

Ramleh, Egypt
Oct 23d 1913.

Dear friends!

For the first time after many months I can go to the Master at any time of the day and be practically with him ^{at} any hour of the day. Mirza Ghalib has also a room in the hotel with the Beloved, so he is not alone. This morning I got up very early full of anticipation. I passed by the hotel and went toward the sea. For the first time last night it rained, washing off the dust from the green trees, flowers and lawns, giving to them a spring like appearance. The morning was very young and the fresh air most invigorating. The sea was swollen by the downpour of the rain and I had a fine view from ^{the veranda of} a large, palacial residence. After half an hour I returned and from far off I saw the turban of the Master from behind the window. The street was most quiet and having seen me he made a sign with his hands to come up. I bounded up the stairs and in my eagerness to reach the room I almost walked into a Indian waiter who was lumberingly coming down ~~with~~ a tray in his hands. When I entered the room he was looking over an Arabic newspaper. "Where were you this morning so early," he asked. "I was walking toward the sea." "Do you go there every morning?" "Yes, sometimes I go in the early morning, at other times in the evening." "What do you do when you go there all alone?" "I love to go all alone and for a few minutes meditate, away from all men." "Very good! But what kind of

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meditations do you have? He asked this half amu-
singly and then continued: "Once there was a
man who had a negro servant. His name was
Kafour. Having decided to make a voyage he bought
a horse and with himself he took Kafour.
After travelling all day, they reached a small
ruined Caravanserai and realizing how tired
they ~~are~~ ^{were} they resolved to pass (here) the night and
refreshed with sleep, they ~~will~~ start next
morning to ~~continue~~ their journey. As that
locality was infested ~~entirely~~ ^{chiefly} with robbers, they
~~decided~~ that the master ^{should} sleep till
midnight provided Kafour will keep guard
over the horse. Then ~~he~~ ^{Kafour should} sleep in turn and
the master ~~will~~ sit awake. After their supper
the master slept but after an hour he awoke
and asked: 'Kafour! What art thou doing?' He
answered: 'I am meditating.' 'On what art
meditating?' 'I am meditating on the subject
of 'Why God has fashioned the edges of these
thistles so sharp and cutting?' 'Very good.
the master chuckled to himself as he drew his
head under the blanket 'Continue to meditate.
This is a good subject.' Again he awoke half
an hour before midnight and asked Kafour,
pleasantly 'What art thou meditating now?'
'Oh master! I am meditating who is going to
carry on his back to-morrow morning the
saddle and the bridle?' 'Then the Beland
laughed and I laughed because I thought
my "meditation" after all was not quite
useless for it made ~~him~~ ^{tell me} the above
the story. After awhile Khosro brought
tea and Mirza Jalal also came in. He

took a very light cup and while he was drinking
 it he laughed heartily. An event of the Bahai
 life of Bagdad had come to his mind and he told
 us:— It was when Baha-Allah was away in
 the mountain of Sauleymanieh. We lived most
 economically as the resources of our livelihood
 were all closed. I remember that Aga Amman
 (brother of Baha-Allah) was, ^{very fond of tea} ~~very fond of tea~~ ^{that if he did not have tea}
 He was so accustomed to tea ^{that if he did not have tea} he would feel weak
 and not able to walk. Somehow we had managed
 to have a little tea for him every morning. We
 had a small, old coffee pot. After boiling water in
 it, we dropped a little tea in it and served
 Aga Amman. This was of course a luxury as
 we had no means at our command to avail
 ourselves of the same. Aga Moussa (another
 brother of Baha-Allah) and myself drank tea
 twice a week, Tuesday and Friday. Each one had
 3 lumps of sugar. We would sweeten our tea
 with one and keep the other two. Then, every
 morning after Aga Amman had his tea, I would
 put some more water in the coffee pot and boil
 it for several minutes. The result was a very
 light colored tea like this. (and he showed us his
 cup half emptied by this time and laughing again)
 In this way we had tea for six days of the
 week and on the seventh having no sugar
 we went ~~on~~ without any. Notwithstanding
 this we were really most happy. Happiness
 is a mode of thought. It is in the mind and
 in the heart and not in external things. We
 were happy because we did not give any
 importance to these outward conditions.
 Then another Bahai who had arrived yesterday

from Cairo to visit the Master entered the room and with him he spoke about some of the humorous phases of his stay in Paris - such as cooking, turning the joke on me that I always enjoyed a good, square breakfast or dinner but he was not accustomed with their strange dishes. Then in this connection he told us of a man who lived 112 yrs and who for his breakfast had every day two whole bread, a large portion of butter and two large dishes filled with honey. "He was a good man and loved Baha-Allah. He was a Sheikhi, the follower of Sheik Ahmad. He used to say, 'I do not need to become a Bahai'. Why? I asked him. 'Did not the Bab love Sheik Ahmad?' he questioned. 'Yes' I replied. 'And do you not love him?' 'yes'. 'And does not Baha-Allah love him?' 'yes'. Then reaching his conclusion why should I become a Bahai? Sheik Ahmad whose follower I am and whom you love shall intercede for me." "

