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No 12

Diary of Mirza Ahmad - Sohral

Beginning	November	17th	1913
Ending	December	2d	1913

Ramleh. Egypt.
S.S. Baron Call.
on Way to Haifa

No 13

From

December

Ramleh Egypt
November 17th 1943

Dear friends!

"The believers of God must be alive with the sweet fragrances of God. When you leave this land you must become the creational books, the eloquent epistles and the ceaseless workers in the Vineyard of the Lord." He uttered these words to our Bagdad pilgrims who had sent him a long petition containing many names for whom they had requested Tablets to be revealed. He took out the letter from his pocket and read aloud the names. "I am leaving this afternoon for Ramleh and will have not the time of writing letters to all these friends but I will dictate one for all." He did so while they were sitting in his Presence. Portion of the Tablet is the following:-

"O thou visitor of the Blessed Rose-Garden! Praise be to God that thou hast obtained the favor of circumambulating around the Abode of the Supreme Concourse, prayed at the Threshold of the Holy Tomb and finally hastened to the country of Egypt and associated with this longing

Servant. Now depart thou with the utmost joy and fragrance and announce to the believers of God the Divine Favor and Bounty and encourage and incite them to become firmer day by day so that the Bestowal and Grace of the Almighty may become their associates and companions...."

Then he spoke the following words:—"His Holiness Mohamad lived 23 years and all his writings are put together in the form of the Book you have in your hands. Once an Arab went to him and asked when is the time to trim the palm trees. He answered: 'Do not ask of me questions about material things. you are better informed about your worldly affairs.'" Never during those 23 years a pilgrim left the Presence of Mohamad while carrying to his friends or tribes a letter from him; except after his arrival he would relate to the expectant ones that on such and such a day I heard his holiness the prophet say this or that, and this become the basis of all the traditional sayings of Mohamad. On the other hand consider how many letters are written by the Pen of the Covenant. Every month

"I must write a book." Then he asked Mohamad Yazdi who was present: "How many letters you have received from me?" "The Holy Tablets received from the Master by this unworthy servant are numerous. They must form two large volumes." "Now thou art one of the thousands believers in the Orient." Haji Mohamed said: Once I was in the Presence of Baha-Ollah. He was reading some of the writings of the Master. After reading every line He would praise it and express the highest commendation saying, 'We have never taught the Master yet he writes with such deep penetration and inspiration but we are daily teaching his brothers and they are copying the Holy Tablets all the time but they cannot write correctly one letter.' At another time Sayad Ali was perusing the Tablets of the Beloved and he was strangely moved and said: 'I sense the perfume of the Writings of Baha-Ollah from these Tablets.' "

At last the Master was alone and sent me to pack up my satchel to be ready for one o'clock train. At half past twelve I found him walking unconcernedly in front of the house.

I told him if we leave at one o'clock we must
 be on our way to the station. He sent for the 3
 pilgrims who did not have any money to pay
 their travelling expenses back home and in hands
 of each he quietly slipped a few English Pounds.
 Then he went up and without eating his
 lunch packed up hurriedly and after a few
 minutes with Ahmad Yazdi we were on our
 way to the station. Eight minutes before the
 departure of the train the Master realized that
 they have left at the house a package of newly
 arrived letters. He called Khosro to run like
 wind and bring back the letters. No one ever
 thought he will return in time but just as
 the train was going to pull out we sighted
 him running with the package of the letters
 and a large bouquet of roses. Everyone thought
 he has accomplished a feat and we all felt
 proud of him. To our great joy Ahmad Yazdi
 is going to accompany the Beloved and we
 will have the pleasure of his delightful company.
 One of the pilgrims who will leave tomorrow
 for Constantinople is also with us.

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after more than 3 months we are again travelling on the same train bounded for the same destination but this time we have the Lord of mankind with us. Again we passed by Ismaïliéh, changed train at Banha and were in Sidi Gaber station at 7.30 pm. Many of the believers were there to welcome their Beloved. A carriage was hired and the Master was driven to Hotel Victoria taking the same Room No 26.

While we were on the train about sunset I went to see the Master. He was standing in the corridor watching so intensely the glorious sunset. For two minutes he looked without saying a word. Then turning around he saw me. "Have you ever seen such wonderful sunset in all America and Europe?" He asked. "This is indeed a very divine sunset. The clouds look so much like the white waves of the sea at the time of a tempest." "These are heavenly waves, the waves of the upper ocean."

I stood behind him in silence while the last glimmering rays of the sun glowing behind the fleecy clouds made them seem look like

some red, fiery enchanted Islands on the edge of
 the blue sky - floating in a dazzling sea of opa-
 lescent colors. They looked like little lakes set
 on fire. Nature is the greatest Artist and in the
 most wonderful and simple ways it paints the
 golden cities of El-dorado in the highlands of the
 firmament. Then little by little the glowing West
 faded to a somber gray beckoning dreams of soft
 musing. Slowly darkness spreads its wings and
 the winking stars appear one by one. Then the
 glittering vault of heaven becomes the imperial
 Court of scintillating constellations. After awhile
 fairer and brighter of all the satellites - the Queen
 of heaven graciously mounts her ~~empyrean~~
 throne and from that far-off height sends rays
 of light to earth. How must one feel truly happy
 that while one enjoys keenly these sublime portractions
 of nature one is also beneath the gracious
 Bounty and Favor of the Beloved Abdul Baha.
 What was he thinking all those moments while
 beholding the indescent sunset? I do not know.
 But I assure you they were no idle moments.
 Someday we may hear about them