

On Board S. S. Jerusalem. Compagnie Russe de Navigation
à Vapeur et de Commerce. Nov 8th 1913

Dear friends!

Again the Beloved of the world is sailing on the bosom of the sea - just for one night. It is now eleven thirty p. m. I left him in his well-appointed cabin an hour ago, walked on the quiet upper deck, watched the marvellous sea with hardly a ripple on its surface shimmering under the white beams of the moon and on the further fringes of which shone the bright and lustre stars. The magic of this divine night had cast its sweet spell on me and I could not tear myself from its elusive charm. Here am I all alone - but am I alone? Have I not the Beloved just to myself? - captivated by the grandeur, beauty and attraction of the night and cannot go to my cabin. I think of the believers of the present and the ^{believers of} hundred or a thousand years to come! What would they not give if they could see the Lord face to face, and travel with him from country to country, ocean to ocean and city to city? What a great privilege is then ours in this day of all days! I wonder whether we were able to live even for one hour if we could appreciate fully the marvellous importance of this fact!

At last I am in the writing room. There is no one in. Every one is sleeping on the ship. Deep silence reigns everywhere save the ^{of machinery} whir and gentle swish of the water. I sit down and try to collect my thought. I think for a few minutes. Then I take my note-book out of my pocket and look over scrawled notes jotted down hurriedly in Persian. You can't decipher them I am sure.

It was early this morning when I went to Hotel Victoria to see the Beloved. Evidently he has been up earlier. As I entered and offered him my hearty homage he smiled and said: "We are going away by all means today. Go and pack up your things." I answered, "I have already attended to this and am ready to start now." "Not now" he laughed "We have a few more things to attend to but we will leave at 2 o'clock." Then he left the hotel to call on Aga Ali Akbar who is a very old Bahai and lying on the bed of sickness patiently bearing the sufferings of these last days of his life well spent in the Cause and worthily lived to glorify God and His Manifestation. For the last 2 weeks his malady has grown worse and therefore has called on him several times to comfort and console him.

On his return after settling the account of the hotel keeper he told me to ask our American pilgrims to be ready because he will see them and talk to them before his departure. When he came up they were all ready. He walked cheerfully and opened his door and invited all to come in. After greeting them most cordially he said: "Today I leave for Port-Said. I am leaving you here for 3 to 5 days. During my absence speak only of divine subjects — speak about spiritual, active principles whereby the hearts may soar towards the apex of sanctity, become illumined and attracted to the Kingdom of Allah. Let all your thoughts be converged toward this heavenly Center so that you may be drawn nearer unto God. Speak of nothing but God and recognize no one else save Bahá-ó'lláh."

Have no other thought save for the good of humanity. Your hearts must be^{so} filled with the love of God that there may be no place for anything else - so that when I return I may find you as luminous beings, find you happy, radiant and merciful. ... Mention nothing save that which is good concerning the people. Praise everyone. If you find a fault or mistake in some one do not speak of it. If you see good qualities, mention and try to emulate them. Love mankind for the sake of God and love each other very much.

..... I have much love for each one of you. Baha-Allah knows how much I love you. It is indescribable. It is immeasurable. It is difficult to leave you and go away but I must do so. Some blessed pilgrims are now in Port Said. They expect to depart for their respective homes and I must go and see them and bid them godspeed. The Zoroastrian believers who are waiting for me at Port Said are very blessed, very luminous and their hearts are very pure. I love them very much, I consider it, therefore to go and see them. During my absence I shall pray for you. The servants and the maid servants are always in the Presence and they are spiritually associating with each other. The essential thing is the ideal communication of the hearts. Praise be to God that our hearts and spirits are connected with each other."

Miss Hiscock said that this was her physical and spiritual birthday, now treble blessed by his divine Presence. The Master, then, gave her a large bouquet of roses which adorned the table and said:-

"The greatest day in the life of a human soul is when as a thirsty one, he arrives at the Fountain of the Water of Life; when as a lover he attains the Presence of the Beloved; when as a blind and a deaf man receives spiritual sight and hearing; in short, the day wherein he enters the Kingdom of God. That is indeed a most memorable day."

