in Paris on "What will be the future of Persia?"

When we returned home all the pilgrims were clamoring for copies of these two talks, because they were by far the longest informal talks they have had the privilege to hear. More than twelve young men sat around the table, and I dictated to them from my note book. When I told them that I will dictate tomorrow morning, they drowned me with a unanimous shout of "No!"

At present there are Arabs, Turks, Jews, Mohammedans, Zoroastrians and Persian Bahais living together in the Pilgrims' Home with the utmost love and unity.

Ahmad Sohrab.

Bahai Pilgrims' Home, Mount Carmel,
Haifa, Syria, December 23, 1913.

Dear Friends:

The Beloved of thy heart hath come, be thou not sad; the Nightingale of thy love is singing; rejoice; the Voice of the Invisible Herald is raised, be thou not unhappy; the tree of thy life is putting forth the verdant leaves of hope, be thou enraptured; the candle of the Holy Spirit is enkindled in the court of thy mind, feed its flame; the flowers of the human affection are blushing diffusing their fragrances, water their roots with thy hands; the cup of thy aspirations is overflowing, do thou not upset it heedlessly; the river of thy spiritual life is becoming purer and purer, do not pollute it; the palace of thy glorious future is in the process of construction, do not lay an axe at its foundation; the Hand of Divine Mercy hath raised thee from the nadir of humiliation to the zenith of honor, thank thou God for this Bounty; the Rock of Ages is thy support, be thou confident; the clouds of the heavens of Inspiration are pouring upon thee, be thou radiant; the waves of the bottomless Sea of Knowledge are passing over thee, be thou unafraid; the stars of the Horizon of Assurance are illuminating thy path, push forward; the spiritual angels of the Heavenly Father are reinforcing thee, keep thou a serene face; the invulnerable hosts of steadfastness are sustaining thee, be thou undaunted; the unconquerable army of firmness are befriending thee, be thou valiant.

ABDUL BAHA has prepared for thee a resplendent Crown, protect it from the hands of the envious; the Feast of the Lord is spread, partake of its delicacies; and the meadow of thy existence is carpeted with the sweet flowers of tenderness and sympathy, let them become imperishable and never fading. The highest station is destined for thee, strive to attain to it; the most spiritual condition is ordained for thee, fly toward it. Let not the criticism of the enemies withhold thee, nor the contumacious insinuations of the foes discourage thee. Thou art living above these petty schemes of ill-will and malice. They are like the chaff, which will be carried away by the strong wind and leave no trace behind it. Do thou not heed the idle talks of the gossip mongers, nor give an ear to their wild and incoherent brooding in the far distance. They are like bats in darkness.

Today I received a big package of letters and many packages of newspapers and magazines from our beloved brothers and sisters across the ocean. They imparted good cheer to the heart, putting one in touch with all the believers in different parts of the world, and reinforcing the excellent bond of love between the East and the West. I wish in this impersonal way to offer my deepest thanks and gratitude to all

the believers for their generous thoughts in behalf of this unworthy servant. In the past, beside keeping this Diary I have tried to correspond individually with those who have taken the trouble to write me personal letters; but from now on, with the kind permission of the friends, I desire to retire from this field. Everyone can testify that this correspondence has been purely spiritual. There has been no material profit to be gained, and no personal ambition to be furthered. The Love of BAHÁ'U'LLÁH and ABDUL BAHÁ has been the sole cause of our letter writing; but in considering certain reasons the other day I wrote a letter to the believers to discontinue writing me any letter, personal or otherwise, but correspond DIRECT with the CENTER OF THE COVENANT.

I incorporate herein a copy of the letter, so that all the friends of BAHÁ may kindly comply with this humble request;

"For the last year the believers of God have been kind enough to write me now and then a few personal letters, and in some cases enclose their petitions addressed to the Beloved. This was all right as long as I was living in Egypt; but because I am now living in Syria circumstances are of a different nature. Therefore, my request of the friends in America and Europe is to discontinue entirely their kindly correspondence with me, nor should they send me any newspapers and magazines. The address of the Master will continue the same:

ABDUL BAHÁ ABBAS, c/o Ahmad Yazdi, Port Said, Egypt.

They will continue to receive the Diary regularly and through the same channel, but it will be to the greater interest of the Cause if all personal correspondence with this servant should cease totally. Hoping that they will accede to this humble request, and wishing for each one of them spiritual success and prosperity, I am as ever, their sincere and faithful servant in the Love of God."

Thus if fortune smiles on me I shall keep you informed from day to day about the Master. Through these pages we will spiritually communicate with each other. Let the personality of the writer go out of your mind entirely, and hold fast to the Teachings and the Spirit of ABDUL BAHÁ. Except through these pages we shall communicate in no other way. Write everything DIRECT to ABDUL BAHÁ, through Port Said, and rejoice His heart through your letters containing the cheerful news of the progress of the Cause.

This morning I went down earlier than any other day, and before I reached the door of the home of the Beloved, whom do you think I saw? Mr. and Mrs. Holbach, from England. They have just arrived over the Khedivial Mail Line, and Mrs. Wise was guiding them to the wonderful Presence of the King of Kings. The Master received them with delightful and heavenly courtesy. They were, of course, so glad to be with

ABDUL BAHA in the Holy Land.

"I wished always to meet you in your own home, the East, the home of Lights!" declared Mr. Holbach.

Then Mrs. Holbach presented many messages from London believers, many letters from Stuttgart friends, where they stopped on the way. The Master, after awhile, took her to the members of the Holy Family, to be introduced. As Mr. Holbach sat in the Presence of the Beloved, waiting for his wife, Mohammedan Sheikhs and Turkish officials and poor men were calling on Him. Of course they have been in Syria and Palestine three years ago, and have written some books on their travels, yet at that time they did not know anything about the Cause. Their present object is to write a historical work on the Movement. The Master is going to find them a quiet house, and thus they will engage in their glorious undertaking. No doubt I shall have more to write about them and their interesting work.

In the afternoon the Master called on the German Consul. He took me with Him. The Consul speaks Turkish very fluently, and for more than an hour they were engaged in a lively conversation, chiefly on Germany. When He left the Consulate, the Consul came to the door and greeted the Beloved most graciously. Six of the Jewish believers leave tonight for Jerusalem. Shougi Effendi, Rouhi Effendi, Mirza Habibollah Khodabaksh, and a few of the girl students arrived from Beirut to pass their Christmas holiday in the Presence of the Beloved.

Ahmad Sohrab.

Bahai Pilgrims' Home, Mount Carmel,
Haifa, Syria, December 24, 1915.

Dear Friends:

Mirza Jaffer Shirazi, a Bahai and a prominent merchant in Russian Turkestan, whose photograph appeared in the Persian Section of one of the latest issues of the Star of the West, is the generous founder of the Bahai Pilgrims' Home.

When BAHÁ'Ó'LLAH was in life and lived in Acca, they had rented two small rooms in the Inn for the Pilgrims. They lived, ate and slept in these two rooms. Generally every Oriental pilgrim is permitted to live for nine days, often more, seldom less. Their board, though simple, has been and is provided, and they have not a cent to pay for lodgings.

But when the Constitution was declared in Turkey, and the Master came to live in Haifa, the question of housing the constantly increasing numbers of pilgrims became a problem. Then God inspired the heart of Mirza Jaffar Shirazi to come out and beg the Master to give him the privilege of building the first distinctly Bahai Pilgrims' Home in this part of the world. Permission was granted him, and he started to look around for the best available lot on the breast of Mount Carmel. Finally, this charming site was selected, having a most commanding view of the sea, and near the Tomb of the BAB. Then the foundation was laid, and was finished in due time and solemnly dedicated by the Beloved to the Cause. The building has cost about \$8,000. a good deal of money in the east. This man alone paid all the expenses, and to my knowledge it is the only Bahai structure built by a single individual without receiving contributions from any other source. Having seen this golden opportunity he caught it by the forelock, and made the hearts of all the Bahais very grateful and happy.

When the building was finished it was opened to the Bahai pilgrims of all nations and religions, especially the Oriental people. As there are no accommodations complete enough to entertain Western pilgrims, they live in the hotels, and as on the other hand our Oriental brothers do not speak the western languages, the means of communication is visibly restricted, although their hearts are united together in the common object of making the world more spiritual and divine. This Pilgrims' Home has four sleeping rooms; a large reception room; a general big hall where a long table is in the center, for the purpose of eating; an entrance hall; a corridor; a kitchen; and a lovely porch. The windows of the reception room are opened toward the sea, and from the entrance door you will behold the majestic, lovely mountain, and on both sides are broad stretches of lands and undulating valleys.

The Home is in possession of two fine watch dogs, that divide their time between watching the Blessed Tomb of the BAB and the Home. Although they are friendly and hospita-

ble towards the friends, yet a flood of barkings is set loose when any stranger is seen, specially in the night.

Another interesting object is a very beautiful parrot. They have taught it to say many words. It is very tame, and never bites anybody's fingers like Mrs. Moss's parrot in Washington. Early in the morning when the pilgrims leave their rooms, it says very distinctly:

"Declare, Declare, Declare, Ya Baha El Abha!"

"Say, O! Thou Mystery of God!" and many other wonderful greetings. Often one is startled out of his sleep by its voice repeating the commanding word:

"Declare" ever so many times, and at the end, "Ya Baha El Abha!" that I have mistaken it at first for a human voice.

The most interesting person, of course, in the Pilgrims' Home is its keeper, as he is known everywhere, the "Khadem" or the "Servant" of Mosafer-Khaneh. He is one of that band of faithful disciples who preferred exile to their own country in order to live near the BLESSED PERFECTION. Aga Mohammad Hassan, as the Khadem of the Pilgrims' Home, is a most lovable soul. If I tell you that he is the embodiment of patience, good nature, devotion, and a priceless spirit of self sacrifice, I have only told you a tenth part of the truth. About him and his history I shall write in a future letter, but I have just introduced you to him, so that you may make his acquaintance, and know what kind of a man presides over the destiny of the Pilgrims' Home. He has filled this wonderful position for years, and is a student of human character. From all parts of the Orient pilgrims pour in, with no doubt different temperaments and dispositions, yet when they return to their respective homes, their hearts are filled with the love of "Khadem," and their tongues praise his virtues and rare qualities.

The present Pilgrims' Home is of course only for men. There is no place yet for the women pilgrims. This is naturally the cause of much inconvenience. For example, just at this moment there are about 25 women pilgrims from Persia. Almost all of them are living in the house of the Master, and several members of the family had to give them their rooms. What is most necessary to my mind is the construction of even a small Pilgrims' Home for women. Year after year their number is increasing, and the need of such a building is felt and will be felt more and more as the years roll on.

When I stood in the Presence of the Beloved He was entertaining a Turk with a description of Budapest and Vienna, and the progress of civilization in those parts. When he left the room, He turned His face to me, and said:

"I have received many letters from America, but they are not yet being opened. I wish to go to Acca today, but will return soon. My constitution is not strong, and I feel

that my days are numbered. Now it is your time of service. You must cry out the Words of Reality, you must teach the Cause, and unfurl the Flag of the Kingdom of Abha. The sun of my earthly existence is setting. The sun of your new activities is rising."

Then He dictated a few cables for America, and I was permitted to retire. I left the room very much depressed in heart, because the Master was speaking, and He has been speaking of late in this heart rending manner; but what can one do but weep?

I was back again in the afternoon and could see the turban of the Master behind the window. Isfandeyar was preparing the carriage, and in half an hour the Beloved descended the stairs into the garden and out in the street. Several believers who were in the neighborhood hastened to the scene, and the Master bade them farewell as He entered the carriage. At 2:45 P. M. the train carried the Most Wonderful Divine Man toward Acca, and thus Haifa was deprived of its light. The only person that the Master took with Him was Basheer.

How I longed to be with Him tomorrow and look into His divine countenance on the Christmas morning. He is the Morning Star which is rising from the horizon of our hearts, and heralding the Dawn of the Sun of Universal Peace and Inter-racial Justice and Righteousness.

Ahmad Schrab.

Bahai Pilgrims' Home, Mount Carmel,
Haifa, Syria, December 25, 1913.

Dear Friends:

"And he that overcometh, and keepeth my works unto the end, to him will I give power over the nations. . . . And I will give him the morning star."

The Morning Star! The Morning Star! It has already arisen from the horizon of the world, to usher in the Day of the Promised Peace and Brotherhood. Oh! On this blessed morning I can visualize with the spiritual consciousness the rising of the Spiritual Morning Star from the horizon of Acca, and I beheld its physical counterpart long before sunrise. I was up very early, not only because this is a most sacred day on the calendar, but because I wanted to pray on behalf of all the believers, both in the East and in the West, because we are so privileged to live in this Day of the fulfillment of all the prophecies of the past Prophets.

As I walked out of the house my eyes were delighted with the beautiful heavenly scene. The whole eastern horizon was glowing with a soft and delicate orange color. I looked long at this simple yet inimitable portrait painted by the Hand of the Divine Artist. In the center of this gorgeous portrait of nature the morning star, as white as silver, was shining with a refined radiance. And in order to complete this never-to-be-forgotten picture, the waning crescent, likewise white and beautiful, was beaming a little further. The sea was calm, the heaven was cloudless, the air was brisk and bracing, the matchless panorama of the near and distant range of mountains entrancing, the town of Acca clear and distinct a few miles away, and the deepening spiritual realization felt. I walked probably for half an hour or more, reviewing the names of many friends in America and Europe, wishing them a Happy Christmas, and praying that their heads be crowned with the Diadem of Celestial Prosperity. What kind of Xmas are they going to have? The cup of their happiness is full, the Bestowals of God are descending upon them uninterruptedly, the field of their services as large, their capacity is limitless and their faith unshakable as the mountain. For has not the Morning Star of their Hope arisen? Is it not scintillating in the horizon of their minds? Are they not praising God because they are of the chosen ones?

As these thoughts flashed through my mind, I turned my face toward Acca, knowing full well that the Morning Star hath arisen to wipe away all miseries, vices and iniquities. The people of the world are praying daily for the appearance of the Morning Star of Reality. It has Appeared, but how few of them know about it! Thus on this Christmas morning the

Bahais are rejoicing because their expected Morning Star hath appeared! I hope that each one of them will become the harbinger of this New Day, and co-operate with all their fellow-men so that all mankind may enter under the One Tent of Unity and Confraternity.

