

Ramleh, Egypt
Oct 24. th 1913

Dear friends!

Today we received our mail from America and the in the Presence of the Beloved the most distant parts of the world were connected together. A petition from Mrs Harriet Latimer of Portland, Oregon containing charming little letters ^{from the children} to the Master delighted his heart. As we all know one of the most divine qualities of Abdul Baha is his love for the children and this spiritual feast was duly provided today. These little letters are so wonderfully touching and beautiful coming out of their natural and simple hearts that I like to quote them in this letter. However, as an introduction to them I will quote of Mrs Latimer's letter to the Master:—

"These dear little letters which I am enclosing, are from the little ones in the Sunday school. Their mothers were all so anxious to have a Sunday school and asked me to help teach them. We have had 3 meetings. Dear Doctor Buchanan has helped us a great deal. It is such a joy to serve these little ones in your precious Name, I know you are with us in the meetings. I do feel sure that we can help them to understand what it means to know of you and to follow your example. It was so beautiful at the first meeting, when I asked them to tell me what your dear name implied. Little Hewart Stimson arose and with earnestness in his voice said, "I believe Abdul Baha is a great Ambassador sent by God

to teach us to know God." All followed with similar answers, and oh, it did make our hearts leap with joy to hear them.

The dear little letters giving us a peep into the mystic and unknown hearts of the children and showing us how they speak with the Master are as follows; Practically all of them are addressed to "Dear Abdul Baha:-

Babram Gable Neum writes:- "I think of you with great Love every day and I pray that you will love me and help me grow and that I may work in the Cause.

A little family of children ranging from 15 to 4 by the names of Edwinia, James, Dorothy, Jack, Ruth and Alfred. Clough write:- "Please bless and care for this little family of children."

Claire Stimson 4 yrs old writes:- "I dreamed you came to our Bahai school. I am four years old."

Betty Stimson says:- "I love the Bahai Sunday School in Portland. Mrs Latimer is my teacher. I hope you will come to Portland soon. My love to you.

Margaret Stimson writes:- "I go to the Bahai Sunday school. I am five years old.

Helen Jeanette Nash sweetly says:- "I am a little girl 9 yrs old. I love you very much and long to meet you. Wilt thou sanctify me from all else save Thee."

Audrey Richardson writes:- "Make me true and sincere to Thy Face, to diffuse Thy Fragrances."

Birrell Guild Adams writes:- "Love and Greeting to Abdul Baha! O Thou Center of the Covenant of God! Grant me a shelter in Thy Threshold and bless me in my endeavors to do God's Will. Bless our Sunday school, so will grow in honor and Love to

serve Thy Cause. I hope you will come to America soon and I will have the blessed privilege to meet you. With much love to all the children of Persia."

Cecelia T. Nash says:- "I am a girl of almost 13 years. I want to be meek and lovely and become a maid - servant in the Bahai Cause. I love you very much and would love to see you."

Horace H. Nash says:- "I am five years old. I love you and want to see you. you are a good man."

William K. Nash writes:- "We are wandering around Thy Abode and longing for the Gift of Thy meeting and loving Thy Characteristics" a little family of four children of 11 to 1 yrs old, Katherine, William, Minerva and Martin Blackely write:- "Please bless and care for this little family of children of which I am the eldest. With love."

And lastly a boy of 9 yrs old writes:- "I think you are the Messenger of God"

Thus these dear children with their pure, innocent hearts speak heart to heart across the American Continent and the wide expanse of the Atlantic and Mediterranean oceans with the Beloved. In the word of everyone there lie a world of meaning, the unconscious, sweet belief of Childhood which springs from the depth of the sea of humanity and is only understood by the Possessor of all the hearts. I can never describe the divine happenings on the face of the Beloved as he read the translations of these little children: "These are my children, the new plants of the garden of Abha" he shouted with joy. And then he dictated

a wonderful Tablet to them and another to Mrs Lathrop praising her for her great work. This is a most noble example of how the Bahais everywhere must give greater importance to the establishment of Sunday Schools upon Bahai basis so that the children may be nursed with the milk of the Love of God and the honey of the Knowledge of God, be adorned with moral and spiritual virtues and become the standards of the heroes of the Kingdom.

As soon as I was out of bed I went to the hotel. The Master was up before me and was reading an Arabic journal when I entered the room. After drinking tea he gave a package of petitions just received from America and told me to go and translate them. He was for two hours alone in his room chanting supplication aloud. The servants of the hotel as well as our American friends were attracted by the sweet voice and having gathered behind the door they listened with rapture. Later Madame Labadie Hashem comes again to see him before leaving for Cairo. "Will you give ^{me} a few advices?" she asks. "Be thou kind to all mankind. Try thy utmost to alleviate their burdens. Enlighten the minds with the light of knowledge. Work unflinchingly for the emancipation of the Oriental women. Illumine their hearts with the rays of useful sciences. Consider the members of humanity as thy own brothers and sisters. Elevate public opinion to the summit of excellence. Let not any difficulty discourage thee. Have faith in thy mission and inspire others with the same."

After the Master said:- "She is a very rare woman, alert, intellectual and a worker. She writes well in Arabic and her articles are eloquent with natural and vivante expressions."

In the afternoon having all the petitions ready I took them to him. I gave them to him. He laid them aside for a minute and asked me: "Why hast thou come here?" "I have come to drink spiritual tea," I said. He laughed. When Mrs Stannard entered and Khosro brought in the tea he told her what I have said and asked her whether she has come also with the same purpose. Then he ordered Khosro to bring to us two cups of the "spiritual tea". Somehow the name of a newspaper was brought in. He said:- I hope you will read the newspapers of the Kingdom of Abha the articles of which are the ideals of God. This newspaper will perish but that newspaper is indestructible. The thoughts of this newspaper is materials but the conceptions of that newspaper are spiritual. The Editor of this newspaper is a man but the Editor of that newspaper is His Holiness Baha-o-Elah. The subscribers to this newspaper are frail humanity but the subscribers to that newspaper are the angels of the supreme Concurrence. The policies of this newspaper are earthly but the policies of that newspaper are heavenly. The pages of this newspaper are made of perishable materials but the pages of that newspaper are made with the celestial texture. Afterward he dictated several Tablets to

an American believer and at about half past 4 he left for Mirza Abdul Ghal to meet the friends of God. As he entered the room all arose and he said: - "I have been waiting up to the present moment. This Mirza Ahmad will not give us rest, whenever he comes near me he makes me work." He laughed and they all looked at me reproachfully.

Apropos of some one asking a question he gave the explanation that in every dispensation three persons are mentioned. In the Mosaic dispensation there was the Jehovah, the burning bush and Moses. In the Christian time we had Christ, the Holy Spirit and the Father. In Islam we have Mahomed, Gabriel and Allah. Consequently God reveals Himself to Moses through the burning bush, to Christ through the Holy Spirit and to Mahomed through Gabriel. These different names mean one thing. "Then he gave a lengthy explanation on the meaning of three kind of Words, "literal Word", "intellectual Word" and "divine Word" according to the Mahomaden metaphysic and how the "Divine Word" is embodied in the world and for what purpose. He spoke in Arabic and as I was standing out I could not catch all that he said. Then he returned to the hotel and at 9 o'clock Khosro took him his dinner, Pasha and vegetable stew.

It was a rainy night. We sat in our veranda and till midnight the windows of heaven were open and the artillery of the skies was booming forth. The world was deluged - I mean the streets of Ramleh were filled with water.