

Rue St Didier 30

Paris. France

Feb 6th 1913

Dear Harriet!

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"The Flower is the joy of life
and the joy of life is the Flower".
As in the material world we enjoy
the fragrance of the rose and we
inhale the perfume of the ane-
mones, so our nostrils must become
clear from cold in order that we
may inhale the sweet odour of the
spiritual Flower. Just as our ear
is attuned to hear and appreciate the
delicate tones of ^a Beethoven ^{Sonata} or the
lofty symphonies of a Wagner ^{Opera} or
the rich melodies of a celebrated
singer, so also our spiritual ear
must be attuned to listen to

softest and remotest strains of
 the heavenly Singer and to catch
 the ravishing, fleeting expressions
 of the divine Artist who ever
 plays the celestial music on
 his invisible Instrument and
 whose choir is the modulated
 voices of thousands sanctified
 souls throughout the world.
 Have we not ~~all~~ long listened to the
 vibrating rustle of his voice and
 the tender cadence of his music?
 Have not his jewelled utterances like
 unto the glorified aeolian chords of
 the ancient harps enraptured our
 inmost hearts? Often with ~~atten~~
 tive ears, have we ^{not} hearkened to his
 sweet strains, fuller grown, always
 rising to rounder and clearer height

and dancing along, now in mirthful measures, now in serious, beautiful tones, again in prophetic words and then in immortal songs of human brotherhood. Have we not listened to the high and lofty tone of universal Religion and the golden vision of an era when war shall be no more? How his words are rapt by soaring themes, wrapt in the white lights of heaven! Strange melodies these to the unaccustomed ears of man - full of mysteries and inspiration. For does he not touch all chords of being, life and immortality, rising and sinking in measured melodies - always divine? When we listen to the magical songs of Our

divine Artist, do not our souls rise
 higher and higher toward the gleaming
 pinnacle of his Celestial Lyre? Not
 only man, but all the earth seems
 full of ears, the woods, the hills
 and the skies all listening to his
 subtle harmonies, weaving round
 and round the hearts of all races
 and ^{all} nations. O singer divine!
 O heavenly Artist! How thy breath
 is fragrant! How thy rhyme is
 sweet! How deeper and deeper
 thou dost ~~sunk~~ ^{search}! How higher and
 higher thou dost soar! filling the
 earth and heaven & with the
 gentle breeze of the Love of God
 mystic, calm, peaceful! For is
 it not true that under the
 soothing music of Thy thousand

voiced lyre, kissed with the lips of
 Baha - allah, sweeter and sweeter
 this life becomes? Does ^{it} not
 transforms all ~~all~~ hearts and
 glorifies ^{all} humanity ^{to something} ~~which~~ is so
 nearly divine? Do we not hear,
 now and then, some fair
 faint echoes of Thy heavenly
 harp, encouraging us to make
 our ears Keener till we hear
 clearly the voice of Brother -
 hood which is breaking forth
 into rich notes of light and
 colors? Are not all Thy strains,
 of love; love striving, love climbing,
 love ascending, love soaring, love
 triumphant, love deified? Is ^{not}
 Thy song, the song of Life, the
 anthem of Peace, the hymn of
 joy? Lo! Lo! Harken! Do we

not hear the ravishing song of
 Our divine Artist? ~~Do we~~ ^{Are we not}
 his playing, now tragedy, again
 drama and then divinely beautified?
 Are not all the voices hushed?
~~Are not~~ ^{and} all the hearts attentive?
 For now the secret cells and
 the hidden chambers of the
 universe are displayed before
 our eyes! Do we not see
 the bright angels of heaven
 descending? Are we not aware
 of His Holy Presence? Do we
 not behold the reflex hues
 of the Kingdom of God around
 us? Are we not stirred by
 the tender Breeze of the Holy
 Spirit? O ecstasy! O happiness of
 him who once has heard Our
 Master-Artist, Chanting the

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Song of praise and glorification to God, for then to his ears the sound of fatter music dies and all the earth is full of sudden undertones which capture the listener and transform him.

2-8 Have we not experienced that when He plays on His Invisible Harp of Love, each chord of being is touched and all the hidden lives stand open before his resonant voice, as the parched earth yawns to drink the summer rain and at the call of those ^{refreshing} waters all their souls stir from their undiscovered depths and burst into sweet fragrant flowers and from their wells,

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Deep calls to Deep and the mystery
of all that is, lay unfolded?