Now the sun is up on the horizon, and with my dear brother Mirza Habiballah Khodabaksh, a Jewish Bahai, I am descending the mountain. We enter the garden of the Master's house, and I request the gardener, Ismail Aga, to give me six roses, which he does with much pleasure. After a few minutes walk we are in the Hotel Camel to congratulate our American sisters, and Mr. and Mrs. Holbach from England, on their having the exceptional privilege of spending their Christmas Day on the Mountain of God. The roses were visible tokens of the love of the Oriental Bahais for their Occidental co-religionists.

Yesterday, before the Master departed for Acca, He left the word that half the pilgrims may go to see Him today. Thus about fifteen started on the morning train, and the rest including myself will go tomorrow. Today's party was conducted from the station direct to Bahajee. They ate their lunch there, and in the afternoon, while they were occupied with drinking tea in the rest-house the Master passed by them quietly in His carriage and entered the Court of the Holy Tomb. Then the pilgrims were notified, and when they entered the Court they beheld a moving scene:

ABDUL BAHA, his body covered with His yellow Aba, and His head on the Threshold of the Room where the BLESSED PERFECTION is buried!

All of them prostrated on the floor, and many of them wept upon looking at this extraordinary and peerless scene. The Master, feeling the presence of other people in the Court, arose and retired most quietly in the other room.

One of them chanted the Visiting Tablet, and as soon as He finished, the Beloved emerged from the room and in a tremulous, weak and yet passionate voice chanted for the pilgrims the Visiting Tablet. Then they were invited to go in the other room to drink tea, and the Master spoke to them for quite awhile. As the train left at five o'clock, they were at the station in time, and in the evening they brought to us all this good news, and more.

The brother of Dr. Bagdadi, Hossein Egbal, with his son and another Bahai arrived tonight. I was most happy to see them. They will go with us tomorrow for Acca to see the Beloved. In the afternoon Mr. Holbach paid a visit to the Pilgrims' Home, and we were most happy to welcome him in our midst, talk with him about the Cause and offer him a cup of Persian tea.

I will close this happy, quiet, lovely day by translating part of the Words of the Master as spoken to our pilgrims in the Holy Tomb this afternoon. This will no doubt, in an indirect way, stand as His Christmas Message to the Bahai world:

"You are all welcome. How are you? It is part of the Divine Wisdom that I may keep silence for a time. All that has been required of me is to raise my voice and speak in the churches, synagogues, conventions and meetings of all kinds and descriptions, and calling the attention of the people of the Kingdom of God and the Appearance of BAHÁ'Ó'LLÁH. Praise be to God! through the confirmations of the BLESSED PERFECTION this has been accomplished. Now it is the turn of the believers of God. Now I am expecting all the time to hear the sweet call of the friends raised from all directions, and the clarion watchword of Ya Baha El Abha! may reach to the ear of the heart and spirit.

Those souls who have become evanescent in the BLESSED PERFECTION must know of a certainty that they attract unto themselves heavenly confirmations and assistance. Now existence in the Sacred Threshold is the Magnet whereby aid is attracted. The more the believers are meek and submissive at the Divine Threshold, the more powerful and universal will be the descent of the Holy Spirit of dedication upon them. The more they strive in teaching new souls, the greater will be the power of sanctification and attraction.

Today the Merciful Powers reinforce those souls who are spreading the Cause of God. The person who walks in this highway is confirmed; even if outwardly he is a dried plant he will be changed into a fruitful tree. . . . God willing, all the friends will be rendered successful and aided in this work. They are the flowers and anemones of the Garden of Abha. They must emit their fragrances. . . .

Praise be to God! that you have crossed mountains and deserts and traveled over land and sea, and have at last laid your heads at the Threshold of the BLESSED PERFECTION. I hope the results of this visit will become world wide, and that every one of you will become a herald of the Kingdom; that you may become conducive to the tranquility and composure of the hearts of humanity. You are the trees planted by the sacred hands of BAHÁ'Ó'LLÁH in the orchard of the Kingdom; He hath watered you through the Rivers of His Knowledge and hath protected you from winds and storms. I hope that each one of you may become a tree laden with delicious fruits for the healing of all the tribes and tongues. . . . "

May this Message find a strong echo in the heart of every Bahai in the world.

Ahmad Sohrab.

Bahai Pilgrims' Home, Mount Carmel,
Haifa, Syria, December 26, 1913.

Dear Friends:

To arise early in the morning with the joyful ~~anti-~~
~~occupation~~ that you will look into the countenance of the
Beloved; drink in the wine of His love; be set aglow with
the fire of His attraction; be immersed in the ocean of His
nearness; listen to the sweet music of His Words; and come
within the radius of His divine spirituality, is a delightful
experience, which, if it is repeated a thousand times never
loses its significance and genuine interest.

Poroughi was in our party, and whenever he is
amongst a number of people the spirits are kept up at a high
pitch. He continued all through our way to sing poems and
chant Verses from the Writings of BAHÁ'Ó'LLAH. Seldom have
I seen a memory more remarkable than his. He has committed
to memory long Tablets by BAHÁ'Ó'LLAH and ABDUL BAHÁ, and
he has such an inexhaustible fund that never comes to an end.
Likewise, his son has memorized a number of Tablets.

When we arrived in Acca a number of us went to the
Holy Home and the rest to direct to Bahajee. We found that
the Master was out calling on a number of people, but after
awhile He came in, a little tired but well. He climbed the
stairs with great agility, and welcomed us with a cheerful
face.

He said:

"It is no doubt decreed that I remain silent for the
time being. On one hand my constitution is not strong enough,
and on the other so much work is being accumulated that I
wonder what I must do first. So many letters have been
received from the East and the West that demand my attention,
and I pray to God to confirm me in the accomplishment of
these services."

Then He enquired about the news from our believers
in America and Europe, and how they are spending their days
and nights. He is always looking westward, and hoping that
the rays of the Sun of Reality may enlighten the hearts and
the minds. He said He had been speaking last night with a
large number of people until almost midnight, and He felt
very tired when He bade them farewell. Just at that time
several strangers entered, and no sooner were they welcomed
than they started to ask a number of most difficult questions,
which were in turn answered by Him with the same facility of
expression and variety of knowledge.

At noon we enjoyed a nice lunch, at which were present Mirza Jalal, Shougi Effendi and Rouhi Effendi. At two o'clock the carriage was ready, and the Master asked all four of us to accompany Him. We considered it a great privilege to be with Him and float in the air of His sanctification. Half way He alighted from the carriage, He wanted to walk all alone, and ordered Isfandeyar to drive the carriage. His face was worried and anxious, and His eyes betrayed solicitous dreams.

After half an hour we found ourselves in the Court of the Holy Tomb, worshipping with earnestness at the Threshold of the Almighty, and listening to the rapturous voice of the spiritual King offering a fervent supplication in behalf of all the Bahá's. In the other room He spoke only a few words:

"How wonderful it is that you have come at this opportune time, so that you may visit the Holy Threshold. I praise God that He hath confirmed me to pray with you at this Celestial Court. I praise God for this! I praise God for this! Convey to all the believers my wonderful Bahai greeting, and tell them I am praying for them at the Threshold of the BLESSED PERFECTION. I beg for them confirmation and assistance. Let them remain confident, be ever happy, be rejoiced with the Glad Tidings of the Kingdom of Abhá. With the utmost joy and fragrance they must offer their entreaties and supplications at the Court of Majesty, thus may they be reinforced to spread the News of the Kingdom."

As soon as He finished the above Words He gave us permission to retire, in order that we might catch the train. We had to hasten back because there was little time left. With Mirza Habibollah and four others I ran until we reached the station, the rest were left behind. I hurried back, especially, because the Master addressed me to make all haste. When we arrived at the Bahai Pilgrims' Home they were all anxious to know the news, and exclaimed how fortunate were those who were left behind.

When the Bahai students were in Ramleh the Master encouraged them to form an oratorical club, so that they may practice public speaking. Mirza Habibollah tells me that they have achieved wonderful results during the last few months, and at their weekly meetings some of the students have developed an effective power for speaking. Likewise about seven or eight of these students expect to go to America to enter the Stanford University. Before the opening of the next session in winter they will start, and it is their hope to

visit many Assemblies and meet as many of the Bahais as possible. Of course they will all go with the full consent and permission of the Beloved, and it is hoped the Friends in each city will give them a rousing Bahai reception, thus they may realize what a Western Bahai spirit of hospitality means.

The monthly organ of the College contains a fine article on the Bahai Revelation. I hope to get a copy and translate its contents for you.

Ahmad Sohrab.

Bahai Pilgrims' Home, Mount Carmel,
Haifa, Syria, December 27, 1915.

Dear Friends:

An aeroplane flying over Haifa and the large crowd of Arabs, Turks, Persians and a motley gathering of Europeans gathered to watch its rapid flight, was the most spectacular sight that could be witnessed in this far off part of the world. The aeroplane had started from Beirut at ten o'clock, and was here about 11:30 and was going to Jaffa and Jerusalem. The whir of its machinery could be heard by the spectators, and before it disappeared from sight beyond the summit of the green Mountain of God it made a few marvelous circles and evolutions. Probably no one had seen an airship before, and thus it was the topic of discussion everywhere. The Frenchman certainly gave much food for thought and marvel to the simple folk of not only Haifa but of the villages, towns and shepherds all along the way. No doubt the Master has also watched its flight over Acca. Thus the ancient world is now and then attacked by the instruments of modern civilization.

Today Haji Mirza Heydar Ali asked Aga Mohammed Hassan to bring his Christian Commonwealth to show it to me. It was the one which contained the photograph of the Beloved, and a long interesting article in connection with His second visit to that great metropolis. The four pages were framed with the most expensive wood and is kept in a heavy thick box, to be preserved for future generations. Thus you will observe how this paper is loved by the Bahai world and framed so lavishly. It would, I am sure, make the heart of the noble editor joyful to know this, that here on Mount Carmel, in far off Syria, the Christian Commonwealth is not only read with avidity, and its spiritual, uplifting contents perused, but the copies are so framed as to guard them from the ruthless ravages of time. I have not the slightest doubt that the same respect is shown to the Christian Commonwealth in many cities throughout the Orient, and that in future a traveler when coming in contact with the Bahais will be delighted to see these historical documents so much appreciated by the friends.

The question of "Where, Whither, Whence," has for so many ages troubled the minds of the intelligent seekers and the students of the hidden origin of things. I heard today a little story which may be satisfying to some minds religiously inclined. Once a mystic who was known to be a depository of great wisdom was questioned by a simple man:

"Where do you come from?"

"I am from the part of God."

"Whither art thou going?"

"I am going to God."

"What will be thy sustenance?"

"Trust in God."

In this fashion these simple folk of the Orient formulate their religious creed, and let go all the hair splitting philosophies and crazy metaphysics. They consciously know their divine origin and return, and never let the difficulties and anomalies make their child like faith weaker. All their theories of life are based upon the above observation. "Be thou with God and thou shalt see God with thee!" is one of their oft quoted aphorisms. This is the foundation of their belief. In order to have God enthroned in the chamber of their hearts they try their utmost to purify them and cleanse them from dust of self and ego.

In the evening Foroughi and other pilgrims arrived from Acca, bringing with them the good and happy news of the health of the Beloved. Again they repeated His moving Words and His exhortation about the teaching of the Cause of God with great firmness and steadfastness. All the believers and pilgrims were gathered in the home of the Master. These meetings always strike me with their cosmopolitan spirit, their wonderful tolerance, their attraction, and devotional beauty. I wonder whether it is possible to find such meetings anywhere else; Mohammedans, Jews, Zoroastrians and Christians, coming from the different parts of the world and gathering here, worship the Glorious Lord, forgetting entirely their religious and racial prejudices. A unique scene indeed!

The grandchildren of the Beloved have learned to chant stirring Bahai poems, and tonight they entertained us most royally with their sweet, harmonious voices. Everybody loves these dear innocent children. They are the buds of the Garden of ABDUL BAHÁ, and it is hoped that each one of them will become a great teacher of the Cause.

A striking manifestation of the Bahai love I have witnessed in Mirza Mohammed, Foroughi's son. He pours out his Godlike love upon everyone, and all day he copies Tablets for the believers. Often while I am engaged in writing he will walk stealthily from behind and lock me within his capacious arms, kissing me ever so many times: "I love you very much, I wish I were sure that others love me as much as I love them." Then he kisses me again and again.

Another young man who is from Eshkabad, and whose name is Mirza Habibollah serves in the Pilgrims' Home most self sacrificingly. He serves so willingly, with such self abandonment. Mash-hadi Akbar, the attendant of Ebne Asdag, is also another Bahai who serves heartily and faithfully. Thus the duties of Aga Mohammed Hassan are happily shared by other pilgrims who consider it a most exalted honor to be privileged to serve in the Pilgrims' Home.

All day a most violent wind was blowing, in the morning one thought it is going to start another period of rain, but in the afternoon the weather was cleared and the clouds disappeared.

Ahmad Schrab.

Bahai Pilgrims' Home, Mount Carmel,
Haifa, Syria, December 28, 1913.

Dear Friends:

Long before sunrise I was out in the open, climbing the Mountain and trying to reach the top. Mountain climbing is difficult in itself, especially when it is not done in broad daylight. At last I succeeded in reaching the plateau which I was thinking would be the summit. I was breathing very hard, so I lay myself down on the soft, velvety grass. Just at that time the Eastern sky was colored with the rosy hues of the ascending sun. I watched it rising and rising, flooding the immensity of space with the glorious lights. I looked all around and I could see no human being within my sight. For awhile as I gazed toward the city of Acca, I prayed and supplicated God's Mercy and Confirmations in behalf of all the friends. Then I opened a Book of Tablets and read some extracts out of it. Would it not be just beautiful if you soared for a little while on the white wings of aspiration in this early dawn, and could be present with me on the summit of Mount Carmel, and listen to the Words of ABDUL BAHA? Of course it would be just lovely. Very well, then.