At one p.m. I was again in the hotel and the Master having had his rather short siesta was up. A young believer, Mirza Fazlollah had just arrived from Cairo, not knowing the Beloved is going to leave. He was a little disappointed but when he stood in His Presence the Lord said: "Thou hast arrived at the time of our departure but it is good that thou hast come. Our meeting is spiritual in character and one minute of it is equal to centuries, one drop of the sea of our love will set into motion all the oceans. How many souls came in the Presence of the Blessed Perfect but their spiritual eyes were blind but some people met Him only for a few minutes and their hearts were set aglow with the Love of God."

At two o'clock the Master started with a number of believers who followed him to the Pier. Mirza Mahmud helped me with my bag and we arrived a few minutes later. The steamer was anchored far away from the Pier and we hired a boat to be rowed to it. From far we saw the Master walking on the deck. Mirza Jalal, Mirza Inoner, and Khosro were also there. The Master was speaking with the Doctor who examines the passengers and with another gentleman. An Englishman

and the Doctor introduced the Beloved to her with greatest pride as the very greatest Eastern man who has travelled all over Europe and America, revolutionizing the religious thoughts of the age with his god-given intelligence and the array of his never-ending ideals. It was most interesting to watch this Doctor trying his best to find the superlative praise for the Master before this Englishwoman, because he was a special pride in him as the most wonderful living Oriental. At 5.30 pm our friends and those who had come to bid farewell to Beloved left the steamer because the hour of departure was announced for six but it was a few minutes after seven when "Jerusalem" started toward Port Said. The name of the steamer is also significant for the heavenly "Jerusalem" is on board. He has descended from the heaven of the divine Will and is sailing on the tempestuous sea of existence and saving derelict ships and maroons on desolate and uncharted islands of self conceit and vanity.

There are ever so many large steamers in the Port and they are all ablaze with electricity. The reflection of these thousands of lights in the sea is very beautiful as each light is like unto a shaft piercing through the depth of water, trembling with the motion of the sea. The Beloved watched the receding lights of the city and the steamers and pronounced the scene most fairy-like and magical. As he walked to and fro on the deck he said: "I feel always much better on the sea." Then he laughed. "It will not be a bad idea if we

could travel from Alexandria to Beirut, then to Smyrna, then to Constantinople, then to other Asiatic ports."

After walking for awhile on the deck under the moonlit and starlit heaven he came down to his cabin. I followed him. For more than half an hour he talked, now about this, now about that. Toward the end he said:—"I have found a way to gain my living with the sweat of my brow and the labor of my hand. Man must be the candle of severance and detachment. When I go to Haifa and Acca I will get a piece of land and plow it and cultivate it with my own hand. Then I will not accept anything even from the Persian believers." The thought immediately came to my mind that if that time ever comes, God willing I will try to be as near to him as possible and hand him any tool or instrument he needs. What a primeval, charming prospect! to live on a farm with the Beloved and be a farmer. My blood tingles with enthusiasm and great possibilities. I have not the slightest doubt that the Master will then teach the people, even the United States with her experimental farming stations a few lessons in practical and scientific agriculture and many ^{students} may come from far and wide to see his model farm. Whether this is realized or not it is immaterial to me but the very wish of the Master is a lovely lesson and a precious possession for all of us. To know that He is thinking at this advanced age of farming is in itself wonderful, independent of its realization.

The bell for dinner rang loud and the Master went to the dining room. As I had a second class cabin with the permission of staying with him as long as I wanted I went also to dine. It must have been an act of Providence because they gave ^{him} a seat beside the Russian Consul General of Beirut who has been travelling with his wife, has been in Persia for fifteen years and speaks the language fluently. After dinner they came up on the deck and for a long time they talked on the naval reorganization of Russia after the Japanese war, the Russian tacit and open support for the independence of Bulgaria and the moral and economic loss of the Balkan wars. Then the subject of conversation was changed. The Beloved invited him to come tomorrow on shore while the steamer is anchored and dine with him in Ahmad Yazdi's apartment. He was so sorry that he could not accept the gracious invitation. Then the charming scenery and the delights of Haifa were dwelt upon. In short the Beloved was delighted with them and there was no need of translator I could sit there a little further and watch the wonderful power and sweetness of the Master.

Tomorrow at nine o'clock the steamer will arrive in Port Said. After more than 3 months ^{of absence} they are returning again not from Europe and America but from the delightful summer resort of Alexandria. This time also there is only one servant in the company of the Master. I hope he will take a good rest in Port Said and then start ^{where?} toward which direction? No one knows.