



Northampton HC

Nice, le 1st February 1913

RESTAURANT

DE L'AVENIR

Chambres Meublées

Hyacinthe DALMASSO

PROPRIÉTAIRE

9, Rue d'Amérique, 9

NICE

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Dear Harriet!

Here I am in Nice where the roses and narcissus and all kinds of flowers bloom in abundance all winter, when the winter is the balmy spring. People are walking in the streets with no overcoats and they bask under the sunshine with joy and pleasure. The city is full of hustle and bustle and they tell me to-morrow there will be the procession of carnival if it does not rain. The famous Monte Carlo is half an hour from here and if I find a few hours I may drop in and see what they are doing. Although they say they will not let in any curiosity seekers. The main avenue of the city is decorated with lofty arches and electric lights. It is a very long avenue. On both sides there are coffee, restaurants and hotels and stores. This is a city of hotels. Hotel Majestic and Regina ~~have~~ wonderfully built on high hill which overlooks vast area of orange-groves, delightful villas amidst gardens and rose-gardens. I have sometimes exaggerated when

I have said or written that in passing by certain streets the perfume of the flowers was inhaled but yesterday as I walking through one of these ~~alleys~~^{streets} of real-dream-lands, the fragrances of lilacs, roses and other flowers were so diffused that one would have liked to stay there all the time. Oh! the villas of Nice are so charming, so romantic, the architecture mostly Spanish and French! These villas are surrounded with low walls over which there festoons of different colored roses, thus adding to the charms of walking. On my arrival I inquired about the address of a friend on whom I wanted to call. Someone gave me an address and I took a car. It was out of the city. The car for $\frac{1}{2}$ an hour went along such lovely lanes on both sides of which there were these dreamy villas palm and orange trees pushing their branches and fruits in sight. The conductor put off at a certain street. I began to walk for nearly two miles looking for the villa. At last I found it, but no such person lives there. Although I felt a little cross in losing two hours yet I thought I was really repaid in having such splendid views of ^{some of} the most idyllic cities of the world. On my return a pleasant incident occurred which merits recording here. As I walked back and took the car to come back to the city I observed three persons two ladies and ^{one} gentleman speaking in a strange language. The more I listened the less I knew to what human genus they belong.



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Then I caught the word "Khrasho." Now this word in Russian means "very good." My vocabulary in Russian however ends in that. So I made up my mind that they are Russians, remembering that someone told me there are many English and Russians in Nice. On this occasion I wore a felt hat and not Persian hat. Suddenly I caught a word which to my ears resembled "Baha-o-llah." My indifference changed into interest. The next word was Isabella Grawinski, the name of the Russian authoress who has composed the drama of the Bah and Baha-o-llah. Then reaching to the end of my patience I asked them in French whether they were talking on such a subject. They answered yes. I spoke to them about the cause. They were never so surprised in their lives. They knew personally this Russian authoress. I got their address & send them French and English literature. I told them about our Beloved's trip in Armenia and they seemed glad to hear about it.

Nice, le 191

This morning we reached Marseilles. The train stopped there for half an hour. Leaving Marseilles behind we had Mediterranean on one side, and high, lofty mountains on the other. One of the most sights as our train sped along we could see many orchards in full bloom, apple trees and other kinds of fruitful trees were clad in the garment of white and pink. The mountains, the country, the valleys were all verdant. To think that in the heart of the winter there is this wonderful spot - so like paradise. The sea was so blue and calm and the sun shining upon it made a beautiful picture of shimmering gold and turquoise. There were many villages built on the top of the mountains like birds building their nests on the top branches. These villages are many hundred yrs old. On our way we passed through at least half a dozen large cities of France such is Dijon, Lyons, Marseilles etc. Once looking out of the window I saw many men lying on the grass, ^{enjoying} the rays of the sun. The panoramas ^{and} ^{the} scenes of nature all the way from Marseilles, of valleys, of green meadows, of sweeping, vast fields of farming, of mountains and rivers, of villages nestled cozily in the breast of gorges, of cities etc were unparalleled in beauty and charm. Such a contrast to the gloomy, rainy weather of London and Paris. No wonder poets and writers have sung the glories of the Sunny South and Riviera.



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The train reached Nice at half-past two and not knowing where I should go in this strange city I was first conducted to a hotel desiring to charge such exorbitant prices that I cleared the premises very quickly and have taken room in this hotel which is very clean and is in the American street.

This evening the time hanging on my head I sailed out on the main ave. Such Concourse of people. It looks like a crowded street of New York. The Coffers are brilliant with light and music. I sit on a chair and for 15 cents I have a cup of coffee and cream and cake and sit there for nearly 2 hours watching the motley procession of curious humanity passing by, each one bent upon pleasure, vulgarity and gratification of desires and passions. Contrasting the thoughts prompting these men and women at this time and the ideals and precepts held aloft by our T. Beland I realized what a vast chasm exists between the two.

One is of the realm of light, the other is from the abyss of darkness. One guides man to the origin of divine splendors, the other directs him to the prison of infernal terrors. The first is Merciful attributes, the second is satanic suggestions. The former suffers man to attain to the height of nobleness, the latter degrades him to the lowest degree of humiliation.

One teaches man the Mysteries of the Kingdom of God, the other leads him to the machinations of Satan. One is the Fire of the Love of God, the other is the conflagration of the passion of self. One is spiritual, the other is carnal. One is heavenly, the other is earthly.

With such thoughts I slowly stepped back to my small room. The streets were still crowded, passion stalked abroad, the lights were shining; but I thought the city is dead and dark and cold. I shivered with pity and anguish. I like to return to My Beloved. I am disgusted with this kind of life that the people are leading. If the heart is not touched with the Breeze of God, if the mind is not illumined with the Light of God, if the spirit is not submerged in the transparent sea of God — what is the result of life? Yet the Master is hopeful of the future of human race. Let us hope and work with him. His Example let us all follow. His life let us all emulate. His glories and Graces let us all receive! Love to all

Almas