Now that I have you all with me I will read these passages to you:

*The friends of God must live in accord with the Exhortations and Admonitions of the Light of Reality, the BLESSED PERFECTION, (may my life be a ransom at His Threshold!) One by one they must put into execution these Teachings. Not that they may only read and let their significances be hidden behind the Words and Tablets. The spiritual and material Laws of the Most Great Name - may my existence be a sacrifice to His Court! - must be revealed on the arena of manifestation and become embodied and personified in the lives and conduct of the friends of God, otherwise there will be no result and no benefit. In short, the utmost longing of ABDUL BAHA is to become the embodiment of the spirit of one Word of the Exhortations and Teachings of BAHÁ'U'LLAH. Likewise, it is certain that this is also the yearning of the friends. A Bahai must be the candle of the regions and a radiant star from the horizon of Effulgences. If he fulfill this condition his relationship is real; otherwise it is accidental (superficial). He is fruitless and baseless. He is like unto a black man whose name is Diamond. In reality he is a raven and a crow but his name is the sweet singing nightingale. What benefit lies in a verbal relationship, and what fruit is one enabled to gather from the mere word "Bahai"? One must be a Bahai in reality, with heart and soul. . . ."

"Faith and assurance are like unto trees of the orchards, and praiseworthy deeds and actions are like unto the fruits thereof. A lamp is in need of the illuminating light, and the stars must of necessity gleam and sparkle. I beg of God to confirm the lives of the friends of God with that which is behooving and befitting the lives of the righteous ones, and to cause the diffusion of the Fragrances of Holiness from those spiritual roses. . . ."

"In these days as much as you are able teach the Cause of God. The Divine Hand of Power has prepared for you a rare and exceptional opportunity. Do not let this opportunity slip out of your hand. All the hearts are turned toward the Cause of God, and all the ears are waiting to listen to the Word of God. All the communities are self occupied and self centered, and many of them are falling into sullen despair, and look upon life from a pessimistic standpoint, because they see so much of turmoil and conflict. They are trying to find an avenue of escape, an abode, an asylum, and there is no other shelter and refuge save the Kingdom of Abha, which has thrown a great reverberation and tumult throughout the regions!"

"When the Orb of regions shone forth upon the Orient and Occident, the distinction and differentiation between Turk and Tajik; Belgium and France; Persia and America; Asia and Africa, were obliterated. The Salute of the Oneness of the world of humanity caused a great reverberation. That is why we behold the East and the West are embracing each other, and the Orient and the Occident are like unto the lover and the beloved. . . ."

"O thou who hast addressed me 'Abdul Baha' in the beginning of thy letter!
 How wonderful is this brilliant, luminous and spiritual title in the commencement of thy epistle!
 How sweet is its significance!
 How delicious is its meaning in my taste!
 It was like unto a sea of pure honey, or a fountain from the Salsabil of the Heavenly Water, or the Spring of Eternal Life flowing out of the Supreme Paradise!
 Bravo! Bravo! Well done! Well done!
 O my friend! How happy am I and how glad art thou!
 O my beloved! How pleased I am to be the recipient of such an address. May God facilitate thy work, increase thy bounty, dilate thy breast, enlighten thy eyes, illumine thy heart, expand thy spirit, amplify thy generosity, perfume thy nostrils and exalt thy station.

I declare by myself that I have become enthralled by thy love, obligated to thee for thy affection, and the prisoner of the Majesty of this Title (Abdul Baha). I beg of God to increase thy good deeds and success."

When I descended the mountain I felt not only the invigorating air of Mount Carmel, but the holier vibrations of the Spirit. All day I was happy; now in the town, again in the Pilgrims' Home. Mirza Mahmoud and Ebne Aadam had permission to go to Acca, and so they left early in the morning.

In the evening a long letter was read, written by Mirza Ali Akbar Rafasanjary from London, on the progress of the Cause in England. It was enjoyed by all the pilgrims. Then Foroughi gave us a most vivid talk about his father and Bab-el-Bab, and how the latter taught the former, and how both side by side fought in the fortress of Tabarsi. This story, which I hope to reproduce somewhere else, was supplemented by many dramatic and tragic incidents of Bahai life, impelled by the mysterious faith of self sacrifice, and demonstrating a firmness which has no equal. The evening was spent with the utmost joy and fragrance, and I went to bed with a deep sense of my utter unworthiness and uselessness.

Ahmad Sohrab.

Bahai Pilgrims' Home, Mount Carmel,
Haifa, Syria, December 29, 1913.

Dear Friends:

The outstanding event of the day was the return of the Beloved to Haifa unexpectedly. It was about 11 o'clock when with Mirza Habibollah Khodabaksh we were walking toward the store of Mirza Jalal, when we saw coming from the opposite direction a carriage, beside the driver of which was Basheer. By this time the carriage came near and passed by. As we hoped, inside we saw the Master and two other Bahais. Naturally we were most happy and started to return at a brisk pace toward the Home. Some special work has brought Him back to Haifa, and no doubt He will return in a few days.

It is the aim of the Beloved to make Acca also a Bahai center, in the fullest sense of the word. During the last few years it has lapsed into a place of secondary importance, because so many believers have left, many of the companions are dead, and there is no Pilgrim's Home. Now the Home of BAHÁ'Ó'LLAH, in which I lived, will be turned into a Pilgrims' Home, thus facilitating the sojourn of the friends.

Word was sent up to us on the Mountain that the Master will come about two o'clock p. m.; thus all the friends were made happy. For the last few days the believers and the pilgrims desired to take a photograph but they could not readily arrange it. Moreover, they longed to have the Beloved in their midst, thus imparting to it a spiritual significance. They supplicated His permission with all humility, and He accepted their appeal with genuine pleasure.

When He arrived all the believers were gathered around the building of the Tomb of the BAB. At first He sat for a few minutes in the large reception room and greeted everyone with a few loving words. Then He asked Foroughi to chant a supplication, and afterward when the photographer had his camera ready He was notified. He asked the believers to stand on the eastern wing of the building, and when everyone was standing in his place He came and sat on a chair reserved for Him in the center. On His right hand sat Mirza Heydar Ali and on His left Mirza Mahmoud Foroughi. This is, of course, the very first photograph of the Master (in a group) in the East, and this very fact invests it with a particular significance. Not only this, but because it is taken in front of the Tomb of the BAB and on the Holy Mountain of God. As the believers were dispersed He was heard speaking to a number of them, while pointing with His blessed hand toward the building:

"Under what tumultuous times the foundation of this divine structure was laid! Owing to the false reports forwarded to the Sublime Porte, many cablegrams were sent by Abdul Hamid to the Governor of Haifa to stop its progress, or watch its construction. Many spies were daily busy around this building, and the slightest move on the part of the laborers was reported to the military ~~authorities~~. In reality, to bring the remains of the BAB from Persia and inter it in the unique building was the most difficult and at the same time the most triumphal work of the Cause!"

Then He told all the believers to go to the reception room. They sat all around the room on the floor; likewise the Master. It was a peerless picture to see the attention of all these men centered upon the Center of the Covenant, many of them with white beards, who have served the Cause in many campaigns. Undoubtedly their supreme desire was to be photographed with the King of their hearts, and this object was at last attained. No one considered himself worthy of this great Bounty, but they were overflowing with thankfulness. Now that He has given permission to be photographed with the Oriental Bahais, there will be others in the future, and thus our collection of His pictures will be enriched with these old and true believers. What will be the spiritual worth of these photographs taken in the Holy Land, to future generations, no one can prophesy. Here is the proper environment and the ideal surrounding to photograph the spiritual King of the world. Here is His Holy Home, the very sacred atmosphere, the place where the weightiest drama is enacted!

For a few seconds the Beloved was silent, His eyes shut, the atmosphere filled with vibrations of His Presence, and all the believers focussing their attention on Him. Then He opened His eyes and spoke the following Words of light and wisdom:

"It is most significant that we are all gathered here in the Tomb of His Holiness the Supreme (the BAB), and beneath the protection of the BLESSED PERFECTION. No one could ever conceive that such meetings and such gatherings could ever be held in these places. Praise be to God! that through the Bestowals and Favors of His Holiness BAHÁ'Ó'LLAH they are made possible. If we glorify God during all our lives for this most eminent Bounty and the greatest Gift, we shall be unable to adequately express our thanks at His Holy Threshold, but we must thank Him according to our capacity: 'If one does not comprehend the whole, he must not give up the part.'"

Under all circumstances we must be engaged in the servitude of the Holy, Divine Threshold, and praise Him under all conditions. We must know this of a certainty; that no

bestowal, no honor, no sovereignty, no glory, is greater than servitude at the Holy Threshold; real servitude without any interpretation. Th.

The servitude at the Holy Threshold means this:
 We must be occupied with the promotion of the Word of God and the diffusion of the Fragrances of God. We must be engaged in the promulgation of His Teachings. We must not rest, neither by day nor by night, and seek neither rest nor composure. We must exert ourselves to convey the Message, to deliver the Glad Tidings. We must not relax our energies or lag behind. With words and deeds, with conviction and action, we must summon the people to the standard of Universal Peace, Brotherhood of Man, and the solidarity of humankind. Ours shall be the final victory if we persevere. The world is sick, these Divine Teachings are the remedies and you are the physicians. Be ye, therefore, skillful physicians and heal this sick body. This is the Most Great Bounty! This is the highest aspiration! We hope that we will become all confirmed therein.

You observe that the Temple of the Cause of God is surrounded from every direction by the enemies.

From one part the Mohammedans are carrying on their attacks; the dogmatic Christians are assailing us from the opposite direction. The Yahya-Is are bombarding from this part, and the unfaithful ones from every part. Thus it is clear that the City of the Cause of God is being besieged by all these enemies. They strive with their utmost power to force us into unconditional surrender. They endeavor to pull and tear this Blessed Tree, root, stem and branches. Consequently, it is made evident how self sacrificing we must be; how we must be severed from all else save God; how we must adorn our beings with pure intentions; how we must dedicate our lives anew to the service of humanity; how we must be inspired with the Breaths of the Holy Spirit; how we must unfurl the Flag of the Kingdom of Peace and reconciliation over the mountains of the earth; how we must quicken the dead with the Spirit of God; how we must create a new reverberation throughout the regions of the earth, the echoes of which may be handed down to posterity.

My beloved friends!

This is the time of action! This is the period of self sacrifice! This is the age of your service! Arise and accomplish the Will of your Lord, and unify all the races and tongues with the Spirit of Love. You are the soldiers of the Army of BAHÁ'Ó'LLAH. You are the stars of His Heaven. You are the nightingales of His Rosegarden. This is not the time of silence. Arise and speak with might and power the Cause of your Lord the Supreme. The period of speechlessness

and silence has passed. The time of attraction and enkindlement has come. The fiat of the King of Kings is issued forth, the firman of the Lord of Hosts hath proceeded!

This is the Age of Unity! This is the Cycle of Peace! Let us work our work, strive and make an effort to protect the fortified Fortress of the Cause of God from the onslaughts of these inveterate enemies. You are observing what they are doing. In America many dogmatic Christians announced that we are the enemies of Christ. They published and circulated many false reports based on pure imagination; although we proved in the Jewish Synagogue that His Holiness Christ was the Word of God and the Spirit of God, and His Holiness Mohammed was the Prophet of God. Notwithstanding this, these unkind ministers have circulated around that the Bahais are the enemies of Christ; yet up to this time there has been found no one to proclaim Christ as the Word of God and the Spirit of God in the Jewish Synagogues of America. How ungrateful are these people! Our spirits, our hearts, our souls, our minds, are evanescent in the station of His Holiness Christ, evanescent in the station of His Holiness Mohammed. We long to sacrifice our lives in their paths. But if many of these people undergo the slightest inconveniences they will forget Christ and His Mission, and on the other hand spread the rumors that the Bahais are the enemies of Christ, the destroyers of His Foundations and the abrogators of the Religion of God.

In short, we hope that, God willing, all of us shall become confirmed in the service of the Divine Threshold with the utmost nothingness, the utmost severance, complete supplication and invocation and perfect obedience and perseverance.

May we be firm and steadfast in the Cause of God through this spiritual Power till our very last breath.

This is our ultimate hope! This is our greatest aspiration!

Ahmad Sohrab.

Bahai Pilgrims' Home, Mount Carmel,
Haifa, Syria, December 30, 1913.

Dear Friends:

When the Beloved descended the Mountain last night He left behind a message for me to go down this morning and see Him. Thus I was there early while Khosro and Basheer were drinking their tea. The believers likewise started to come down one after another. After half an hour I was summoned into His Presence. There were a few Arabs present. At that time one of them got up from his seat and recited a very eloquent poem in the praise and glorification of the Master. It was in Arabic, and the poet had committed this rather long poem to memory. I asked him to send me a copy to be translated into English at some future date.

Afterward He dictated to me a few cablegrams for Persia and America. In the course of conversation

He said:

"If a man lives a thousand years or achieves the most wonderful service, this does not avail him. If he becomes the most famous man in the world it is like the mirage and phantasm; but the good pleasure of the Lord is the most important object to be attained. If man does not become confirmed and assisted with His good pleasure and ~~his~~ name immortalized it will benefit him not."

He sent me down town to despatch a few messages, and when I returned He was yet speaking with a number of Turks and Arabs. These people take lots of His time and strength. Then He left the house, followed by them. About two o'clock another photograph was taken of the Beloved and all the believers in front of His house. This was for the purpose of including Ebne Asdag and a number of other believers who were not present yesterday. Mrs. Hoagg was also there, and took the same photograph with her kodak.

As a number of the pilgrims, with their wives, are given permission to return to their country tomorrow, the former were speaking together about the exceptional privilege, and how they hope to go forth with a new fervor and inspiration. Haji Mirza Heydar Ali listened to them, and then said:

"Your chief concern is to create by every means a spiritual consciousness in the innermost soul of every human being. Through this you can lay a claim to the Treasures of the Kingdom. By teaching the Cause you will become enabled to establish that mysterious inter-cosmic relation between all the members of humanity.

One of the conditions of spreading the Message is entire severance from all else save God, and a whole hearted concentrated devotion to the Divine Purpose. Whatever God has given us of His material and spiritual Bounties, we must share them with our fellowmen, and be kind and benevolent to the poor and orphans. If we live in this manner we are the servants of the Kingdom.

