

COMPAGNIE DES CHEMINS DE FER P. L. M.

Hôtel Terminus et Buffet Gare de Marseille Saint-Charles

(GÉRÉS par la COMPAGNIE INTERNATIONALE des WAGONS-LITS et des GRANDS EXPRESS EUROPÉENS).

HOTELS DE LA COMPAGNIE DES WAGONS-LITS

ÉLYSÉE PALACE - PARIS
PÉRA PALACE - CONSTANTINOPLE
AVENIDA PALACE - LISBONNE
RIVIERA PALACE - MONTE-CARLO

HOTEL TERMINUS - BORDEAUX
HOTEL TERMINUS - MARSEILLE
HOTEL TERMINUS - LYON-PERRACHE
HOTEL TERMINUS - ORAN
BUFFET OSTENDE, QUAI MARITIME

Room No. 26

HOTEL CORRESPONDANT
GRAND HOTEL DES WAGONS-LITS — PÉKIN

MARSEILLE, Gare Saint-Charles, le June 12th 1913

Dear Harriet! / —

We were up this morning with the ^{Song of the Caravan} sole idea of departure ringing in our ears. My heart was singing the glad song, because I ^{was} ~~am~~ going in the service of the King of Kings. How different would I ~~have~~ ^{alone} felt if I was going to the Orient all ~~by~~ ^{alone} myself! There would not have been this enthusiasm, this happiness, this delight, this ~~ecstasy~~, this wonder and this all absorbing interest! I think I can never ^{thank enough} the Beloved Throughout all the worlds for his heavenly Beanties! If I devote all my life to his service I have done less than nothing!

Before five, I was up, putting my last things in the satchel and about six some of the Persian friends

and Mon. and Madame Dreyfus came.
We were all in his room drinking the
last cup of tea in Paris in his presence.
He was likewise busy with ^{the} ~~my~~ hand-
bags of his papers and before long they
were also ready. Then about 7.30. the
hotel account was duly attended and
the large Omnibus arrived to take
^{us} ~~our~~ baggage and ourselves to ^{the} ~~the~~ Gare
de Lyons. At eight we were all in
the Omnibus except the Master who
was going with Mon and Madame
Dreyfus in their auto. We arrived at
the station at about 8.45 and found
the Master in the ^{centre} ~~midst~~ of a large
^{great} ~~number~~ of believers who had come
to say good-bye. Soon the number
increased and there were nearly 50
friends. The Master shook hands
~~with each person~~, had a word or two
for each and then went to his ^{car} ~~carriage~~
and ^{invited} ~~asked~~ a number of the ^{believers} ~~believers~~
to go in and speak with ^{him}.
He sent some very nice roses
for Mrs Sanderson and Madame

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GRAND HOTEL DES WAGONS-LITS — PÉKIN



MARSEILLE, Gare Saint-Charles, le.....191

Jackson. It was so touching that in the midst of all the hurry of the journey he should remember them and send them lovely messages of consolation. By ^{certain} ~~an~~ arrangement it was so decided that I ^{should} go with the Master ~~on~~ the train leaving 9.15 and the rest ^{of our party} may come with the train of 11.40; so I had a room just next to him. At the appointed time the train pulled out of the station and the last scene was the anxious upturned faces looking toward the Beloved and the waving hands and handkerchiefs. He was delighted with the beautiful country of

green mountains and valleys, constantly changing and shifting, bringing before his vision most charming ^{panoramas} of nature. He said laughingly: ^{at present} ~~I~~ ^{and I} you are in this train. We will see what is going to happen. Then he engaged himself in reading some Oriental letters and Arabic newspapers. At twelve I served him with the lunch which was prepared by Sayad Assadallah and he asked me to eat with him. About 3 I prepared tea and for my services he gave me a bunch of grapes. Then he got acquainted with a ~~French~~ ^{French} young man and in my absence he carried along with him an interesting conversation, inviting him to come to Haifa. Later on he found ^{also} another friend who spoke Turkish and with him of course he was more at home.

4 We entered Marseilles at 10.45pm and was ^{Gare Saint Charles} taken to ~~this~~ hotel which is joined to the station. At first we engaged two rooms but when

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MARSEILLE, Gare Saint-Charles, le 191

we went up the Master observed that each room contained two large beds. As his room ^{no 26} was quite large, he insisted that I ~~must~~ ^{should} give up my ~~room~~ and sleep in the same room with him. Goodness! I was scared to death! To sleep in the ^{same} room, under the selfsame roof with the Beloved had never, never entered my mind! What? Is this real? I struggled in vain to bring up ~~some~~ ^{any} pretexts ~~or~~ excuses. He would have none of them. At last, before his repeated command, I found myself like a somnambulist bringing my things into his holy room. I was trembling with fear. Then I waited till

6

he went to bed and afterward, slowly,
I crept into ^{my} bed which fortunately
was so situated as to be far from
him and out of his view. Long my
eyes were open and my mind ~~was~~
busy thinking over this great privilege
of sleeping in the same room with the
Beloved of the world! I could not
believe ⁱⁿ my own senses. In that
~~state~~ ^{frame}, my American friends were
remembered and slowly, slowly,
I came out of my bed and crawled
toward his. I prayed from the very
depth of my heart for their assistance
and confirmation. I prayed as I
have never prayed before! I wept
and kissed the hem of his garment!
In that dark night, there was no
one else except God and my
~~unworthy~~ soul, yet I thought
a throng of pure angels and
sanctified people ^{were hovering over my head} ~~were there~~.
When I finished my prayer,
I returned again to my bed

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MARSEILLE, Gare Saint-Charles, le *I dreamed* 191

and fell into a ^{slub} ~~doze~~. ^{I dreamed} ~~I~~ thought I
heard a sweet voice, whose every
note was perfect melody and the
wonderful words of a poem which
I was reading today, as the train
flew across plain and meadow
trooped along my ⁱⁿ memory, refreshing
my sleep. — These I will ^{now share} ~~quote~~ them
^{with you} ~~here~~, because they are ^{dream-ideas} my last ~~dream~~
before leaving Europe for the East
and besides they are Bahai thoughts.
"There is a Height higher than mortal
Thought;
There is a Love deeper than mortal
Love;
There is a Life which, taking not its
lives

X (Lecturer), the highest of existence, fell upon them and the message of the spirit was born.

8

From Earth or earthly things, grows
white and pure
And higher than the petty cares of men,
And is a blessed life and glorified.

O, fair young souls, strain upward,
upward still,
Even to the heavenly source of Purity!
Brave hearts! bear on and suffer! Strike
for right!
Strong arms! hew down wrong! The world
had need

Of all of you — the sensual, wrongful world,
Hath need of you, and of thee too, fair Love.
Oh, Lovers, cling together! The old world
Is full of Hate. Sweeten it, draw in one
Two separate chords of Life; and from
the bond

Of twin souls lost in Harmony, create
A fair angel dwelling with you —
Lord, the Lord of all!

Waft yourselves, yearning souls,
upon the stars;
Sow yourselves on the wandering
winds of space;

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MARSEILLE, Gare Saint-Charles, le 191

Watch patent all your days, if your
Eyes take

Some dim, warm ray of knowledge.

The dull world hath need of you —
the perblind, slothful world!

Live on, brave lives, chained to the narrow
reins

Of Duty; live, expend yourselves,

And make

The Orb of Being wheel on steadfastly

Upon its path — the Lord of life alone

Knows to what Goal of Good; Work

On! Live on!"

Love to all. Always