After awhile the Master sent me to translate Tablets but I had to be back because Mirza Jalal Sina was going to have his farewell meeting with the Master. He was walking in the long corridor back and forth when he entered. The Master said:- "I have written the Tablets for all the persons whom you have asked. But thou art a manifest book. Like unto a speaking book thou must return. Be thou an eloquent book. Today those souls whose are free from every thought save the True One, their hearts are inspired with the divine inspirations. Whenever they began to speak on any subject they are prompted by the spirit,

as though some one speaks to them. Whenever
 thou seest one of the believers of God, convey to
 him my greetings and salutations and say to
 them: 'My heart and soul are occupied with
 the friends of God by day and by night. I en-
 tertain no other thought save their spiritual
 advancement, happiness, good-pleasure, attraction
 and progress. Praise be to God that thou hast
 come, hast seen everything with thine own
 eyes and hast observed that in this Holy
 Spot there are no other ideals and no other
 hopes save the diffusion of the Fragrances of
 the rose-garden of Allah. In sickness and in
 health, in fever and out of fever, under all conditions
 and circumstances we are striving, making
 the utmost effort to promote the Word of
 God. Mayst thou ever be beneath the protection
 of God! I hope that always good news will
 be received from thee; - saying that in such
 and such a city Mirza Jalal Sina has become
 the Cause of spreading the fragrance of God, has
 been the instrument for the creation of love
 and good-fellowship, ^{and} has become the means
 of the happiness of the hearts of the beloved ones.
 Thou must leave this place in a ecstatic state
 so that every one who comes into touch with
 thee may feel the vibrant power of truth. I
 have great love for thee. In reality thy household
 have sacrificed every condition in life in the
 Path of the Blessed Perfection; this family
 of Hayyar and Sina have forgotten every
 thought and given up every aspiration for
 the sake of the Cause and because of this
 I love them most devotedly."

Then he embraced him and kissed him. Tears were flowing from his eyes and he left the Divine Presence of the King of Kings with fire in his heart.

A little later the Star of the West No 11 was presented to the Beloved. The fine photo of Mr Chase attracted his attention. He kissed the picture several times and tenderly cooed into the face, saying these words ~~in~~ ⁱⁿ English, "This is my Mr Chase. My dear Mr Chase. I'm very like Mr Chase." and repeating it several times.

His lunch was taken by Khosro to the hotel after which he had a restful nap.

At 3 o'clock he came to our house. Another large number of Persian Bahais had just arrived from Cairo and were expressly waiting his arrival. He inquired after the health of each person and in answer to some questions he said:— "We summon the people to severance and enlightenment. We call their attention to spirituality. We have nothing to ~~do~~ with political tricks and chicaneries. All the nations and governments of the world are harboring these thoughts, are flying in this devitalizing atmosphere. But God has given us wings whereby we may soar toward the immensity of space wherein we find the radiant worlds of abstraction, beatitude and certainty. Know this. I give you the following as a disinterested advice. In the world of humanity nothing is as important as the universal principles. They are imperishable. Do give your attention to their propagation and never fail in your enthusiasm. All the limited problems once

solved have limited results but the lights of the guidance of God are ever shining. In this manner man attains to eternal happiness and will enjoy perpetual spiritual health. For the happiness of man is through the spiritual susceptibilities, the happiness of man is through evanescence and complete self-alienation, the happiness of man is to renounce everything in the path of the Blessed Perfection; the happiness of man is through divine Bestowals; the happiness of man the conceptions of the Kingdom. The misery of man consists in the absence of these."

Then he spoke about his trip throughout the states contrasting the mode of travelling in America and Persia and many other subjects many of them illustrated by interesting stories.

At 6 o'clock he sent for me to go to the hotel. As he was going to talk first with a number of Shikhs he left me down stairs to entertain Madame Caliche Hashem, a wonderfully cultured Arab woman and the Editor of one of the most well-written monthly magazine in Cairo. She speaks French and English fluently. I had a long, interesting talk with her on Woman's influence in the Orient. She is a rare woman. After an hour the Master called her into his room and gave ^{her} a resume of the Bahai teachings, especially detailing that principle dealing with woman. She is going to write an article on the Cause in her magazine of the next issue of November. Her magazine is called the "Women of the Orient" in