Years ago the Government of Teheran imprisoned a number of the most prominent Bahais. Amongst them was Haji Ameen. As these Bahais had influential and noteworthy relatives they used to cook for them the most delicious dishes and bring them into the prison. Haji Ameen did not eat of these dishes, but was satisfied with the prison coarse bread. Of course there were many other prominent prisoners, and the rather singular act of Haji Ameen and his spiritual independence pleased them. They started to inquire why he does not eat the delicious food brought from the outside, and this train of investigation led into other tracks and ended in their belief.

At another time I was invited to speak with a rich man about the Cause. As he was wealthy I put on my best clothes and Aba. After hours of discussion I left him with the idea that he is convinced of the logic and sanity of my proofs. He was heard, however, saying to his friends that this man is very broad, and apparently proved his Cause with much force, but I could see that he had dressed himself for the occasion. Consequently, irrespective of all outward circumstances, we must sincerely arise in the promotion of the Word of God."

I may end this letter with the translation of one or two quotations from Abdul Baha's Tablets:

"The Teachings of BAHÁ'Ó'LLAH, the Laws of this Cause, and the Principles of this Manifestation, have no deniers. The world is like unto a thirsty fish, and the Teachings of the Blessed Perfection are like the salubrious water. There is no strife, no sword, no anathema, no apostate, no heretic, no opposition, no interference and no resistance.

Its sword is the proclamation of the Oneness of the world of humanity; its world conquering weapon the Merciful Bestowal; its tactics and its art of war the explanation of the Wisdom of God; its Commander-in-Chief the Light of Divine Guidance; the impetus of its army the Love of God; and its rules and regulations love and kindness toward all the members of humanity to such an extent that the unknown is known; the strangers are as the friends, and the ill-wishers as the well-wishers. This must be the foundation of

our association with the world of humanity, because He addresses all the nations of the earth:

'Ye are all the fruits of one tree and the leaves of one branch.'

"O God! O God! This is the attracted servant of Thy Bounty of Abha!

His heart is set aglow with the Fire of Thy Love amongst mankind; his tears are falling through Thy mention in the middle of the gloomy nights; his patience well-nigh spent in the love of Thy Supreme Countenance; his face radiant through Thy consummate Mercy; his breast dilated through the Verses of Thy Singleness. He has traveled toward the West, leaving behind his sweet country, and has accepted hardships in Thy Path.

O Thou my Glorious Lord! O Lord! He has forsaken rest and composure, tranquility and peacefulness, serenity and calmness, and has journeyed to that distant clime, a land which is not touched by the feet of his fathers and ancestors, in order to diffuse Thy Fragrances, upraise Thy Flags, spread Thy Words and elucidate Thy Proofs.

O Lord! O Lord! Suffer him to become the sign of Thy Bestowal; the ensign of Thy Knowledge; the Fire of Thy Love; the sign of Thy Gift; confirmed with Thy Angels; assisted with Thy Providence and caution; safeguarded by Thy Protection and Shelter; and guarded under Thy Refuge and Defense; so that he may diffuse Thy Signs in these regions, and cause the irradiation of Thy Lights in those countries. Suffer Thy Call to reach to the ears of the faithful ones, and make Thy Arguments manifest to the concourse of the world of emanation."

Ahmad Sohrab.

Bahai Pilgrims' Home, Mount Carmel,
Haifa, Syria, December 31, 1913.

Dear Friends:

The spirit of an old Bahai, about eighty years of age, has just soared toward the Kingdom of Abha. His name was Sheikh Abdul Gasem. He had lived in Acca for many years before the Departure of BAHÁ'Ó'LLAH. He has seen in his life many blessed days before and after the death of the BLESSED PERFECTION; so, like unto a nightingale, his spirit soared out of this mortal cage toward the Rose garden of Abha.

On the morning after his death the Master called on his wife and son to console them. He stayed in their house for an hour, giving them directions for the burial of the dead. When He returned there was a large number of believers and pilgrims present in the garden, and as He entered they all bowed before Him. He sat on the low wall dividing the garden and the board walk leading to the broad steps of the house, and motioned to the others to do the same. Half of them sat on one side and the rest on the other. It was a day of perfect sunshine and glorious air, redolent with the sweet scent of the flowers and blossoms.

After a few minutes silence, He said:

"I have been out to see the wife of Sheikh Abdul Gasem. He was one of the blessed souls in the Cause. His end has been very good. He was a very old Bahai, and had many, many Tablets from the BLESSED PERFECTION. He has left behind one son. May God confirm and assist this only son, so that he may walk in the footsteps of his father."

Someone asked a question, which I did not hear, but I wrote down the Master's answer:

"If we - all the Bahais - who are beneath the Shade of the Sadrat-ul-Montaha, arise to teach the Cause of God, unquestionably the Almighty will confirm us. We must lay aside every idea, thought, mention, desire, service and devotion, except those of prayers, which are obligatory, and occupy our time with teaching the Cause, spreading the Fragrances of the Merciful, and serving at the Divine Threshold. Through teaching the Cause the Blessed Tree shall grow and develop; the world of humanity will become illumined; the blind ones find sight; the deaf, hearing; the mute, speech; and the dead, life. These things shall not come to pass except through the promotion of Truth.

This is conducive to the rejuvenation of the world of man; to the development of the ideals of mankind; the unfolding of the mystic virtues of the inhabitants of the earth; and the advancement and uplifting of human existence. Even the world in its physical aspect will become ameliorated and perfected.

The teachers themselves will become spiritual! How illuminated they will become! How divine and celestial they will become! They will enter into another and higher state; they will be enlightened with another light; they will be endowed with another power; and they will gain a new spirituality. Ordinarily a moral teacher strives day and night until a person abandons one of his many evil attributes, but as soon as the Guidance of God and the Faith of God dawn from the horizon of his heart, he is a changed man. All his evil characteristics are transformed into praiseworthy attributes. Whereas formerly he was a coward, he becomes courageous. Whereas before he was debased, he becomes sanctified and holy. Even in his intelligence, his knowledge, his sagacity, and in his mentality, he is a different man.

Then the Master^s went up to His room, and we climbed the mountain toward the Pilgrims' Home. In the afternoon there were ten large carriages ready to convey the believers to the home of the deceased one, which is quite out of the town. Every Bahai was there, and after the performance of the simple ceremony, the body was taken to the Mosque and the Mohammedan prayers were offered.

There were a number of Sheikhs walking ahead of the hearse, and chanting the formula:

"There is no God but God, and Mohammed is His Prophet."

The Bahai cemetery is out of town at the very foot of Mount Carmel. It is a large tract of land, newly acquired, and contains only a few tombs. The tomb was already prepared, and the coffin was lowered into the grave. A Mohammedan Mullah read the ritual for the dead. He commanded the dead as though he were alive, as follows:

"If the Angel of Death comes to thee and asks of thee: 'Who is thy Creator?' do not be afraid. Say: 'He is the Lord, the Most High, the One God, the Maker of heaven and earth; Mohammed is His Prophet.' . . ."

Amongst others I threw in a few shovels of earth. Afterward Foroughi and his son, each in turn, offered a prayer for the soul of the dead, and the former delivered a short oration on the perishableness of the worldly things and exhorted the son of the deceased to adorn himself with the qualities and virtues of his father. The poor man had willed

that all the believers be present at his funeral, and thus his last dying wish was carried out to the letter. The kindness and thoughtfulness of the Beloved for even those who pass away is one of the miracles of His life and work.

When we all gathered together again in the Master's house, we found that a number of our Jewish Bahais, with their wives, as well as our own Bahai students of Beirut College, were on the point of departure. The believers were scattered in the rose garden, and the silver beams of the moon, with the radiance of countless stars, added to the charms of the night. The departing friends, one by one, met the Beloved in His room, to receive His last blessings, to look probably for the last time on His heavenly countenance. They came out weeping. We embraced them, and were sad to see them leaving this holy spot. Many of the believers went with them to the steamer to say farewell. They carry away the spirit of enthusiasm. They will refresh many souls with wondrous story of the Beloved and teach many souls in as many cities. May God protect them, and encircle them with the Lights of Reality. Ere long we shall hear their news of victory and triumph in the propagation of the Word of God.

Amad Sohrab.

X

Bahai Pilgrims' Home, Mount Carmel,
Haifa, Syria, January 1, 1914.

Dear Friends:-

I wish you a happy New Year. May this year bring you many blessings. May the hearts become the dwelling-places of spiritual lights and the treasuries of the jewels of the Love of God. May you become the instruments of conferring Eternal life upon the bewildered humanity. May the quickening rivers of the heavenly Water flow from your minds. May your chaste and immaculate lips touch the spotless goblet of the ruby wine of the Seraphic Immortality! May the bright stars of your hope arise from the horizon of Reality. May your souls become the divine thrones of the celestial mysteries of the Kingdom of Abha! May you meet every hard and harsh circumstance with a firm determination and unwavering resolution. May you arise with a superhuman energy and unchanging fortitude to spread the Cause of God.

This morning when I went down I met an old man, whose name I think, is Haji Ali. He has lived for many years in Acca and Haifa, and has been in the Presence of Baha'o'llah ever so many times. I fell into speaking with him about the days of the Blessed Perfection and found him most interesting. He related to me the outline of talk given by the Blessed Perfection about twenty four years ago, which I may translate herein. He said:-

"One day I, with a number of believers, was in the Holy Presence of Baha'o'llah. He spoke about the progress of the world and the amelioration of conditions in general. He said: The world and the day is not like unto the world of former times. The many wonderful arts and inventions have completely transformed the face of the earth, making life easier and existence more comfortable. Notwithstanding this, the life of every organism, no matter how perfect, comes to an end. For example the life of an ant in comparison to the life of man is short, yet the ant, were it endowed with human intelligence, would think that man lives eternally. Similarly these stars, these mountains, these seas shall come to an end. For each one of them a prescribed life is destined. It has a beginning and an ending. Consider how many large cities have been destroyed and are hidden under the earth, once they were thriving and progressive communities; now their voices are silenced. The progress of civilization--to a certain degree--has reached an exalted station in France especially and in Europe generally, but from now on there will be a monumental upward march of advancement all over the United States. That country has just started on the path of progress and their future development will be just as marvellous as her activities will be manifold in all the departments of life, physical and spiritual."

Thus Baha'o'llah, in the prison city of Acca, saw through His Divine eyes the America of today and its unfolding possibilities.

After a few minutes, Basheer came down and reported that the Master wanted me to go out with Him. I gathered my papers and hurried out into the garden. The Beloved was waiting. As soon as He saw me, He commenced to walk and I followed. He called at the English Hospital, which is a missionary organization. Dr. Coles is the head. He welcomed the Master at the door and conducted Him to the second floor, where He and His family have their private apartments.

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The reception rooms are decorated with valuable rugs and many curios, of which the Doctor is a collector. An old man, Archdeacon Dowling, was also introduced. Dr. Coles told the Master that while He was in Europe and America He had received many letters from strangers, inquiring about Him, knowing that He has lived in Syria for many years and He knows well what kind of answers he has written. "I know' I Know!!" the Beloved said, graciously: "You would have written naught else but the truth. During my journey in different countries of the West I have often thought of you, and on certain occasions I wished you were present. Many evil reports are put in circulation by our enemies in these parts and we have neither time or inclination to contradict them; but in the West I found the human conscience has the perfect freedom and therefore I uttered the innermost thoughts of my heart and gave free rein to the expression of my hidden ideals. The newspapers and the journals of the said countries published them and the public had at last an opportunity to examine and scrutinize these Teachings without preconceptions prejudice." Then for the benefit of the Archdeacon (who is the highest dignitary of the English Church) (in Syria after the Bishop) and of Dr. Coles, he repeated feelingly the contents of His addresses in the Jewish Synagogues of America and said how essentially necessary it is to lay aside all bias and prejudices, if one aims to help to regenerate society and to reconstruct industrial conditions. After this conversation, He went into the hospital wards and called on two Persian Patients, who were overjoyed to be honored with the presence of the Beloved. On our return, He sent me to bring Mr. and Mrs. Holbach, who were invited to dine with Him. He first received them in His own room, and gave them a beautiful talk on the immortality of the soul. He likened the spirit unto the nightingale and the body unto a cage. The nightingale ever longs to break the cage and soar toward the rose-garden. The divine bird yearns to tear asunder the bars and fly toward the open fields and green mountains where the ideal flowers grow and sweetly scent the air. For this reason the holy Divine Manifestations and their immediate followers have longed to leave this mortal world and wing their way toward the Throne of the Almighty. When this physical cage is broken the nightingale of the spirit is freed, ready to fly heavenlyward. They know the spiritual harmony of that radiant world; they have listened to the ethereal symphonies of that Immortal Congregation they have often bridged the gulf of deadly materialism with many golden links of invisible ideals; they have at times culled the roses of affection, the snow-drops of sympathies and the fragrant violets of service. On the other hand, there are an increasing number of nightingales who are blinded through their own selfishness and egotism. They are out of touch with the beauties and Bounties of the other world. They cannot conceive of a higher and loftier realm. Therefore they are satisfied with the limited space of the cage. Blind are they; they cannot see. Deaf are they; they cannot hear. Ignorant are they; they cannot understand. When one of the nightingales is freed from the cage it communicates in a spiritual language with those which are yet in the ~~cell~~ of prison. It tries to impress upon their minds that the vast immensity of God's glorious world lies very near unto them if they just will drop the scales off their eyes. But the birds which die in the prison cage while they are blind and deaf cannot soar toward the sacred worlds of God. They just crawl on the surface of the earth. Their freedom from such a condition and their flight toward the blue ether depends upon the mercy and compassion of the True One.

In the above words I have not quoted exactly the talk of the Beloved, but I have given you what I could retain in my memory. Another interesting question which was touched upon was the belief in the Guardian Angels, or as the Master said the "Divine Powers." Without the protection of these divine powers humanity cannot exist for one moment.

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They ward off all dangers and guard man from the threatening evils. Man is like unto an innocent lamb and all these dangers and perils are like unto the ferocious wolves. "Imagine a little lamb surrounded by a hundred thousand wolves, threatening to tear it to pieces at every moment. Were it not for the eternal vigilance of the Divine Powers, man could not live for one second.")