O godlike Artist! From Thy
song of Love and joy, the sea
of songs shall be set in motion
and its mighty ebb and flow
will go on from eternity
onward to eternity. Then the
inmost heart of Thy song shall
set in motion, the waves
of the most great Sea. A
race of heavenly bards, a
multitude of divine Artists
whose songs of life and
anthems of Peace shall soar
to Thy Throne, perfuming
the world with their
subtle fragrances, shall
be born as the great children
of Thy Song. Then their

music shall set aglow the
 hearts of men. They shall strive
 to say what they have heard
 from Thee and about Thee,
~~and~~ ^{and} with a voice ~~to~~ ^{worthy}
~~we~~ all for such a high
 message.

Oh more is than ease,
 palace and pomp, honors
 and luxuries to have seen
 the Presence of Our divine
 Artist and to have hearkened
 to the glorious Voice
 of the Eternal God singing
 the Song of Life, the Song
 of Love, the Song of Peace!

3 This morning the Master
 during ^{at} the tea ^{hour} related ~~focus~~
~~some~~ ^{the} ancient tales and
 historical records of the Crusades.

~~of~~ the ~~great~~ Conflict which
 raged between the Mohamaders
 and the Christians; of the taking
 of Spain by the Mohamaders;
 the establishment of a wonderful
 civilization^{and}, the founding of
 many universities. His tales
 were most vivid and each
 one brought home a great
 lesson. During the last eleven
 months that I have been
 constantly in his Presence
 I have heard him ^{on} ~~at every~~ ^{various} occasions
 relating a ^{different} story, either
 historical or from life,
 to illustrate his point. He
 has an endless fund of
 these stories ~~to be applied~~
~~at all occasions.~~ It is a
 His

wonderful power, the like of which has never been witnessed.

At ten o'clock, Mrs Bernard ^{with} her two ^{adopted} ~~Indian~~ ^{Hindu} boys entered the room ~~who are~~ adopted by her to be educated in this country. ^{the boys} They are not more than twelve yrs old. The Master received them in his private room. They sang for him some ~~Indian~~ ^{Hindu} songs. He encouraged them to apply themselves to study, - so that they may be well educated and then return to India to impart their acquired education to others. To Mrs Bernard the Master said: - In reality

She was
~~then~~ ~~not~~ taking good care of
 them. God ^{was} ~~was~~ very pleased
 with ~~her~~ ^{her} ~~there~~. These ^{boys were} ~~and~~ the
 lamps lighted ^{with} ~~by~~ ^{her} hands.
 He loved them ~~two~~ ~~boys~~ ^{very} ~~much~~
 much. He asked them
 whether they like Fard
 or India. They said, they
 love both. ~~Then~~ A byline
 of new people, called ~~are~~
Our Beloved, having ~~the~~
 private Interviews. ~~And~~
~~am not generally present~~
~~at these interviews~~ I can
 give you an account
 of them ^{and} ~~but~~ when ^{they} each
 one comes out ^{they} ~~he~~ or she
 is happy and perfectly
 satisfied with the
 Master's words.

5 It was ^{noon} ~~about 12 o'clock~~ when our Beloved came out and gave an divine discourse on the "Religion of the future," detailing the elements which are essential to make the universal religion permanent and effective in ^{this} modern, rushing civilization. It ^{was} a masterpiece and it ranked high with many other wonderful addresses delivered by him of late.

6- I have received ^{Copies} ~~four copies~~ of the Monthly Theosophical Messenger; ~~the Feb~~ ^{one} ~~no~~ containing the ~~Beloved's~~ Master's address in full ^{and} others have ^{Bahai} articles and ^{his} photo. ~~These copies are~~

As he
~~While he was playing on~~ Vina ^{which}
 is a kind of Oriental Violin, he
 was singing Persian songs. I
 was most interested and the
 Master praised him for his
 work. Then the history of
 music and its ~~origin~~
 was set forth ~~clearly~~ by the
 Beloved, giving us the names
 of many instruments, sugars etc.
~~At last~~ He told us ~~two or three~~
 stories of the celebrated ^{Persian} musicians
^{and} how they were graduated from
 the ~~Musical~~ ^{Conservatories} ~~observatory~~. ~~When~~
~~they~~ ^{quite} left the house, the Master
 told us to have our dinner
 and he would have his later
 on in his own room
 Love Ball
 a hundred