After an hour, dinner was served in the dining room. Our American sisters, with Mr. and Mrs. Holbach, were the guests. For the first time after many months I was privileged again to sit at the same table with the Beloved of the hearts. The dishes were a la Persan and most appetizing. The conversation touched many topics, such as the Birth of Christ, the Calvary, the Christmas, and how the Sepulchre was discovered by St. Helens. The notes were taken down by our dear sister, Mrs. Hoagg and no doubt in time she will share them with the believers. After dinner we retired and the Beloved went to His own room to take a rest.

In the evening the pilgrims had a meeting and the Master called them up to the reception room. His talk was a historical account of how the Tomb of the Bab was built on Mount Carmel and how on every step He had to neutralize the effects of the false reports of the enemies forwarded to Constantinople. It was long and most interesting and an authoritative document for the future generation descended from the lips of the Center of the Covenant.

Ahmad Sohrab.

Carmel!

Bahai Pilgrims' Home, Mount Carmel, Haifa, Syria,

January 2, 1914.

Dear Friends:-

Probably three or four years before His Departure, the Blessed Perfection brightened Mount Carmel with His Holy Presence. While living here, He revealed a wonderful Tablet for Mount Carmel, a precious copy of which I have found to-day amongst the Holy Writings belonging to Aga Mohammed Hassan. It is singularly authoritative and commanding document, the translation of which I would like to share with you:-

"In the Name of Him through Whom the Fragrances of the Merciful are diffused in the world of Creation! Glorious is the Blessed Day, the similitude of which cannot be found in past ages and cycles. Glorious in this Day, in which the Countenance of the Ancient Beauty hath turned toward His Station. Consequently all the people of the Supreme Concourse and from behind them the hearts of all things declared: "O Carmel! Rejoice for the Face of God hath advanced toward thee. Verily He is the Possessor of the Kingdom of Names and the Breaker of Heavens! Then the exhilaration of gladness overtook Carmel and it cried out in a lofty voice: "May my soul be a sacrifice for Thy Advancement, a sacrifice to Thy Bestowal and a ransom to Thy attention. Verily Thy separation hath killed me, O Thou Dawning-Place of Life and Thy remoteness hath burned me. Glorification belongs to Thee for Thou hast heard the Call, hast honored me with Thy Feet, hast resuscitated me with the Fragrance of Thy Verses and the Voice of Thy Pen, which Thou hast made a Trumpet-Call amongst thy servants. Then when Thy Incontestable Cause was revealed Thou didst breathe in it; hence the Most Great Resurrection appeared and the hidden Mysteries which were secreted in the Treasures of the Possessor of Things were disclosed." When its voice reached to this supreme Station, We declared: 'O Carmel! Praise thou Thy Lord, for verily thou wert burning with the fire of separation; hence the sea of Union waved before thy face, wherewith thy eyes and the eyes of creation were brightened and the lips of the visible and the invisible world were wreathed with smiles. Blessed art thou, for on this day God hath made thee the Throne of His Temple the Dawning Place of His Verses and the Orient of His Proofs. Blessed is the servant who circumambulates around thee, mentions thy appearance and manifestation and obtains that which the Bounty of God thy Lord, hath bestowed upon thee. Hold thou in thy hand the goblet of Immortality in the Name of Thy Lord, El Abha and offer to Him thanksgiving for He hath changed Thy sorrow into a joy and thy grief into most great gladness. This is no other but a Mercy on His part. Verily He loves the spot wherein His Throne is established, distinguished by His Presence, honored by His Meeting and from which place His voice is raised and His Lamentations heard. O Carmel! Give the Glad-Tidings to Zion and say:- "Verily the Hidden hath come with such Dominion as to conquer the world and with such Light as to illumine the earth and all that which is therein. Beware! Lest thou remain stationary in thy place. Hasten, again hasten! and circumambulate the City of God, which hath descended from Heaven, the Tabernacle of God which was the object of worship and adoration by the people of righteousness and uprightness and Angels of the Most High! Verily, I love to impart the Glad-Tidings of this Manifestation to every city of the cities of the world and every country of its countries--such a glad-tiding through which the heart of the Mountain of Toor was attracted and the Tree cried out; The world and the Kingdom belongeth to God, the King of Lords." Verily this is the Day concerning which prophecies were given to land and sea and predictions

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were revealed in former times as regards the appearance of the Bestowals of God which were concealed and hidden from the minds and the eyes. Ere long the ships of God shall advance toward thee and the people of Baha who are mentioned in the Book of Names shall appear in thy midst. Glorified is the Lord of mankind. Him through whose mention the atoms are attracted toward each other. Verily, the Tongue of Majesty spoke about that which was hidden in His Knowledge and concealed in the Treasury of His Power. Verily, He is the Mighty and Omnipotent over all that which is upon the earth and in the heavens--through His Name, the Powerful, the Exalted and the Almighty!"

I am told that this Tablet was revealed under the pine trees which are near the Tomb of the Bab and where the Tent of the Blessed Perfection was pitched. In the morning the Beloved sent for a number of pilgrims. They were with Him for some time and again He exhorted them to go forth and teach the Cause and awaken the dead souls. He told them a few of the anecdotes of His Western Trip and impressed upon their minds that the only tree that shall yield fruit is the tree of the promotion of the Word of God. In the afternoon Aga Hossein Haji (Ahmad Yazdi's brother) gave a tea in the large reception room of the Tomb of the Bab. All the Believers were invited. Foroughi gave a talk on the importance of the nineteenth day Feast, chanted the poems of Baha'o'llah and toward the end read the above Tablet for Carmel.

Descending from the mountain, Mirza Jalal gave me several bundles of newspapers and magazines, which will be enjoyed by every one. The Master is feeling well and the time for the departure of all the pilgrims is drawing nigh. They send their wonderful Abha greeting to all of you.

Ahmad Sohrab.

Bahai Pilgrims' Home, Mount Carmel,
Haifa, Syria, January 5, 1914.

Dear Friends:

I am sorry if at any time you have felt that I have been "preaching" to you; because this is the worst characteristic that I can ever conceive in any person. A thing that I dislike most thoroughly is to "preach" to people. I don't know how even if I wanted to. The bent of my character is practical, and those who have associated with me in America know this. Now, if at times you come across any passage in these letters that savours of preaching, I have been utterly unconscious of it; indeed, such passages are deeds translated into words. I have not learned the English language in the easy lessons of the school room, but out in the open I have hammered it out for myself. I have not learned the art of "preaching", but I have learned enough to faintly express my ideas and feelings.

by the Beloved

Having been removed from that active life which was my element, I try to invest my writings with that spirit of activity which is natural to me. When I write on Love, on Unity, on Peace, on the promotion of the Principles of the Kingdom of Abh^a, I am far from preaching. I am uttering my own inmost convictions. Everyone knows full well that we have no "preacher" in the Bahai Cause. We all follow the example of ABDUL BAHA. We only try by words and deeds to encourage each other, to emulate Him and characterize ourselves with His heavenly attributes. He is the Sun, we must at least reflect a few rays. He is the Garden from which we must cull a nosegay of roses. He is the Tree from which we must pluck some fruits. He is the Ocean, we must drink a few drops. He is the inspiring Teacher from whom we must learn a few lessons. He is the heavenly Banquet at which we must eat a few mouthfuls. He is the Ark of Salvation; we must gain an entrance into it. He is the Center of Spirituality; we must come within the shelter of His Protection. These are a few things that we must DO before we can call ourselves Bahais. Now this is not "preaching"; it is only reminding. God has placed in our hearts certain inherent powers which must be evolved and spring forth into life and activity; otherwise we will not only bring disgrace upon ourselves but discredit to the Cause.

The Bahai Movement is radiant spirituality, youthful hope, brotherhood, fellowship, the Love of God, and an eternal spring of faith and steadfastness. We MUST embody these Principles in ourselves, so that like unto luminous stars they may begem the horizon of our minds and spirits. Then, and not until then, will we become enabled to attract the people to this Cause. Daily we must remind ourselves of these Teachings; upraise the Flag of Divine Revelation; and unite our voices and efforts in the common purpose of the spiritualization of mankind. This is the wish of ABDUL BAHA! This

is the longing of all the sanctified souls, this is the aim of all the Bahais. May we become the vehicles for the realization of these Godlike ideals.

When I descended the mountain this morning I found Mr. and Mrs. Holbach in the house of the Beloved. The latter had written an article for the "Nineteenth Century", and desired to read at least portions of it to the Master. Consequently, after a few moments He called us into His room. He was most pleased with those parts translated to Him, and praised her for the accuracy and faithful work.

"Glory not in this, that a man loves his country; but rather glory in this, that he loves his kind!" was one of the passages that elicited His praise.

When Mr. and Mrs. Holbach left the room the Beloved delivered into my hand a big package containing petitions from America, received last night from Port Said.

"Now go and read over these letters and tell me afterwards what news they contain," He said as He laid His right hand on my face. With a few more words of love and affection on His part I came out of the room, full of happiness and rejoicing. The rest of the morning He was engaged in receiving the various people. Turks and Arabs, Europeans and Asiatics, relieving their wants, alleviating their burdens and cheering their hearts.

In the afternoon all the pilgrims were glad when they heard He was coming up to the Tomb. Many of them walked toward the public road, and after awhile the carriage of the Beloved was seen from afar. When He observed all these believers gathered there He alighted and walked with them toward the Pilgrims' Home. On the way He commented on the charming scenery and the unsurpassed beauty of land and sea. The mountain is already assuming its spring verdure, many kinds of wild flowers carpet the ground. Out of crevasses in the bare rocks you may see anemones springing up. The weather is balmy and springlike, surely a great contrast with the bleak and cold weather of New York and Chicago. We have rain, of course, during the winter season, but this rain helps the growth of the luxuriant vegetation.

The Master felt well and happy as He waved His hands toward the calm blue sea and the stately Mount Carmel, and said:

"Yes, praise be to God that the friends have a most delectable place for their habitation."

Then He entered the Home, took a seat in the reception room near the window, and called all the believers to come in and sit down.

There is an old man amongst the pilgrims by name of Mirza Hossein. He is the brother of the martyred Vargha, whose son, Mirza Valiollah Khan, was in America with the Beloved. He is a very fine, noble Bahai, with a long gray beard, always happy and gentle. During the days of the BLESSED PERFECTION his father, with the two sons, Vargha and Mirza Hossein, came to Acca. The father passed away and was buried outside of Acca, and the two wonderful sons were left behind to serve the Cause; one to give up his life with his little son, Rouholla, in the Path of God; another to live into a ripe old age. Now you will understand better what the Master addressed him when He entered:

"It is said: 'The benediction of God be upon that face which is wrinkled in the true religion.' Now, praise be to God! His honor Mirza Hossein has become old in the Religion of God. Years ago when he arrived in Acca with his brother Vargha he was young, but now his hairs are grown white. What a glorious station is destined for man if he remains firm in the Cause to the end of his days!*

Then He spoke generally:

"A fair and impartial observer perceives the signs of the Power and Intelligence of God in all the atoms of existence. Before leaving Haifa I felt very ill, but as soon as I embarked on the sea of the service of the Cause of God I

felt better. All of a sudden my health was restored to me, simply through the confirmations of the BLESSED PERFECTION. That was why I took my first journey to Europe. Then God assisted me to spread the Glad Tidings in those regions. Returning to Alexandria I stayed in Egypt for the winter and then started on the long voyage for America. We spent fifteen days on the sea, and after we reached New York many meetings and conferences were held by night and day.

Although I often did not feel well, yet when I entered a large meeting or a church I was entirely transformed and spoke without hesitation for a long time.*

Then He recounted briefly the visits He paid to the various cities in America, and His return to London, Edinburgh, Paris and Germany. Here His face became wonderfully animated:

"Then I reached Stuttgart. There I found wonderful Bahais. They were the embodiment of love and faith. They brought me health and joy. In many respects the German believers are unique and peerless. They are faithful, strong and firm. I loved them very much. Their attraction and the fire of their love are an example, and their genuine spirit of hospitality and kindness is worthy of imitation. They are the brilliant stars in the heaven of Baha. Whenever I think of them a wave of joy sweeps over me."

Then He passed on to speak of Budapest, and dwell on His significant visit to that city and His return to Paris and Egypt. Altogether, it was a most pleasant talk, and enjoyed by all the pilgrims. I could not keep up with the flow of His divine language, but throughout His speech He had always a word of commendation for this or that Bahai. As there are more than 20 Jewish Bahai pilgrims, several of them asked questions about the Bible, to all of which the Beloved gave satisfying answers.

Then tea was served, and we followed Him to the Holy Tomb of the BAB, where the Visitation Tablet was read by Himself. Coming out of the building He divided the contents of a large tray of oranges amongst the pilgrims. He stayed amongst us for more than two hours, shedding sunshine and happiness in the secret and inaccessible chambers of every heart.

We had a wonderful night of reciting poems and Tablets. Many pilgrims composed poems and they read them with much spirit and enthusiasm. We spent the time thus till far after midnight, indeed a radiant company, each expressing nothing but love, union and concord, and an insatiable desire to spread the Cause upon their return to their respective homes.

Ahmad Sohrab.

FROM MIRZA AHMAD SOHRAB

Bahai Pilgrims' Home, Mount Carmel,
Haifa, Syria, January 4, 1914.

Dear Friends:-

"He can who thinks he can," is an old saying, but in the light of the Bahai revelation and its concentrative energy we may look at it from a new standpoint. Real spirituality bespeaks generative force and creative power. This force and power must of necessity be directed toward those problems which would be conducive to the well-being and prosperity of the world of humanity, and not expended over those objects which are either limited in their scope or neutral in their effect. As the spirit is the guiding force of life, it impresses upon the indelible register of character the marks of those principles and emotions for which we stand before the eyes of the world, and through these outward manifestations our inner life is constantly expanded and propelled. The blind, uncontrolled impulse must be transformed into conscious, self-controlled will. Through prayer and illumination from thought we must create an environment of self-reliance and constructive ability, and demonstrate to the world the celestial laws of this movement as exemplified in the Bahai life. The moral and spiritual standard of a Bahai, both private and public, must be irreproachable in its purity, universal in its outlook, divine in its aspect, and holy in its relation. They are reinforced by the cohorts of the supreme course, and inspired with the invisible angels of the kingdom. Like unto the stars they scintillate in the horizon of guidance, and similar unto the white waves of the ocean they battle for victory. They hunger for the bread of life, and are athirst for the water of reality. They see the face of their Father in every face, and they are kind and charitable toward all mankind. Doing good does not weary them, and disseminating the seeds of happiness is their object. The breeze of love and kindness wafts from their gardens, and the fragrances of the rose of the Holy Spirit perfumes the nostrils.

This morning the Beloved came out of the home with a happy face. Mirza Jalal accompanied him to a carriage and rode with him. He was out for many hours, calling on several important personages, and when he returned it was afternoon. Through Mirza Jalal I was told that up on the mountain a single room, which stands all alone, will be prepared for me. Thus I will have in a literal sense a small, lovely "nest" on the holy mountain, there to work and write without any outside disturbance. The room is to be built between the Pilgrims' Home and the tomb of the Bab. Oh, how I long to be alone for a time. How restful it will be to have one's own nest on the mountain of God. I am already filled with an intoxicating joy. I am thinking to give a name to my nest. I have been so much amongst the people, and have associated day and night with these wonderful Bahais of all nationalities. Now I long to retire into myself for a time, and commune with the sweet spirit of silence.

In the afternoon, Mr. and Mrs. Holbach came up the mountain and walked around the place and enjoyed the spiritual panorama stretching before their eyes. They viewed the various sights for

future photographic activities. They are most sincere and devoted to the Cause.

Abul Gasem, the gardener of Rizwan, came from Acca, bringing with him dates and oranges. "I have come to look at the never-fading rose of my heart. I could bear the separation no longer," he said. In the course of conversation the following story was told by him. "During the life of Baha'o'llah there lived in Acca an honorable gentleman from Europe. He had heard much about the praise of the Rizwan, and expressed the wish of seeing the place. Permission being granted, he came there one day with his family. I prepared tea for them and showed them the utmost hospitality. When they were going to leave in the evening, the gentleman left on the table a purse containing twelve pounds. Realizing what he had done, I ran back to him and forced the money into his hands. He urged me to accept it, but I persisted in my refusal. Seeing how useless was his insistence, he took it back, alighted from his carriage, took off his hat and shook my hands. However, he went straight to the Blessed Perfection and said: 'I wished to give a small present to your gardener, but he would not accept it; it seemed it was too little for him.' When next I went to see him, the Blessed Perfection addressed me: 'Abdul Gasem, I have heard that thou didst not accept the present offered to thee by the European gentleman. Why didst thou not accept it?' 'I? Never will I accept anything from any one while I am serving the lord of mankind.' 'Wilt thou accept something from me?' 'Yes, with the greatest honor.' Then he showed me a small purse, made of Cashmere shawl, and raising it up he said: 'This contains only one pound; but it is from me. Thou canst not realize how happy thou hast made me because thou didst manifest the wealth of the spirit. Those who are in my service must be independent of all else save me.'"

With the story of a miser I will conclude this letter. There was a wealthy merchant who was very avaricious and stingy. He had filled a bottle with cheese, and every day at noon he came home with his son, and instead of eating the bread with the cheese he would rub the bread against the bottle and eat it. One day he left the store and did not return for the lunch hour. His son waited for half an hour, and yet he did not come. Feeling very hungry, he closed the store and went toward the house. On the way he remembered that the key was with the father. He bought a loaf of bread, and reaching their home he rubbed it against the lock while looking through the keyhole at the bottle of cheese. "Where were you?" his father asked him on his return. "I went home for lunch." "How did you eat?" "Finding that the door was shut, I rubbed my bread against the lock and ate it." "Thou art indeed spoiled and accustomed to luxury," cried out the infuriated father. "Couldst thou not eat, one day, thy bread with nothing on it?" The son was humbled.

Bahai Pilgrims' Home, Mount Carmel,
Haifa, Syria, January 6, 1914.

Dear Friends:

Two more American pilgrims, Miss Hiscock from Ramleh, Mrs. Sprague from New York; and four Persian pilgrims from Benab, a town near Tabriz, arrived today. I have not yet seen the former, and the latter have already added new color to the already picturesque gathering in the Pilgrims' Home. Just at this time these four Mohammedan Bahais arrived, four Jewish Bahais who have been here for nearly forty days were ready to depart for their home. They were from Hamadan.

These newly arrived Bahais are tall and sturdy looking fellows, full of love for the Master. They come from Northern Persia, and speak the Turkish language. They have the clearest, intensest faith in the Cause, and are ready to sacrifice their lives at any moment. Their words and actions are synonymous.

In the morning the Master paid a long visit to the English Consul, whom I have been told is an active, energetic man. Then He called on other people equally important in the social and economic life of Haifa. On His return He went to His own Khalvat-Khaneh, where no one sees Him, and there He rested for more than three hours. These days no Tablets are revealed either for the East or the West. For America, so far as I know, only two Tablets have been dictated since our arrival in Haifa. His time is occupied with visits and calls, and attending to various occupations which have been neglected for the last three years. All the afternoon He received a long stream of callers, rich and poor, old and young, Arabs and Turks, Christians and Mohammedans, without any distinction of race, color or religion. He poured His love upon all. They were all bathed in the ocean of His mercy, and melted by the touch of His kindness; all sheltered under the tree of His compassion and protected in the cave of His safety.

In the evening the outside reception room of the Master's home was filled to overflowing with good and hopeful pilgrims. Foroughi was reciting from memory the wonderful Tablets of the BLESSED PERFECTION, which moved and animated the hearts. About 8 o'clock He called the four Jewish pilgrims into His Presence so that He might give them His last instructions:

*Praise be to God! That you have come and blessed your foreheads at the Court of Sanctification. You obtained the inestimable privilege of access to worship many times at the Holy Tomb of BAHÁ'U'LLAH and the BAB. You have acquired fragrance and spirituality and become enkindled and set aglow with the Fire of the Love of God. Likewise, in many meetings I associated with you and spoke to you concerning the facts of the spiritual life.

I hope that these meetings and this association will bring forth great results in the future; that it may be like the blowing of the fresh breeze over the trees, or the downpour of the vernal showers over the plains.

May each one of you strive valiantly to serve mankind! May you ever be assisted by the Heavenly Confirmations! May your faces be ever turned toward the Kingdom of Abha! Through all the cities that you shall pass, convey to all the friends my wonderful Abha Greeting, and announce to them:

Firstly: That His Holiness the Supreme (BAB) was the Morning Star heralding the daybreak. He was the Herald proclaiming the approaching arrival of the King of Kings; the Messenger bringing the Glad News of the appearance of the Kingdom.

BAHA'O'LLAH was the Sun of Reality, the Lord of Lords, and the Manifestation of God.

I am ABDUL BAHA, without any interpretation or implied meaning.

This is my supreme desire! This is my greatest aspiration! After the BLESSED PERFECTION, for the period of one thousand years no one shall put forth any claim. I am ABDUL BAHA. The believers must be satisfied with this. I will be grateful to them and most thankful if they do not deviate one jot from this path. I am ABDUL BAHA. Recognize me through this title. This title will be the center of harmony.

Secondly: The friends of God must associate with each other with the utmost concord and unity. Day and night they must endeavor to increase love and peace in all their relations. The more they love each other the more I shall love them. Praise be to God! that all the means of love and kindness are already established. The greater their affection toward each other the nearer they will be unto the Almighty.

Thirdly: The believers of the Merciful must devote as much of their time as possible to the promulgation of the Cause, the awakening of the souls, the scattering of the seeds of the flowers of wisdom and knowledge, and the promotion of the Word of God. Only through this will they be assisted and reinforced to uphold the Banner of the Cause of God.

Fourthly: The beloved ones must think less and less of themselves and more of others. They must never think of themselves as being superior. Consciously they must forget self and annihilate their ego in the sea of God's Mercy. - - -

I hope to hear good news from you, and that you will become the cause of the happiness of the hearts of all the people, and conducive to the amelioration of the conditions of humanity. - - - - - "

When they came down to bid farewell, with the rest of the pilgrims, there was a strange and most touching scene. Many of them were weeping, and their loud lamentations could be heard outside the room. What love they show and manifest toward each other. I walked up later on toward the Pilgrims' Home, with my mind full of these thoughts, and when I entered the Home I heard the song of "O! Abdul Bahá! Thou art the Unifier of the world!" Indeed He has brought together the ends of the earth of Mount Carmel!

Ahmad Sohrab.

Bahai Pilgrims' Home, Mount Carmel,
Haifa, Syria, January 7, 1914.

Dear Friends:

"Let the fool prate for luck. The fortunate
Is he whose earnest purpose never swerves,
Whose slightest action or inaction serves
The One Great Aim."

There are many stumbling blocks in our path, but they will be removed through steadfastness. There are dizzy and unscalable heights in our way, but they will be leveled to the ground through firmness. We must stand by the Cause, adhere to its Principles, cling to its Teachings, stick to its Laws, hold fast to its Anchor, and then we shall weather the worst storm. Out of our strict adherence there shall appear the purest white light of Assurance. From our fidelity there will spring up dauntless courage, spiritual discernment, clear vision, inspirational motive and self reliance. Through concentration and application we shall gain the catholicity of thought, the sublimity of ideal, force of character and strength of will.

Each one of us must contribute something to show the earnestness of our purpose, and thus further the One Great Aim, which is no other than the Oneness of the world of humanity. Our object must be the intellectual and spiritual illumination of the race; the realization of International Peace; the development of genuine amity and friendship between different religions; the radical effacement of all prejudices; and complete co-operation and mutual assistance amongst all people. We must work to raise the wreck of humanity, nothing must dishearten us. We are too weak to do all these things, but we must do our share and not fall behind. Just as we are thinking of these subjects and are doing our best toward their realization, there are people all over the world who are doing exactly the same thing. They do not let anything discourage them, but they forge ahead without looking to the right or to the left. The greatest and most imperative duty of all the Bahais in these latter days of the life of ABDUL BAHA is the proclamation of the Glad Tidings of the Kingdom of Abha, and the attraction of the hearts with the Breaths of the Holy Spirit.

The Oriental believers know neither rest nor sleep; they know their duty, they feel its responsibility, and they go forth to spread the Fire throughout all the East. Every day new souls enter the Cause of God, and they gird up the loins of endeavor to bring others. The spreading of the Movement is a mirror in which we behold our own spiritual growth. Hast thou been able to convince another of the validity of thy religion, is the final test put to every Bahai. Every person we teach is an argument in our favor, an incontestible answer to the above question. Then we will go through our examination with perfect confidence.

In the morning while I was busy reading an article in an American newspaper concerning the society organized in Cleveland to 'make happiness epidemic', the Beloved came out of His room and walked in the garden a few minutes. I went out of the room and joined Him. When I told Him of the organization of such a society in America He laughed heartily and said:

"It is very good, the world needs more happiness and illumination. The star of happiness is in every heart; we must remove the clouds so that it may twinkle radiantly. Happiness is an internal condition. When it is once established man will ascend to the supreme height of bliss. A truly happy man will not be subject to the shifting eventualities of time. Like unto an eternal king he will sit upon the throne of fixed realities! He will be impervious to outward, changing circumstances, and through his deeds and actions impart happiness to others. A Bahai must be happy, for the Blessings of God are bestowed upon him."

Then He gave a few apple pips to Ismael Aga to plant. He had kept them from a large apple brought from America. Afterward He received our newly arrived pilgrims from Persia, inquired about conditions among the friends of each city, mentioning many believers by name. They had, of course, excellent reports to present to Him of a deepening sense of religious experiences on the part of the people, and the spiritual fruitfulness of the Tree of the Cause:

"Those regions", He told them, "are stirred to their depths; the cruder and outer symbols and dogmas of religion are wearing off, and the finer and inner realities are coming to the front. Undismayed by ecclesiastical authorities the people are investigating the revealed spiritual truths, and letting the light of celestial consciousness shine in unearthly brightness.

The Bahais are kind to all the communities and loving to all the religions of the world. The BLESSED PERFECTION has freed us from the fetters of narrowness and bigotry."

In the evening Haji Ali, a clever conversationalist, Then the Master went out to call upon the French Consul. When He returned He called Mirza Anayetollah's store and bought a few Persian Abas to give away as presents to a few persons whom He called "although rich, yet they are poor." There was also a meeting of the women in the house, attended by the American ladies, but men are not allowed to show themselves at such meetings.

In the evening Haji Ali, a clever conversationalist, kept us interested while relating in the most natural manner many stories about BAHÁ'Ó'LLÁH - short, beautiful, illusive and instructive. Now he told us about the four months imprisonment of the BLESSED PERFECTION, with its concomitant hardships in Teheran; again about the incarceration in the Barrack of Acca, the sacrifice of the Purest Branch. Then, how for many nights chains were put around the feet of the Beloved; how BAHÁ'Ó'LLÁH traveled to Karbala; how He gave definite prophecies concerning the future culture and progress of Acca and Maifa; how He assured the Baháís that they will never be drowned, and a host of other charming personal stories.

The last, and not the least, he told us the story of a Baháí who was for many days bastinadoed three times a day in the heart of the winter. First the soles of his feet, then the palms of his hands, then of his head and body. Afterward, while blood flowed from the pores of his body, he was thrown in a reservoir of frozen water and they let him flounder there while they were beating him with whips. When he was taken out he danced and recited poems, and cried in a loud, happy voice: "You are not harming me at all. See! I am laughing. I am happy! You cannot hurt my spirit, I live above these tortures, they do not touch me, do with my body whatever you will!"

Ahmad Sohrab.

Bahai Pilgrims' Home, Mount Carmel,
Haifa, Syria, January 8, 1914.

Dear Friends:

The work of improvement on my little "Bahai Nest" is going on. In three or four days it will be ready, and I shall move gladly into my new home. It will be all my earthly possession as long as I live in Haifa; a lonely watch tower perched on Mount Carmel, and from which vantage ground I shall observe the rise and fall of the sea, and every morn behold the sunrise. In this little Bahai Nest I shall live and try to sing as perfectly as I know how these divine lays and spiritual songs composed by the Heavenly Artist.

Together we shall stroll along the cool and shady avenues of the Garden of Abha; we shall strain our ears to hear the melodious warblings of the thankful nightingales; in the early dawns we shall watch the rain drops glistening on the leaves; we shall see the white angels coming down from heaven to fill the hearts with fresh inspiration; silently we shall commune with the Great Source of All Good; we shall gather armfuls of roses and anemones from beside the crystalline stream; yes, yes, together with a heroic purpose we shall sing songs of life and light, and fill the space between with tender memories, with sweet laughter, and charming plays of imagination. How wondrously our hearts shall respond to the longing call of the beautiful and sublime in nature. Every day a new meaning of life shall be revealed unto us, a new, mystic invisible vista will be opened before us.

The sea of our lives shall roll on and on and on, and we shall dive deeper and deeper, bringing up new pearls of inestimable beauty. We shall let the antechambers of our souls open to the outpourings of the Holy Spirit; we shall sharpen our visions, broaden our outlook, and step by step rise to the summit of the mountain of God's Favors and Bounties. Not for one moment shall we remain idle, but send our thoughts of undying love and kindness into the cold and frozen hearts of men. Our spirits shall become refined and sensitized to the unspoken message of brotherhood. Ours will be the holy privilege to work and labor for universal fellowship. We shall gird the globe with the golden fetters of spiritual unity, we shall not be satisfied with anything short of the highest and worthiest. Ours is not a mean and beggarly ambition. We have hitched our wagons to the stars, and have the abiding faith that we shall reach there and pass beyond and above. The weaklings and timid persons fall behind in the marching of the splendid phalanx of the Kingdom. Their strength will become exhausted. Only those who have heard the universal anthem of the 20th. century, and are fired with the concentrated idea of triumph shall inhale the fresh blossoms of the mystery of love which have grown in the rose garden of renunciation.

I go down the mountain almost every day, and when this morning I stood in the sacred Presence of the Beloved He was praying. It was just for a moment, but very holy and beautiful. All the morning it rained, but when the thick clouds lifted the Master went out and called on the Persian Consul. I also took a walk with the old Haji Ali and he showed me the house in which the BLESSED PERFECTION lived for several months; also related the details of the day He visited the Monastery on Mount Carmel. Haji Ali was amongst those who accompanied Him. He stayed there all day, walked through the various rooms, was interested in the large library, ate His lunch there, divided money amongst the monks, bought for the company a sort of yellow lemonade, and they left in the evening. All the monks were polite and courteous, but did not realize that the Promised King of Kings was with them. They had eyes, but they could not see the Lord of Hosts.

We then called at the office of Mirza Jalal, and found a letter from Mrs. Getsinger, giving some accounts of her stay in Bombay, and her probable voyage to Karachi to attend and deliver a lecture at a Congress just in session. On our return we roamed around the garden of the Beloved, admiring the roses, anemones and many other flowers in full bloom. Nightfall brought together all the pilgrims and resident Bahais, and when they were all gathered Mirza Jalal brought the happy news that the Master was ready to receive them. They all filed to the upper floor, and when they had taken their seats the Beloved came in. They arose to pay homage, and He greeted them with radiant smiles on His sweet face.

After asking their pardon for not seeing them as often as He could wish, He continued:

*Praise be to God! that the believers of the Merciful are living on the slope of Mount Carmel in the Pilgrims' Home. Every morning they face the Tomb of BABA'O'LLAH, and the Tomb of the BAB is in close proximity. This is indeed a rare privilege, for which all of you must be thankful. It is light upon light both day and night, joy succeeding joy, spiritual and celestial. You must be very happy, for God hath thus surrounded you with His Gifts and Blessings. You glorify the BLESSED PERFECTION because you have become the recipient of divine Bestowals.

In bygone ages many holy souls longed and prayed that they might live in the Day of the Lord, on Mount Carmel. Now, Praise be to God! that you have attained; you have circumambulated the Spot of the Supreme Concurrence, you have visited the Blessed Tomb of the Herald of the SUN of Reality. Most blessed are you because you are living in the Cycle of His Highness the Desired One!

This is the Cycle of the BLESSED PERFECTION. Each one of the Prophets had a Dispensation. Thus we have the Dispensation of Moses, the Cycle of Christ, the Epiphany of Mohammed. But this Cycle is the Cycle of the BLESSED PERFECTION. In this Cycle you have heard the Call of the Words of God! In this Cycle you have witnessed the marvels of the Majesty of the Lord! In this period ye are perfumed with the Holy Fragrances of the Garden of the Merciful! This favor is peerless and this Bounty is unparalleled!

Praise be to God! that we are - no matter what we are - related to the Holy Threshold; we are protected beneath the canopy of His Spiritual Power; we are all gathered around His Fountain of Life; we drink from His pure Goblet and are intoxicated with His Wine.*

Then He asked Foroughi to chant a supplication:

"I love the Supplications of BAHÁ'Ó'LLAH", the Master said.

When he had finished chanting, He said:

*Supplication is the cause of humility and lowliness. It purifies the hearts and attracts the souls. It is the cause of inner illumination, and conducive to conscious realization *

When we left His Presence the glorious moon was shining above our heads, and every one felt the wave of a new happiness surging through his soul.

Ahmad Sohrab.

Bahai Pilgrims' Home, Mount Carmel,
Haifa, Syria, Jan. 9, 1914.

Dear Friends:-

Except in the morning, and that for probably fifteen minutes, I have not seen the Beloved. Mirza Mahmoud, having finished the first volume of his work on the journey of the Master, took it to offer to Him for perusal. The manuscript is in His own beautiful hand-writing and it covers the period of the Beloved's arrival and departure to and from America. The next volume will be on His European tour. There will be other volumes, containing His addresses and the translation of many newspaper articles. The Master took the first bound Mss., read a few pages and praised Mirza Mahmoud for His untiring zeal and tireless devotion. Basheer brought us tea, and after a few more minutes observation we came out of the Master's Presence. It rained by fits and starts all day and the Master did not go out at all. There was a women's meeting in the House of Mirza Hadi and we saw the ladies coming out when a number of us were going up the Mountain of God. In the evening, Haji Mirza Haydar Ali related to us a long story of how He taught the Governor of Goutehau, how He converted a habitual drunkard, an opium and hasheesh smoker into a most spiritual man who became a great teacher, how in a lively controversy He defeated all the Ulemas and how they left the meeting sullen, brooding, vengeful, and how in the morning thousands of infuriated fanatics attacked his house, took him by force and carried him on their shoulders, the while jeering and beating him and spitting on his face-- "Atriumphal march," he said laughingly. --before the Chief Ulema. He further related how he was thrown into a narrow dark sheep-fold, and of his marvellous deliverance and his expulsion from the town. He kept us interested till the very last word. Really these are the most marvellous stories, how these men, like unto the Disciples of Christ, continued travelling and teaching and did not let any persecution damp their courage and determination. We may have examples of the lives of self-sacrifice and unflagging allegiance to the Cause in other directions, but the supremely dramatic and at times tragic, lives of these spiritual heroes will remain unique and incomparable.

Out of the inestimable treasures of the Bahai literature, I have found a Divine Tablet from the Blessed Pen of Abdu'l Baha, the contents of which I desire to share with you:-

H E I S G O D!

"O God! O God! Thou dost behold me, how my forehead is laid upon the dust of humility and submission and how my face is covered in the ground of the Threshold of Thy Singleness! O Thou my Lord, the Unconstrained. Thou seest me lowly and contrite, supplicating, entreating and imploring, toward the Kingdom of Thy Light by day and by night, that Thou encirclest us with the Eye of Thy Providences and the Glances of the Outlook of Thy Mercifulness.

"O Lord! Forgive our sins, pardon our shortcomings and deal with us through Thy Grace and Generosity under all circumstances, O our Lord! We are sinners, but Thou art the Merciful Forgiver. We are Transgressors, but Thou art the Clement Pardoner. Absolve our iniquities, remove our sorrows, destine for us through Thy Bestowal severance from the world, occupation with Thy Mentioning, enkindlement with the Fire of Thy Love, perpetual contemplation of Thy Signs.

Jan. 9, 1914.

The Knowledge of Thy Words, meditation over Thy Verses and the attraction of Thy Lights.

"O Lord! O Lord! These are Thy servants; they have turned their faces toward Thy Countenance and They have resolved their joy and happiness in Thy Favor and Bounty. Strengthen their backs in Thy obedience. Reinforce their lives in Thy adoration. Perfume their hearts with the Fragrances of Thy Holiness. Ordain for them presence in the paradise of Thy meeting. Suffer them to become such servants as peruse the verses of Unity in the Assemblages held in Thy Name; that attract the rays of singleness from the lamp of Thy Bestowal; as those drawn toward Thy Beauty, humble before Thy Glory who have abandoned aught else save Thee and are relying upon Thy Protection and Preservation; as those rendered meek by the sway of Thy Word, made submissive before Thy beloved ones; as those diffusing Thy Fragrances, disclosing Thy Mysteries, informing people with Thy Teachings and suffering mankind to become rejoiced through Thy Glad-Doings. Verily, Thou art powerful over that which Thou willest and Thou feedest whomsoever Thou desirest with Thy Hand. The world and the Kingdom belongeth to Thee and Thou art the Mighty, the Omnipotent and the Beloved.

"O ye believers of God! O ye dear friends of Abdul-Baha The Goblet of the Covenant is overflowing and the outpouring of the Bestowal of the Luminary of Effulgence is manifest and apparent in the regions from behind the invisible World, like unto the radiant Moon. The twilight of the Moon of Guidance is scattered and the Grace of the Orb of the Beauty of Abha is continuous and renewed. The fame of the grandeur of the Most Great Name hath reached the East and the West and the Call of the Cause of the Blessed Perfection hath encircled the North and the South. The Fragrances of sanctity are being wafted and the Breeze of Life is passing by. The Word of God is upheld in the Everlasting Glory is revealed. The Lamp of Divine Unity is ignited and the Flame of Clemency is glowing. From every direction the Call of 'Ya Baha El Abha! is raised and in the Orient and in the Occident the Teachings of God has struck wonder to the heart of every thinker. Pamphlets and periodicals are being published and circulated in America, Europe and Africa. A section of the Press is awakening the interest of the nations by exclaiming. "This Movement is stupendous and of paramount importance." Some people express wonder and astonishment; others complain bitterly on account of their intense prejudices. One of the nations say: "After the departure of His Holiness Christ only a limited number of people were His Disciples; notwithstanding this His fame became world-conquering and His song reached the sphere of ether." But, the Blessed Perfection--may my life be a ransom to His believers. -- on the eve of His ascension hundreds and thousands were associating together under the shade of the Flag of His Majesty. From this illustration you can draw the conclusion that a mighty resurrection will be witnessed in the not-far-distant future. One of the greatest Apostles of His Holiness the Spirit was the Great Peter; but, notwithstanding this, before Christ's Crucifixion He became agitated and was harassed with fear; while thousands of souls, singing, dancing and clapping their hands, have given up their lives and hastened toward the City of Martyrdom, for the sake and in the Path of the Most Great Name. ~~My~~ May my identity be a sacrifice to His Friends.

"In short, the affairs of the Cause revolve around just such a center of self-abnegation. Now it is self-evident that the believers of God must clothe themselves in these days with the attributes of self-sacrifice; consecrate their time to the teaching of the heedless ones; diffuse the sweet aroma of the Teachings; re-ignite the white

flame and make apparent the splendor of the Merciful.

"O ye friends of God.' Is it befitting that we rest for one moment after the departure of the Beauty of the Clement, or seek the organization of committees, or exhale and inhale one breath of comfort, or taste the honey of fleeting pleasure, or lay our heads on the cushions of repose, or pursue the luxury and affluence of the world of creation? No! I declare by God! This is not the condition of loyalty nor the state of faithfulness and appreciation.

"Therefore, O ye friends! With heart and soul yearn for the service of the Divine Threshold and like unto the righteous ones become ye the guardians of the Court of the Merciful. Servitude at the Holy Threshold means the spread of the Fragrances, the explanation of signs and verses, thraldom at the Hall of Unity and attachment to the Palace of Mercifulness. Consider with what severance attraction and enlightenment the apostles of His Holiness the Spirit may my life be a ransom to Him!--arose in the promulgation of the Word of God after His Crucifixion. We hope from the Bestowal of the True One that we may likewise walk in the footsteps of those pure ones and hasten unhesitatingly and rejoicingly toward the Arena of Love and Sacrifice. This is the inexhaustible outpouring. This is the Grace of His Highness the Forgiving Lord.

"In these days the progress of the Divine Principles are impeded in some parts and retarded in others, and this has become conducive to the sorrow and grief of the Supreme Concourse; because the dwellers of the Kingdom of Abha are expecting to see each one of us fulfilling the conditions of loyalty and for the sake of the love of the Most Great Name, suffer every form of persecution. A number of the merciful friends forsook their material tranquility and composure and travelled from city to city, nay rather, village to village, in order to diffuse the Fragrance of God. These souls, endowed with such pure spirits, became the objects of the commendation of the Supreme Concourse--May my life be a ransom to them--for they became confirmed with this most exalted Grace. They spent their days amidst the greatest difficulties and hardships, and employed their time in the guidance of the negligent Ones.

"O ye friends! This is not the time of rest and tranquility! This is not the season of silence and stillness. The Nightingale of the rose-garden of uprightness must display its wonderful melodies and trills. The bird of guidance must exhibit its eloquent speech. The light and the heat are the concomitant results of the lamp. The brilliancy of the stars must be everlasting. The existence of the ocean canntes the waves. The birds must soar toward the apex. The pearls are inseparable from their luster and sweet fragrance must qualify the blossoms of the rose-garden of knowledge. It is hoped that through the Favor of the Living, Self-Subsistent, we may become assisted in a befitting manner.

"O ye believers of God! Divine Teachings are conducive to eternal life, the cause of the illumination of the world of humanity, the means of Peace and conciliation, Love and Salvation, the basis of Fellowship, Uprightness and Friendship in the world of creation and the instrument of unity and accord, solidarity and inter-dependence amongst the individuals of the body politic. Consequently you must lay the foundation of this structure in this mortal world; thus you may confer upon it infinite and abundant life and become the source of the enlightenment of the world of existence. It is incumbent upon you to consort with all the nations and people of the world with the utmost love, kindness and show affection, justice, assistance, consideration and courtesy to all the different communities and sects. Become ye a remedy to every pain,

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a balsam of healing and recovery to every wound, to every weak one become ye a support and aid and succor every poor. Become ye to the fearful ones the impregnable Cave of safety and to the agitated ones a sure asylum.---- On this great Cycle it is more acceptable and beloved to close one's eyes to all the limitations. The friends may become the manifestors of the qualities of the Merciful and Clement and arise in the service of all humanity; nay, rather they must be most kind toward the animals; for verily His Mercy hath encompassed all things. ----

"O ye believers of God! This is the time of self-abnegation and renunciation and the era of servitude and loyalty. The utmost height of this servant is the station of Servitude to His Highness the Almighty. If He becomes accepted at the Threshold of Servitude how glorious will be this most Great Fift, otherwise He will be deprived of the Mercy of God. Therefore the utmost hope and aspiration of Abdul Baha is to open His wings in this space, to run toward this field, obtain infinite exhilaration from this Wine, be intoxicated with this Cup and acquire the longing of heart and spirit. Every other mention save this unchangeable, Beloved Name (Abdul Baha*) will become the cause of perfect grief and sorrow and the source of the greatest regret and illimitable remorse. I request from the friends of God that day and night they may supplicate and implore at the Divine Kingdom so that my servitude might become accepted in the Threshold of Baha'o'llah.

"O ye believers of God! If you wish the joy, happiness and the composure of the spirit and the peace of the conscience of Abdul Baha, strengthen the bonds of union and harmony amongst yourselves so that all of you may become the waves of one sea, the drops of one river, the flowers of one garden, the links of one cuirasse, soaring in one atmosphere and breaking forth into one glad song. This is the cause of my everlasting joy! This is the motive of the repose of my mind and heart in the eternal world! -----

To-day there is no greater service than union and accord amongst the believers. This is the imperative NEED! This is the happy consummation. This is the most great attainment and the manifest Bestowal for those who are sheltered beneath the shade of the Blessed Tree!

"Upon ye be greeting and praise!

(Signed) Abdul Baha Abbas.

Bahai Pilgrims' Home, Mount Carmel,
Haifa, Syria, January 10, 1914.

Dear Friends:

Now it rains, and again the thick clouds disappear from the horizon, and the sun shines in its wonted glory only for a few minutes. The winds have wrought havoc and the sea is rough. The semi-circular strand is one white coral band of moving waves. From the high slope of Mount Carmel one witnesses a strange, wild scene of foamy tumbling sea with three steamers anchored probably three miles away from the shore. These steamers arrived last night, and although they have passengers on board, they do not dare to disembark them. The strong and experienced rowers risked their lives to land the mails, and charged a Westerner \$25.00 to take him to one of the steamers! The sea tossed the boat like a cockle shell; now it was on top of the waves, anon it was dashed to the bottom; then after a few breathless moments one could see it again at the mercy of the waves, like the shell of a half walnut with a few ants in it, hurled distractedly hither and thither.

The weather showed such a whimsical nature that the Master did not leave the house all day. I went down and was caught in the grip of a torrential rain, was soaked, but did not see the Master. The next best thing to do was to wade through the water and mud and go to a Turkish bath at the other end of the town. The BLESSED PERFECTION, as well as the Master, have frequented this bath, and thus, from my point of view it is an interesting historical place. With a Turkish bath in these parts many ceremonies are attendant, and the most delightful rites are prescribed to be followed scrupulously.

In the afternoon we gathered peacefully in the house of the Beloved. There was a Haji present, and he related to us lots of the prescribed rituals in connection with the Haji lives when they go to Mecca. During the fifteen days pilgrimage the slightest unconscious mistake committed is compensated by the sacrifice of one sheep, which costs \$5. Thus several hundred thousands of sheep are killed every year during these days of pilgrimage, and they are thrown into big holes dug especially for this purpose. Putrefaction follows and these depositories, being uncovered, are largely the cause of cholera and other epidemic diseases.

In the evening all the pilgrims descended the mountain. The sky was by this time unclouded, and the full glorious queen of the heaven flooded the matchless scene with silver beams. How uplifting it was to see all these eager, earnest souls walking together, hand in hand, on this wonderful night, toward the home of the King of Kings!

When we were all together He sent Mirza Jalal to take us into His Presence. His face was beaming with joy. We could easily see that He was happy, some fresh news had been lately received which had made His heart rejoice. The clouds had again risen in the sky, and the rain was spattering against the window.

With His wonderful disposition to adapt His informal conversation to the spirit of the moment He took the rain as His topic:

"The rain does not stop. I have been intending every day to go up the Mountain, but I have been detained on account of the rain. This is the rainy season. If the rain does not pour down, if the wind does not blow, if the storm and tempest does not rage, the soul refreshing spring will not appear. If the clouds do not weep the meadows will not laugh. The hurricanes and tornado, the cyclone and the blast are the harbingers of the spring.

Similarly, were there no tests and trials, no hardships and afflictions, the attraction of the hearts could not be realized, the spiritual Fragrances could not be obtained, nor could merciful happiness be acquired, and the beauties of the super-mundane springtime would not have been disclosed.

Today I have felt well. Day by day I am feeling better. Through the Bounty and Favor of the BLESSED PERFECTION I am daily gaining back my health. From the day that I slept at the Holy Threshold of BAHÁ'Ó'LLAH I have felt stronger and healthier.

Many letters have been received both from the East and the West. Praise be to God! that the Cause of the Merciful is advancing, the Banner of the BLESSED PERFECTION is being raised higher and higher, and day by day the echo of the melody of the Kingdom of Abha is being reverberated throughout the columns of the earth.

In order to offer our thankfulness to the Beauty of Abha for this Bestowal and Gift, day by day we must increase our effort and exertion; day by day we must add to our meekness and humility; we must augment our faith and assurance and know of a certainty that all these things belong to Him and not through our exertion.

The BLESSED PERFECTION has explicitly promised me from His Own tongue that He will assist me.

"Rest thou assured" He said "My Confirmations shall reach thee."

This has ever been the cause of my consolation. Whenever these words are remembered my wound is healed and all the tempests are calmed.*

Then He spoke about other things, and after a few minutes we were out in the court, the space again flooded with the rays of the moon.

Ahmad Sohrab.

Haifa, Syria, Jan. 10, 1914.

Dear Friends:-

Now it rains, and again the thick clouds disappear from the horizon and the sun shines in its wonted glory, only for a few minutes. The winds have wrought havoc, and the sea is rough. The semicircular strand is one white choral band of moving waves. From the high slope of Mount Carmel one witnesses a strange, wild scene of foamy, tumbling sea with three steamers anchored probably three miles away from the shore. These steamers arrived last night, and although they have passengers on board, they do not dare to disembark them. The strong and experienced rowers risked their lives to land the mails and charged a Westerner \$25.00 to take him to one of the steamers. The sea tossed the boat like a cockle-shell; now it was on the top of the waves, anon it was dashed to the bottom; then after a few breathless moments one could see it again at the mercy of ~~the~~ the waves, like the shell of a half walnut with a few ants in it, hurled distractedly hither and thither.

The weather showed such a whimsical nature that the Master did not leave the house all day. I went down and was caught in the grip of a torrential rain, was soaked but did not see the Master. The next best thing to do was to wade through the water and mud and go to a Turkish bath at the other end of the town. The Blessed Perfection, as well as the Master, have frequented this bath and thus from my point of view it is an interesting, historical place. With a Turkish bath in these parts many ceremonies are attendant and the most delightful rites are prescribed to ~~be~~ followed scrupulously.

In the afternoon, we gathered peacefully in the house of the Beloved. There was a Haji present, and he related to us lots of the prescribed rituals in connection with the Haji lives when they go Mecca. During the fifteen days pilgrimage, the slightest, unconscious mistake committed, is compensated by the sacrifice of one sheep, which costs \$5.00. Thus several hundred thousands of sheep are killed every year during these days of pilgrimage and they are thrown into big holes dug especially for this purpose. Putrefaction follows and these depositories, being uncovered are largely the cause of Cholera and other epidemic diseases.

In the evening, all the pilgrims descended the Mountain. The sky was by this time unclouded, and the full glorious Queen of the Heaven flooded the matchless scene with silver beams. How uplifting it was to see all these eager, earnest souls walking together, hand in hand on this wonderful night, toward the Home of the King of Kings. When we were all together, He sent Mirza Jalal to take us into His Presence. His face was beaming with joy. We could easily see that He was happy. Some fresh news had been lately received which had made His heart rejoice. The clouds had ~~again~~ arisen in the sky and the rain was spattering against the window. With His wonderful disposition to adapt His informal conversation to the spirit of the moment, He took the rain as His topic:- "The rain does not stop. I have been intending every day to go up the Mountain, but I have been detained on account of the rain. This is the rainy season. If the rain does not pour down, if the wind does not blow, if the storm and tempest does not rage, the soul-refreshing spring will not appear. If the clouds do not weep, the meadows will not laugh. The Hurricane and tornado, the cyclone and the blast, are the harbingers of the spring. Similarly, were there no tests and trials, no hardships and afflictions, the attraction of the hearts could not be obtained nor

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Ahmad Sohrab.

Mt. Carmel, Haifa, Syria,
January 13, 1914.

Dear Friends:

One day is more beautiful than the other, but all days are beautiful on the Mount of God, the birthplace of the Prophets and the cradle of the Messengers of God. Its air is from Paradise; its sweet flowers are from heaven; its climate is ambrosial and the rays of its sun are joy-intoxicating. Its sky is turquoise blue, its plains and valleys are verdant, its stars are phenomenally bright, its moon is a center of radiation and its scenery is exhilarating. One becomes filled with the sheer happiness of life and comprehends the secret of peace as he walks across its rocky fields. The cry of Joy! Joy! is raised involuntarily from his lips as he climbs the Mountain, or looks at its variegated, delicate, aromatic flowers. Like unto the fresh brides of June they peep out from behind the veils of their green leaves, showing their gentle faces and winning your smiles and your heart. These thoughts came to my mind as I was descending the Mountain beside one of the old Bahais. He was in turn relating to me one of the most authentic traditions of Mohammed, related by Bokhari, who is celebrated for his accuracy and wisdom.

It is related that on one occasion Mohammed was speaking with his followers, and amongst other things He said: "At the time of the end God shall manifest Himself to all mankind with all the attributes of divinity and majesty, but very few shall advance toward Him and the rest shall exclaim in horror: 'We take refuge in God! O what blasphemy!' Then again He will appear a second time, manifesting all the qualities of Servitude, and the people will flock around Him and believe in Him and praise and laud His uncreated virtues."

By this time we reached the house of the Servant of God, and half an hour later Ebne Asdag was summoned into His presence. For nearly one hour they were together, and when he came out his face was beaming with joy and contentment.

Mr. and Mrs. Holbach were permitted a visit. They had several questions to ask about the Mashrak-El-Azkar and its accessories. Abdul Baha said: "When these institutions, college, hospital, hospice and establishments for the incurables, University for the study of higher sciences and giving post-graduate courses and other philanthropic buildings, are built, its doors will be opened to all the nations and religions. There will be absolutely no line of demarcation. Its charities will be dispensed irrespective of color or race. Its gates will be flung wide open to mankind; prejudice towards none, love for all. The central building will be devoted to the purpose of prayer and worship. Thus far for the first time religion will become harmonized with science, and science will be the handmaid of religion, both showering their material and spiritual gifts on ALL humanity. In this way the people will be lifted out of the quagmires of slothfulness and bigotry."

Having looked through the guest book of the German Roman Catholic Hospice where they live, Mr. and Mrs. Holbach found the signature of Mr. Thornton Chase, who came several years ago to the Holy Land to visit the Beloved of the world. This had interested them a great deal, considering the memorable visit of the Master to his tomb in Los

tomb in Los Angeles.

In the evening all the Bahais gathered in the house and the Master called them to his presence. He gave a long talk illustrating it with his natural inimitable gestures. It was mainly addressed to those who are trying to oppose the Cause, floating false rumors, and fabricating groundless accusations.

"The very names of these people shall be forgotten while the Cause shall rise and rise to the very apogee of fame and glory.--- My greatest aspiration is to see myself on the cross. Oh! how I long for this cup and for its ruby contents! The most hateful thing to my eyes is to lie in bed. I dislike it. How I love to see myself on the cross in these last days of my life! That I may become enkindled like unto a lamp betwixt the heaven and the earth. There, there, my friends I LOVE to see myself. Oh! God willing! (and as he says these tragic words he laughs as though he were ~~it~~ telling about the most pleasant thing in life -- yet with a grim and dramatic determination --- many eyes were filled with tears and many more sobbing uncontrollably.) That that divine day may soon come, that blessed hour may soon arrive! I am the Servant of the Blessed Perfection. In Bagdad I was a child. There and then He announced to me the Word, and I believed Him. As soon as He proclaimed to me the Word, I threw myself at His Holy Feet and implored and supplicated Him to accept this one drop of blood as a sacrifice in His Pathway. Sacrifice! How sweet is the word to my taste. There is no greater bounty than this for me! What greater glory can I conceive than to see this neck chained for His sake, these feet fettered for His Cause. If in reality we are His sincere lovers -- if in reality I am His sincere Servant, then I must sacrifice my life, my all at His Blessed Threshold. The Blessed Perfection has trained and educated me for more than fifty years that I may sacrifice my life for Him. Praise be to God! that the Favours and Bounties of Baha'o'llah have caused the appearance of such friends as are spreaders of the Glad-tidings and ready at every moment to sacrifice their lives. They have no idea save self-sacrifice. With heart and soul they are devoted to the Cause. Like unto the stars they shine, and like unto the sea they wave!"

He spoke about other matters bringing in humor and laughter, and for the present casting off the veil of sadness and gloom which was thrown over us by the effect of his previous words. It was altogether a wonderful meeting, displaying more than ever the height and depth of the Master's character and exhibiting his divine emotions under the spell of his own earnestness.

(Signed) Ahmad Sohrab.

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